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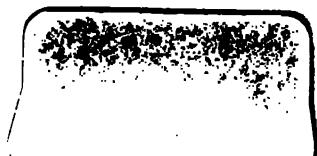
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A I N S W O R T H ' S
M A G A Z I N E :

A MISCELLANY OF ROMANCE,

General Literature, and Art.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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GUY FAWKES.

An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER.

AS Viviana set foot on those fatal stairs which so many have trod, and none without feeling that they took their first step towards the scaffold, she involuntarily shrank backward. But it was now too late to retreat; and she surrendered her hand to Topcliffe, who assisted her up the steps. Half-a-dozen men-at-arms, with a like number of warders, bearing torches, were present; and as it was necessary that Topcliffe should deliver his warrant into Sir William Waad's own hands, he committed his prisoner to the warders, with instructions to them to take her to the guard-room near the Byward Tower, while he proceeded to the lieutenant's lodgings.

It was the first time Viviana had beheld the terrible pile in which she was immured, though she was well acquainted with its history, and with the persecutions which many of the professors of her faith had endured within it during the recent reign of Elizabeth; and as the light of the torches flashed upon the gray walls of the Bloody Tower, and upon the adjoining ramparts, all the dreadful tales she had heard rushed to her recollection. But having recovered the first shock, the succeeding impressions were powerless in comparison, and she accompanied the warders to the guard-room without expressing any outward emotion. Here a seat was offered her, and, as the men considerably withdrew, she was able to pursue her reflections unmolested. They were sad enough, and it required all her firmness to support her.

When considering what was likely to befall her in consequence of her adherence to the fortunes of Fawkes and his companions, she had often pictured some dreadful situation like the present, but the reality far exceeded her worst anticipations. She had deemed herself equal to any emergency, but, as she thought upon the dark menaces of the Earl of Salisbury, she felt it would require greater fortitude than she had hitherto displayed to bear her through her trial. Nor were her meditations entirely confined to herself. While trembling for the perilous situation of Guy Fawkes, she reproached herself that she could not requite even in thought the passionate devotion of Humphrey Chetham.

"What matters it now," she thought, "that I cannot love him? I shall soon be nothing to him, or to any one. And yet I feel I have done him wrong, and that I should be happier if I *could* requite his attachment. But the die is cast. It is too late to repent, or to retreat. My heart acquits me of having been influenced by any unworthy motive, and I will strive to endure the keenest pang without a murmur."

Shortly after this, Topcliffe returned with Sir William Waad. On their entrance Viviana arose, and the lieutenant eyed her with some curiosity. He was a middle-aged man, tall, stoutly built, and having harsh features, stamped with an expression of mingled cunning and ferocity. His eyes had a fierce and bloodthirsty look, and were overshadowed by thick and scowling brows. Saluting the captive with affected courtesy, he observed,

"So you refuse to answer the interrogations of the Privy Council, madam, I understand. I am not sorry for it, because I would have the merit of wringing the truth from you. Those who have been most stubborn outside these walls have been the most yielding within them."

"That will not be my case," replied Viviana, coldly.

"We shall see," returned the lieutenant, with a significant glance at Topcliffe.

Ordering her to follow him, he then proceeded along the ward in the direction of the Bloody Tower, and, passing beneath its arched gateway, ascended the steps on the left, and led her to his lodgings. Entering the habitation, he mounted to the upper story, and, tracking a long gallery, brought her to a small circular chamber in the Bell Tower. Its sole furniture were a chair, a table, and a couch.

"Here you will remain for the present," observed the lieutenant, smiling grimly, and placing a lamp on the table. "It will depend upon yourself whether your accommodations are better hereafter."

With this he quitted the cell with his attendants, and barred the door outside.

Left alone, Viviana, who had hitherto restrained her anguish, suffered it to find vent in tears. Never had she felt so utterly forlorn and desolate. All before her was threatening and terrible, full of dangers real and imaginary; nor could she look back upon her past career without something like remorse.

"Oh, that Heaven would take me to itself!" she murmured, clasping her hands in an agony of distress; "for I feel unequal to my trials. Oh, that I had perished with my dear father! For what dreadful fate am I reserved?—Torture!—I will bear it, if I *can*. But death by the hands of the public executioner—it is too horrible to think of! Is there no way to escape *that*?"

As this hideous thought occurred to her, she uttered a loud and prolonged scream, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered it was daylight; and, weak and exhausted, she crept to the

couch, and, throwing herself upon it, endeavoured to forget her misery in sleep. But, as is usually the case with the afflicted, it fled her eyelids, and she passed several hours in the severest mental torture, unrelieved by a single cheering thought.

About the middle of the day the door of the cell was opened by an old woman with a morose and forbidding countenance, attended by a younger female, who resembled her in all but the expression of her features (her look was gentle and compassionate), and who appeared to be her daughter.

Without paying any attention to Viviana, the old woman took a small loaf of bread and other provisions from a basket she had brought with her, and placed them on the table. This done, she was about to depart, when her daughter, who had glanced uneasily at the couch, observed in a kindly tone,

"Shall we not inquire whether we can be of service to the poor young lady, mother?"

"Why should we concern ourselves about her, Ruth?" returned the old woman, sharply. "If she wants anything, she has a tongue, and can speak. If she desires further comforts," she added, in a significant tone, "they must be *paid* for."

"I desire nothing but death," groaned Viviana.

"The poor soul is dying, I believe," cried Ruth, rushing to the couch. "Have you no cordial-water about you, mother?"

"Truly have I," returned the old woman; "and I have other things besides. But I must be paid for them."

As she spoke she drew from her pocket a small, square, Dutch-shaped bottle.

"Give it me," cried Ruth, snatching it from her. "I am sure the young lady will pay for it."

"You are very kind," said Viviana, faintly. "But I have no means of doing so."

"I knew it," cried the old woman, fiercely. "I knew it. Give me back the flask, Ruth. She shall not taste a drop. Do you not hear she has no money, wench? Give it me, I say."

"Nay, mother, for pity's sake," implored Ruth.

"Pity, forsooth!" exclaimed the old woman, derisively. "If I, and thy father, Jasper Ipgreve, had any such feeling, it would be high time for him to give up his post of jailer in the Tower of London. Pity for a *poor* prisoner! Thou a jailer's daughter, and talk so! I am ashamed of thee, wench. But I thought this was a rich Catholic heiress, and had powerful and wealthy friends."

"So she is," replied Ruth; "and though she may have no money with her now, she can command any amount she pleases. I heard Master Topcliffe tell young Nicholas Hardesty, the warder, so. She is the daughter of the late Sir William Radcliffe, of Ord-sall Hall in Lancashire, and sole heiress of his vast estates."

"Is this so, sweet lady?" inquired the old woman, stepping

towards the couch. "Are you truly Sir William Radcliffe's daughter?"

"I am," replied Viviana. "But I have said I require nothing from you. Leave me."

"No—no, dear young lady," rejoined Dame Ipgreve, in a whining tone, which was infinitely more disagreeable to Viviana than her previous harshness: "I cannot leave you in this state. Raise her head, Ruth, while I pour a few drops of the cordial down her throat."

"I will not taste it," replied Viviana, putting the flask aside.

"You would find it a sovereign restorative," replied Dame Ipgreve, with a mortified look; "but as you please. I will not urge you against your inclination. The provisions I have been obliged to bring you are too coarse for a daintily-nurtured maiden like you—but you shall have others presently."

"It is needless," rejoined Viviana. "Pray leave me."

"Well, well, I am going," rejoined Dame Ipgreve, hesitating. "Do you want to write to any one? I can find means of conveying a letter secretly out of the Tower."

"Ah!" exclaimed Viviana, raising herself. "And yet no—no—I dare not trust you."

"You may," replied the avaricious old woman—"provided you pay me well."

"I will think of it," returned Viviana. "But I have not strength to write now."

"You must not give way thus—indeed you must not, dear lady," said Ruth, in a voice of great kindness. "It will not be safe to leave you. Suffer me to remain with you."

"Willingly," replied Viviana; "most willingly."

"Stay with her, then, child," said Dame Ipgreve. "I will go and prepare a nourishing broth for her. Take heed and make a shrewd bargain with her for thy attendance," she added in a hasty whisper, as she retired.

Greatly relieved by the old woman's departure, Viviana turned to Ruth, and thanked her in the warmest terms for her kindness. A few minutes sufficed to convert the sympathy which these two young persons evidently felt towards each other into affectionate regard, and the jailer's daughter assured Viviana that so long as she should be detained she would devote herself to her.

By this time the old woman had returned with a mess of hot broth, which she carried with an air of great mystery beneath her cloak. Viviana was prevailed upon by the solicitations of Ruth to taste it, and found herself much revived in consequence. Her slight meal ended, Dame Ipgreve departed, with a promise to return in the evening with such viands as she could manage to introduce unobserved, and with a flask of wine.

"You will need it, sweet lady, I fear," she said; "for my husband tells me you are in peril of the torture. Oh! it is a sad

thing that such as you should be so cruelly dealt with! But we will take all the care of you we can. You will not forget to requite us. You must give me an order on your steward, or on some rich Catholic friend. I am half a Papist myself—that is, I like one religion as well as the other—and I like those best, whatever their creed may be, who pay best. That is my maxim: and it is the same with my husband. We do all we can to scrape together a penny for our child."

"No more of this, good mother," interrupted Ruth. "It distresses the lady. I will take care she wants nothing."

"Right, child, right," returned Dame Ipgreve. "Do not forget what I told you," she added in a whisper.

And she quitted the cell.

Ruth remained with Viviana during the rest of the day, and it was a great consolation to the latter to find that her companion was of the same faith as herself, having been converted by Father Poole, a Romish priest who was confined in the Tower during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and whose sufferings and constancy for his religion had made a powerful impression on the jailer's daughter. As soon as Viviana ascertained this, she made Ruth, so far as she thought prudent, a confidant in her misfortunes, and, after beguiling some hours in conversation, they both knelt down and offered up fervent prayers to the Virgin. Ruth then departed, promising to return in the evening with her mother.

Soon after it became dark Dame Ipgreve and her daughter re-appeared, the former carrying a lamp, and the latter a basket of provisions. Ruth's countenance was so troubled that Viviana was certain that some fresh calamity was at hand.

"What is the matter?" she hastily demanded.

"Make your meal first, dear young lady," replied Dame Ipgreve.

"Our news might take away your appetite, and you will have to pay for your supper, whether you eat it or not."

"You alarm me greatly," cried Viviana, anxiously. "What ill news do you bring?"

"I will not keep you longer in suspense, madam," said Ruth.

"You are to be examined to-night by the lieutenant and certain members of the Privy Council, and, if you refuse to answer their questions, I lament to say you will be put to the torture."

"Heaven give me strength to endure it!" ejaculated Viviana, in a despairing tone.

"Eat, madam, eat," cried Dame Ipgreve, pressing the viands upon her. "You will never be able to go through with the examination, if you starve yourself in this way."

"Are you sure," inquired Viviana, appealing to Ruth, "that it will take place so soon?"

"Quite sure," replied Ruth. "My father has orders to attend the lieutenant at midnight."

"Let me advise you to conceal nothing," insinuated the old

woman. "They are determined to wring the truth from you—and they *will* do so."

"You are mistaken, good woman," replied Viviana, firmly. "I will die before I utter a word."

"You think so now," returned Dame Ipgreve, maliciously; "but the sight of the rack and the thumbscrews will alter your tone. At all events support nature."

"No," replied Viviana; "as I do not desire to live, I will use no effort to sustain myself. They may kill me if they please."

"Misfortune has turned her brain," muttered the old woman. "I must take care and secure my dues. Well, madam, if you will not eat the supper I have provided, it cannot be helped. I must find some one who will. You must pay for it all the same. My husband, Jasper Ipgreve, will be present at your interrogation, and I am sure, for my sake, he will use you as lightly as he can. Come, Ruth, you must not remain here longer."

"Oh, let her stay with me," implored Viviana. "I will make it well worth your while to grant me the indulgence."

"What will you give?" cried the old woman, eagerly. "But no—no—I dare not leave her. The lieutenant may visit you, and find her, and then I should lose my place. Come along, Ruth. She shall attend you after the interrogation, madam. I shall be there myself."

"Farewell, madam," sobbed Ruth, who was almost drowned in tears. "Heaven grant you constancy to endure your trial!"

"Be ruled by me," said the old woman. "Speak out, and secure your own safety."

She would have continued in the same strain, but Ruth dragged her away. And casting a commiserating glance at Viviana, she closed the door.

The dreadful interval between their departure and midnight was passed by Viviana in fervent prayer. As she heard through the barred embrasure of her dungeon the deep strokes of the clock toll out the hour of twelve, the door opened, and a tall, gaunt personage, habited in a suit of rusty black, and with a large bunch of keys at his girdle, entered the cell.

"You are Jasper Ipgreve?" said Viviana, rising.

"Right," replied the jailer. "I am come to take you before the lieutenant and the council. Are you ready?"

Viviana replied in the affirmative, and Ipgreve, quitting the cell, outside which two other officials in sable habiliments were stationed, led the way down a short spiral staircase, which brought them to a narrow vaulted passage. Pursuing it for some time, the jailer halted before a strong door, cased with iron, and, opening it, admitted the captive into a square chamber, the roof of which was supported by a heavy stone pillar, while its walls were garnished with implements of torture. At a table on the left sat the lieutenant and three other grave-looking personages. Across the

lower end of the chamber a thick black curtain was stretched, hiding a deep recess; and behind it, as was evident from the glimmer that escaped from its folds, there was a light. Certain indistinct but ominous sounds, issuing from the recess, proved that there were persons within it, and Viviana's quaking heart told her what was the nature of their proceedings.

She had ample time to survey this dismal apartment and its occupants, for several minutes elapsed before a word was addressed to her by her interrogators, who continued to confer together in an under tone, as if unconscious of her presence. During this pause, broken only by the ominous sounds before mentioned, Viviana scanned the countenances of the group at the table, in the hope of discerning in them some glimpses of compassion; but they were inscrutable and inexorable, and scarcely less dreadful to look upon than the hideous implements on the walls.

Viviana wished the earth would open and swallow her, that she might escape from them. Anything was better than to be left at the mercy of such men. At certain times, and not unfrequently at the most awful moments, a double current of thought will flow through the brain, and at this frightful juncture it was so with Viviana. While shuddering at all she saw around her, nay dwelling upon it, another and distinct train of thought led her back to former scenes of happiness, when she was undisturbed by any but remote apprehensions of danger. She thought of her tranquil residence at Ordsall—of the flowers she had tended in the garden—of her father, and of his affection for her—of Humphrey Chetham, and of her early and scarce-acknowledged attachment to him—and of his generosity and devotion, and how she had requited it. And then, like a sullen cloud darkening the fair prospect, arose the figure of Guy Fawkes—the sombre enthusiast—who had unwittingly exercised such a baneful influence upon her fortunes.

"Had he not crossed my path," she mentally ejaculated, "I might have been happy—might have loved Humphrey Chetham—might, perhaps, have wedded him!"

These reflections were suddenly dispersed by the lieutenant, who in a stern tone commenced his interrogations.

As upon her previous examination, Viviana observed the utmost caution, and either refused to speak, or answered such questions only as affected herself. At first, in spite of all her efforts, she trembled violently, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. But after a while she recovered her courage, and regarded the lieutenant with a look as determined as his own.

"It is useless to urge me further," she concluded. "I have said all I will say."

"Is it your pleasure, my lords," observed Sir William Waad to the others, "to prolong the examination?"

"His companions replied in the negative, and the one nearest him remarked, "Is she aware what will follow?"

"I am," replied Viviana, resolutely, "and I am not to be intimidated."

Sir William Waad then made a sign to Ipgreve, who immediately stepped forward and seized her arm. "You will be taken to that recess," said the lieutenant, "where the question will be put to you. But as we shall remain here, you have only to utter a cry if you are willing to avow the truth, and the torture shall be stayed. And it is our merciful hope that this may be the case."

Summoning up all her resolution, and walking with a firm footstep, Viviana passed with Ipgreve behind the curtain. She there beheld two men and a woman—the latter was the jailer's wife, who instantly advanced to her, and besought her to confess.

"There is no help for it if you refuse," she urged; "not all your wealth can save you."

"Mind your own business, dame," interposed Ipgreve, angrily, "and assist her to unrobe."

Saying this, he stepped aside with the two men, one of whom was the surgeon, and the other the tormentor, while Dame Ipgreve helped to take off Viviana's gown. She then tied a scarf over her shoulders, and informed her husband she was ready.

The recess was about twelve feet high and ten wide. It was crossed near the roof, which was arched and vaulted, by a heavy beam, with pulleys and ropes at either extremity. But what chiefly attracted the unfortunate captive's attention was a couple of iron gauntlets attached to it, about a yard apart. Upon the ground under the beam, and immediately beneath that part of it where the gauntlets were fixed, were laid three pieces of wood of a few inches in thickness, and piled upon one another.

"What must I do?" inquired Viviana, in a hollow voice, but with unaltered resolution, of the old woman.

"Step upon those pieces of wood," replied Dame Ipgreve, leading her towards them.

Viviana obeyed, and, as soon as she had set foot upon the pile, the tormentor placed a joint-stool beside her, and, mounting it, desired her to place her right hand in one of the gauntlets. She did so, and the tormentor then turned a screw which compressed the iron glove so tightly as to give her excruciating pain. He then got down, and Ipgreve demanded if he should proceed.

A short pause ensued, but, notwithstanding her agony, Viviana made no answer. The tormentor then placed the stool on the left side, and fastened the hand which was still at liberty within the other gauntlet. The torture was dreadful, and the fingers appeared crushed by the pressure. Still Viviana uttered no cry. After another short pause, Ipgreve said, "You had better let us stop here. This is mere child's play compared with what is to come."

No answer being returned, the tormentor took a mallet and struck one of the pieces of wood from under Viviana's feet. The

shock was dreadful, and seemed to dislocate her wrists, while the pressure on the hands was increased in a tenfold degree. The poor sufferer, who was resting on the points of her feet, felt that the removal of the next piece of wood would occasion almost intolerable torture. Her constancy, however, did not desert her, and, after the question had been repeated by Ippgrave, the second block was struck away. She was now suspended by her hands, and the pain was so exquisite, that nature gave way, and, uttering a piercing scream, she fainted.

On recovering, she found herself stretched upon a miserable pallet, with Ruth watching beside her. A glance round the chamber, which was of solid stone masonry, with a deep embrasure on one side, convinced her that she had been removed to some other prison.

"Where am I?" she asked in a faint voice.

"In the Well Tower, madam," replied Ruth: "one of the fortifications near the moat, and now used as a prison-lodging. My father dwells within it, and you are under his custody."

"Your father!" cried Viviana, shuddering as she recalled the sufferings she had recently undergone. "Will he torture me again?"

"Not if I can prevent it, dear lady," replied Ruth. "But hush! here comes my mother. Not a word before her."

As Ruth spoke, Dame Ippgrave, who had been lingering at the door, entered the room. She affected the greatest solicitude for Viviana,—felt her pulse,—looked at the bandages fastened round her swollen and crippled fingers,—and concluded by counselling her not to persist in refusing to speak.

"I dare not tell you what tortures are in store for you," she said, "if you continue thus obstinate. But they will be a thousand times worse than what you endured last night."

"When will my next interrogation take place?" inquired Viviana.

"A week hence, it may be—or it may be sooner," returned the old woman. "It depends upon the state you are in—and somewhat upon the fees you give my husband, for he has a voice with the lieutenant."

"I would give him all I possess, if he could save me from further torture," cried Viviana.

"Alas! alas!" replied Dame Ippgrave, "you ask more than can be done. He would save you if he could; but you will not let him. However, we will do all we can to mitigate your sufferings—all we can, provided you pay us. Stay with her, child," she added, with a significant gesture to her daughter, as she quitted the room,—*"stay with her."*

"My heart bleeds for you, madam," said Ruth, in accents of the deepest commiseration, as soon as they were alone. "You

may depend upon my fidelity. If I can contrive your escape, I will—at any risk to myself.”

“On no account,” replied Viviana. “Do not concern yourself about me more. My earthly sufferings, I feel, will have terminated before further cruelty can be practised upon me.”

“Oh! say not so, madam,” returned Ruth. “I hope—nay, I am sure—you will live long and happily.”

Viviana shook her head, and Ruth, finding her very feeble, thought it better not to continue the conversation. She accordingly applied such restoratives as were at hand, and, observing that the eyes of the sufferer closed as if in slumber, glided noiselessly out of the chamber, and left her.

In this way a week passed. At the expiration of that time the chirurgeon pronounced her in so precarious a state, that, if the torture were repeated, he would not answer for her life. The interrogation, therefore, was postponed for a few days, during which the chirurgeon constantly visited her, and by his care and the restoratives she was compelled to take she rapidly regained her strength.

One day, after the chirurgeon had departed, Ruth cautiously closed the door, and observed to her,

“You are now so far recovered, madam, as to be able to make an attempt to escape. I have devised a plan, which I will communicate to you to-morrow. It must not be delayed, or you will have to encounter a second and more dreadful examination.”

“I will not attempt it if you are exposed to risk,” replied Viviana.

“Heed me not,” returned Ruth. “One of your friends has found out your place of confinement, and has spoken to me about you.”

“What friend?” exclaimed Viviana, starting. “Guy Fawkes?—I mean——” And she hesitated, while her pale cheeks were suffused with blushes.

“He is named Humphrey Chetham,” returned Ruth. “Like myself, he would risk his life to preserve you.”

“Tell him he must not do so,” cried Viviana, eagerly. “He has done enough—too much for me already. I will not expose him to further hazard. Tell him so, and entreat him to abandon the attempt.”

“But I shall not see him, dear lady,” replied Ruth. “Besides, if I read him rightly, he is not likely to be turned aside by any selfish consideration.”

“You are right, he is not,” groaned Viviana. “But this only adds to my affliction. Oh! if you *should* see him, dear Ruth, try to dissuade him from his purpose.”

“I will obey you, madam,” replied the jailer’s daughter. “But I am well assured it will be of no avail.”

After some further conversation Ruth retired, and Viviana was

left alone for the night. Except the slumber procured by soporific potions, she had known no repose since she had been confined within the Tower; and this night she felt more than usually restless. After ineffectually endeavouring to compose herself, she arose, and, hastily robing herself—a task she performed with no little difficulty, her fingers being almost useless—continued to pace her narrow chamber.

It has been mentioned that on one side of the cell there was a deep embrasure. It was terminated by a narrow and strongly-grated loophole, looking upon the moat. Pausing before it, Viviana gazed forth. The night was pitchy dark, and not even a solitary star could be discerned; but as she had no light in her chamber, the gloom outside was less profound than that within.

While standing thus, buried in thought, and longing for day-break, Viviana fancied she heard a slight sound as of some one swimming across the moat. Thinking she might be deceived, she listened more intently, and, as the sound continued, she felt sure she was right in her conjecture. All at once the thought of Humphrey Chetham flashed upon her, and she had no doubt it must be him. Nor was she wrong. The next moment a noise was heard as of some one clambering up the wall; a hand grasped the bars of the loophole, which was only two or three feet above the level of the water; and a low voice, which she instantly recognised, pronounced her name.

"Is it Humphrey Chetham?" she asked, advancing as near as she could to the loophole.

"It is," was the reply. "Do not despair. I will accomplish your liberation. I have passed three days within the Tower, and only ascertained your place of confinement a few hours ago. I have contrived a plan for your escape with the jailer's daughter, which she will make known to you to-morrow."

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for your devotion," replied Viviana, in accents of the deepest gratitude. "But I implore you to leave me to my fate. I am wretched enough now, Heaven knows! but if aught should happen to you, I shall be infinitely more so. If I possess any power over you—and that I do so I well know—I entreat—nay, I command you to desist from this attempt."

"I have never yet disobeyed you, Viviana," replied the young merchant, passionately—"nor will I do so now. But if you bid me abandon you, I will plunge into this moat, never to rise again."

His manner, notwithstanding the low tone in which he spoke, was so determined, that Viviana felt certain he would carry his threat into execution; she therefore rejoined in a mournful tone,

"Well, be it as you will. It is in vain to resist our fate. I am destined to bring misfortune to you."

"Not so," replied Chetham. "If I *can* save you, I would rather

die than live. The jailer's daughter will explain her plan to you to-morrow. Promise me to accede to it."

Viviana reluctantly assented.

"I shall quit the Tower at daybreak," pursued Chetham; "and when you are once out of it, hasten to the stairs beyond the wharf at Petty Wales. I will be there with a boat. Farewell!"

As he spoke, he let himself drop into the water, but, his foot slipping, the plunge was louder than he intended, and attracted the attention of a sentinel on the ramparts, who immediately called out to know what was the matter, and, not receiving any answer, discharged his caliver in the direction of the sound.

Viviana, who heard the challenge and the shot, uttered a loud scream, and the next moment Ipgreve and his wife appeared. The jailer glanced suspiciously round the room; but after satisfying himself that all was right, and putting some questions to the captive, which she refused to answer, he departed with his wife, and carefully barred the door.

It is impossible to imagine greater misery than Viviana endured the whole of the night. The uncertainty in which she was kept as to Chetham's fate was almost insupportable, and the bodily pain she had recently endured appeared light when compared with her present mental torture. Day at length dawned; but it brought with it no Ruth. Instead of this faithful friend, Dame Ipgreve entered the chamber with the morning meal, and her looks were so morose and distrustful that Viviana feared she must have discovered her daughter's design. She did not, however, venture to make a remark, but suffered the old woman to depart in silence.

Giving up all for lost, and concluding that Humphrey Chetham had either perished, or was, like herself, a prisoner, Viviana bitterly bewailed his fate, and reproached herself with being unintentionally the cause of it. Later in the day Ruth entered the cell. To Viviana's eager inquiries she replied that Humphrey Chetham had escaped. Owing to the darkness, the sentinel had missed his aim, and although the most rigorous search was instituted throughout the fortress he had contrived to elude observation.

"Our attempt," pursued Ruth, "must be made this evening. The lieutenant has informed my father that you are to be interrogated at midnight, the surgeon having declared that you are sufficiently recovered to undergo the torture (if needful) a second time. Now listen to me. The occurrence of last night has made my mother suspicious, and she watches my proceedings with a jealous eye. She is at this moment with a female prisoner in the Beauchamp Tower, or I should not be able to visit you. She has consented, however, to let me bring in your supper. You must then change dresses with me. Being about my height, you may easily pass for me, and I will take care there is no light below, so that your features will not be distinguished."

Viviana would have checked her, but the other would not be interrupted.

"As soon as you are ready," she continued, "you must lock the door upon me. You must then descend the short flight of steps before you, and pass as quickly as you can through the room where you will see my father and mother. As soon as you are out of the door, turn to the left, and go straight forward to the By-ward Tower. Show this pass to the warders. It is made out in my name, and they will suffer you to go forth. Do the same with the warders at the next gate—the Middle Tower—and again at the Bulwark-Gate. That passed, you are free."

"And what will become of you?" asked Viviana, with a bewildered look.

"Never mind me," rejoined Ruth; "I shall be sufficiently rewarded if I save you. And now, farewell. Be ready at the time appointed."

"I cannot consent," returned Viviana.

"You have no choice," replied Ruth, breaking from her, and hurrying out of the room.

Time, as it ever does, when expectation is on the rack, appeared to pass with unusual slowness. But as the hour at length drew near, Viviana wished it farther off. It was with the utmost trepidation that she heard the key turn in the lock, and beheld Ruth enter the cell with the evening meal.

Closing the door, and setting down the provisions, the jailer's daughter hastily divested herself of her dress, which was of brown serge, as well as of her coif and kerchief, while Viviana imitated her example. Without pausing to attire herself in the other's garments, Ruth then assisted Viviana to put on the dress she had just laid aside, and arranged her hair and the head-gear so skilfully that the disguise was complete.

Hastily whispering some further instructions to her, and explaining certain peculiarities in her gait and deportment, she then pressed her to her bosom, and led her to the door. Viviana would have remonstrated, but Ruth pushed her through it, and closed it.

There was now no help, so Viviana, though with great pain to herself, contrived to turn the key in the lock. Descending the steps, she found herself in a small circular chamber, in which Ipgreve and his wife were seated at a table, discussing their evening meal. The sole light was afforded by a few dying embers on the hearth.

"What! has she done already?" demanded the old woman, as Viviana appeared. "Why hast thou not brought the jelly with thee, if she has not caten it all, and those cates, which Master Pilchard, the chirurgeon, ordered her? Go and fetch them directly. They will finish our repast daintily; and there are other matters too, which I dare say she has not touched. She will pay

for them, and that will make them the sweeter. Go back, I say. What dost thou stand there for, as if thou wert thunderstruck? Dost hear me, or not?"

"Let the wench alone, dame," growled Ipgreve. "You frighten her."

"So I mean to do," replied the old woman; "she deserves to be frightened. Hark thee, girl; we must get an order from her on some wealthy Catholic family without delay, for I don't think she will stand the trial to-night."

"Nor I," added Ipgreve, "especially as she is to be placed on the rack."

"She has a chain of gold round her throat I have observed," said the old woman; "we must get that."

"I have it," said Viviana, in a low tone, and imitating, as well as she could, the accents of Ruth. "Here it is."

"Did she give it thee?" cried the old woman, getting up, and grasping Viviana's lacerated fingers with such force, that she had difficulty in repressing a scream. "Did she give it thee, I say?"

"She gave it me for you," gasped Viviana. "Take it."

While the old woman held the chain to the fire, and called to her husband to light a lamp, that she might feast her greedy eyes upon it, Viviana flew to the door.

Just as she reached it, the shrill voice of Dame Ipgreve arrested her.

"Come back!" cried the dame. "Whither art thou going at this time of night? I will not have thee stir forth. Come back, I say."

"Pshaw! let her go," interposed Ipgreve. "I dare say she hath an appointment on the Green with young Nicholas Hardesty, the warder. Go, wench. Be careful of thyself, and return within the hour."

"If she does not, she will rue it," added the dame. "Go, then, and I will see the prisoner."

Viviana required no further permission. Starting off, as she had been directed, on the left, she ran as fast as her feet could carry her; and, passing between two arched gateways, soon reached the By-ward Tower. Showing the pass to the warder, he chucked her under the chin, and, drawing an immense bolt, opened the wicket, and gallantly helped her to pass through it. The like good success attended her at the Middle Tower and at the Bulwark Gate. Scarcely able to credit her senses, and doubting whether she was indeed free, she hurried on till she came to the opening leading to the stairs at Petty Wales. As she hesitated, uncertain what to do, a man advanced towards and addressed her by name. It was Humphrey Chetham. Overcome by emotion, Viviana sank into his arms, and in another moment she was placed in a wherry, which was ordered to be rowed towards Westminster.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTERPLOT.

STARTLED, but not dismayed—for he was a man of great courage—by the sudden address and appearance of Guy Fawkes, Lord Mounteagle instantly sprang to his feet, and, drawing his sword, put himself into a posture of defence.

"You have betrayed me," he cried, seizing Tresham with his left hand; "but if I fall, you shall fall with me."

"You have betrayed yourself, my lord," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "or, rather, Heaven has placed you in our hands as an instrument for the liberation of Viviana Radcliffe. You must take an oath of secrecy—a binding oath—such as, being a good Catholic, you cannot break—not to divulge what has come to your knowledge. Nay, you must join me and my confederates, or you quit not this spot with life."

"I refuse your terms," replied Mounteagle, resolutely. "I will never conspire against the monarch to whom I have sworn allegiance. I will not join you. I will not aid you in procuring Viviana Radcliffe's release. Nor will I take the oath you propose. On the contrary, I arrest you as a traitor, and I command you, Tresham, in the king's name, to assist me in his capture."

But suddenly extricating himself from the grasp imposed upon him, and placing Guy Fawkes between him and the earl, Tresham rejoined, "It is time to throw off the mask, my good lord and brother. I can render you no assistance. I am sworn to this league, and must support it. Unless you assent to the conditions proposed—and which for your own sake I would counsel you to do—I must, despite our near relationship, take part against you,—even," he added, significantly, "if your destruction should be resolved upon."

"I will sell my life dearly, as you shall find," replied Mounteagle. "And but for the sake of my dear lady, your sister, I would stab you where you stand."

"Your lordship will find resistance in vain," replied Guy Fawkes, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon him. "We seek not your life, but your co-operation. You are a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" echoed Mounteagle, derisively. "You have not secured me yet."

And as he spoke he rushed towards the door, but his departure was checked by Bates, who presented himself at the entrance of the passage with a drawn sword in his hand. At the same moment Catesby and Keyes issued from the closet, while Garnet and the other conspirators likewise emerged from their hiding-places. Hearing the noise behind him, Lord Mounteagle turned, and, beholding the group, uttered an exclamation of surprise and rage.

"I am fairly entrapped," he said, sheathing his sword, and advancing towards them. "Fool that I was to venture hither!"

"These regrets are too late, my lord," replied Catesby. "You came hither of your own accord; but being here, nothing, except compliance with our demands, can ensure your departure."

"Yes, one thing else," thought Mounteagle—"cunning. It shall go hard if I cannot outwit you. Tresham will act with me. I know his treacherous nature too well to doubt which way he will incline. Interest, as well as relationship, binds him to me. He will acquaint me with their plans. I need not, therefore, compromise myself by joining them. If I take the oath of secrecy, it will suffice—and I will find means of eluding the obligation. I may thus make my own bargain with Salisbury. But I must proceed cautiously; too sudden a compliance might awaken their suspicions."

"My lord," said Catesby, who had watched his countenance narrowly, and distrusted its expression, "we must have no double dealing. Any attempt to play us false will prove fatal to you."

"I have not yet consented to your terms, Mr. Catesby," returned Mounteagle, "and I demand a few moments' reflection before I do so."

"What say you, gentlemen?" said Catesby. "Do you agree to his lordship's request?"

There was a general answer in the affirmative.

"I would also confer for a moment alone with my brother Tresham," said Mounteagle.

"That cannot be, my lord," rejoined Garnet, peremptorily. "And take heed you meditate no treachery towards us, or you will destroy yourself here and hereafter."

"I have no desire to speak with him, father," observed Tresham. "Let him declare what he has to say before you all."

Mounteagle looked hard at him, but he made no remark.

"In my opinion, we ought not to trust him," observed Keyes. "It is plain he is decidedly opposed to us. And if the oath is proposed to him, he may take it with some mental reservation."

"I will guard against that," replied Garnet.

"If I take the oath, I will keep it, father," rejoined Mounteagle. "But I have not yet decided."

"You must do so, then, quickly, my lord," returned Catesby. "You shall have five minutes for reflection. But first you must deliver up your sword."

The earl started.

"We mean *you* no treachery, my lord," observed Keyes, "and expect to be dealt with with equal fairness."

Surrendering his sword to Catesby, Mounteagle then walked to the farther end of the room, and leaning against the wall, with his back to the conspirators, appeared buried in thought.

"Take Tresham aside," whispered Catesby to Wright. "I do

not wish him to overhear our conference. Watch him narrowly, and see that no signal passes between him and Lord Mounteagle."

Wright obeyed; and the others, gathering closely together, began to converse in a low tone.

"It will not do to put him to death," observed Garnet. "From what he stated to Tresham, it appears that his servant was aware of his coming hither. If he disappears, therefore, search will be immediately made, and all will be discovered. We must either instantly secure ourselves by flight, and give up the enterprise, or trust him."

"You are right, father," replied Rookwood. "The danger is imminent."

"We are safe at present," observed Percy, "and may escape to France or Flanders before information can be given against us. Nay, we may carry off Mounteagle with us, for that matter. But I am loth to trust him."

"So am I," rejoined Catesby. "I do not like his looks."

"There is no help," said Fawkes. "We *must* trust him, or give up the enterprise. He may materially aid us, and has himself asserted that he can procure Viviana's liberation from the Tower."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Catesby, impatiently. "What has that to do with the all-important question we are now considering?"

"Much," returned Fawkes. "And I will not move further in the matter unless that point is insisted on."

"You have become strangely interested in Viviana of late," observed Catesby, sarcastically. "Could I suspect you of so light a passion, I should say you loved her."

A deep flush dyed Fawkes's swarthy cheeks, but he answered in a voice of constrained calmness,

"I *do* love her,—as a daughter."

"Humph!" exclaimed the other, drily.

"Catesby," rejoined Fawkes, sternly; "you know me well—too well to suppose I would resort to any paltry subterfuge. I am willing to let what you have said pass. But I counsel you not to jest thus in future."

"Jest!" exclaimed Catesby. "I was never more serious in my life."

"Then you do me wrong," retorted Fawkes, fiercely; "and you will repeat the insinuation at your peril."

"My sons—my sons," interposed Garnet, "what means this sudden—this needless quarrel, at a moment when we require the utmost calmness to meet the danger that assails us? Guy Fawkes is right. Viviana *must* be saved. If we desert her, our cause will never prosper. But let us proceed step by step, and first decide upon what is to be done with Lord Mounteagle."

"I am filled with perplexity," replied Catesby.

"Then I will decide for you," replied Percy. "Our project must be abandoned."

"Never," replied Fawkes, energetically. "Fly, and secure your own safety. I will stay and accomplish it alone."

"A brave resolution!" exclaimed Catesby, tendering him his hand, which the other cordially grasped. "I will stand by you to the last. No—we have advanced too far to retreat."

"Additional caution will be needful," observed Keyes. "Can we not make it a condition with Lord Mounteagle to retire, till the blow is struck, to his mansion at Hoxton?"

"That would be of no avail," replied Garnet. "We must trust him wholly, or not at all."

"There I agree with you, father," said Percy. "Let us propose the oath of secrecy to him, and detain him here until we have found some secure retreat, utterly unknown to him or to Tresham, whence we can correspond with our friends. A few days will show whether he has betrayed us or not. We need not visit this place again till the moment for action arrives."

"You need not visit it again at all," rejoined Fawkes. "Everything is prepared, and I will undertake to fire the train. Prepare for what is to follow the explosion, and leave the management of that to me."

"I cannot consent to such a course, my son," said Garnet. "The whole risk will thus be yours."

"The whole glory will be mine, also, father," rejoined Fawkes, enthusiastically. "I pray you, let me have my own way."

"Well, be it as you will, my son," returned Garnet, with affected reluctance. "I will not oppose the hand of Heaven, which clearly points you out as the chief agent in this mighty enterprise. In reference to what Percy has said about a retreat till Lord Mounteagle's trustworthiness can be ascertained," he added to Catesby, "I have just bethought me of a large retired house on the borders of Enfield Chace, called White Webbs. It has been recently taken by Mrs. Brooksby, and her sister, Anne Vaux, and will afford us a safe asylum."

"An excellent plan, father," cried Catesby. "Since Guy Fawkes is willing to undertake the risk, we will leave Lord Mounteagle in his charge and go there at once."

"What must be done with Tresham?" asked Percy. "We cannot take him with us, nor must he know of our retreat."

"Leave him with me," said Fawkes.

"You will be at a disadvantage," observed Catesby, "should he take part, as there is reason to fear he may do, with Lord Mounteagle."

"They are both unarmed," returned Fawkes; "but were it otherwise, I would answer with my head for their detention."

"All good saints guard you, my son!" exclaimed Garnet. "Henceforth we resign the custody of the powder to you."

"It will be in safe keeping," replied Fawkes.

The party then advanced towards Lord Mounteagle, who, hearing their approach, instantly faced them.

"Your decision, my lord?" demanded Catesby.

"You shall have it in a word, sir," replied Mounteagle, firmly. "I will *not* join you, but I will take the required oath of secrecy."

"Is this your final resolve, my lord?" rejoined Catesby.

"It is," replied the earl.

"It must content us," observed Garnet; "though we hoped you would have lent your active services to further a cause having for its sole object the restoration of the church to which you belong."

"I know not the means whereby you propose to restore it, father," replied Mounteagle, "and I do not desire to know them. But I guess that they are dark and bloody, and as such I can take no part in them."

"And you refuse to give us any counsel or assistance?" pursued Garnet.

"I will not betray you," replied Mounteagle. "I can say nothing further."

"I would rather he promised too little than too much," whispered Catesby to Garnet. "I begin to think him sincere."

"I am of the same opinion, my son," returned Garnet.

"One thing you *shall* do, before *I* consent to set you free on any terms, my lord," observed Guy Fawkes. "You shall engage to procure the liberation of Viviana Radcliffe from the Tower. You told Tresham you could easily accomplish it."

"I scarcely knew what I said," replied Mounteagle, with a look of embarrassment.

"You spoke confidently, my lord," rejoined Fawkes.

"Because I had no idea I should be compelled to make good my words," returned the earl. "But as a Catholic, and related by marriage to Tresham, who is a suspected person, any active exertions in her behalf on my part might place me in jeopardy."

"This excuse shall not avail you, my lord," replied Fawkes. "You must weigh your own safety against hers. You stir not hence till you have sworn to free her."

"I must perforce assent, since you will have no refusal," replied Mounteagle; "but I almost despair of success. If I *can* effect her deliverance, I swear to do so."

"Enough," replied Fawkes.

"And now, gentlemen," said Catesby, appealing to the others, "are you willing to let Lord Mounteagle depart upon the proposed terms?"

"We are," they replied.

"I will administer the oath at once," said Garnet; "and you will bear in mind, my son," he added, in a stern tone, to the earl,

"that it will be one which cannot be violated without perdition to your soul."

"I am willing to take it," replied Mounteagle.

Producing a primer, and motioning the earl to kneel before him, Garnet then proposed an oath of the most solemn and binding description. The other repeated it after him, and at its conclusion placed the book to his lips.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked, rising.

"I am," replied Garnet.

"And so am I," thought Tresham; who stood in the rear,—
"that he will perjure himself."

"Am I now at liberty to depart?" inquired the earl.

"Not yet, my lord," replied Catesby. "You must remain here till midnight."

Lord Mounteagle looked uneasy, but, seeing remonstrance would be useless, he preserved a sullen silence.

"You need have no fear, my lord," said Catesby; "but we must take such precautions as will ensure our safety, in case you intend us any treachery."

"You cannot doubt me, sir, after the oath I have taken," replied Mounteagle, haughtily. "But since you constitute yourself my jailor, I must abide your pleasure."

"If I *am* your jailor, my lord," rejoined Catesby, "I will prove to you that I am not neglectful of my office. Will it please you to follow me?"

The earl bowed in acquiescence; and Catesby, marching before him to a small room, the windows of which were carefully barred, pointed to a chair, and, instantly retiring, locked the door upon him. He then returned to the others, and, taking Guy Fawkes aside, observed in a low tone, "We shall set out instantly for White Webbs. You will remain on guard with Tresham, whom you will, of course, keep in ignorance of our proceedings. After you have set the earl at liberty you can follow us if you choose; but take heed you are not observed."

"Fear nothing," replied Fawkes.

Soon after this, Catesby, and the rest of the conspirators, with the exception of Guy Fawkes and Tresham, quitted the room, and the former concluded they were about to leave the house. He made no remark, however, to his companion, but, getting between him and the door, folded his arms upon his breast, and continued to pace backwards and forwards before it.

"Am I a prisoner, as well as Lord Mounteagle?" asked Tresham, after a pause.

"You must remain with me here till midnight," replied Fawkes.

"We shall not be disturbed."

"What! are the others gone?" cried Tresham.

"They are," was the reply.

Tresham's countenance fell, and he appeared to be meditating some project which he could not muster courage to execute.

"Be warned by the past, Tresham," said Fawkes, who had regarded him fixedly for some minutes. "If I find reason to doubt you, I will put it out of your power to betray us a second time."

"You have no reason to doubt me," replied Tresham, with apparent candour. "I only wondered that our friends should leave me without any intimation of their purpose. It is for me, not you, to apprehend some ill design. Am I not to act with you further?"

"That depends upon yourself, and on the proofs you give of your sincerity," replied Fawkes. "Answer me frankly. Do you think Lord Mounteagle will keep his oath?"

"I will stake my life upon it," replied Tresham.

The conversation then dropped, and no attempt was made on either side to renew it. In this way several hours passed, when at length the silence was broken by Tresham, who requested permission to go in search of some refreshment; and Guy Fawkes assenting, they descended to the lower room, and partook of a slight repast.

Nothing further worthy of note occurred. On the arrival of the appointed hour, Guy Fawkes signified to his companion that he might liberate Lord Mounteagle; and immediately availing himself of the permission, Tresham repaired to the chamber, and threw open the door. The earl immediately came forth, and they returned together to the room in which Guy Fawkes remained on guard.

"You are now at liberty to depart, my lord," said the latter; "and Tresham can accompany you if he thinks proper. Remember that you have sworn to procure Viviana's liberation."

"I do," replied the earl.

And he then quitted the house with Tresham.

"You have had a narrow escape, my lord," remarked the latter, as they approached Whitehall and paused for a moment under the postern of the great western gate.

"True," replied the earl; "but I do not regret the risk I have run. They are now wholly in my power."

"You forget your oath, my lord," said Tresham.

"If I do," replied the earl, "I but follow your example. You have broken one equally solemn, equally binding, and would break a thousand more were they imposed upon you. But I will overthrow this conspiracy, and yet not violate mine."

"I see not how that can be, my lord," replied Tresham.

"You shall learn in due season," replied the earl. "I have had plenty of leisure for reflection in that dark hole, and have hit upon a plan which, I think, cannot fail."

"I hope I am no party to it, my lord," rejoined Tresham. "I dare not hazard myself among them further."

"I cannot do without you," replied Mounteagle; "but I

will ensure you against all danger. It will be necessary for you, however, to act with the utmost discretion, and keep a constant guard upon every look and movement, as well as upon your words. You must fully regain the confidence of these men, and lull them into security."

"I see your lordship's drift," replied Tresham. "You wish them to proceed to the last point, to enhance the value of the discovery."

"Right," replied the earl. "The plot must not be discovered till just before its outbreak, when its magnitude and danger will be the more apparent. The reward will then be proportionate. Now you understand me, Tresham."

"Fully," replied the other.

"Return to your own house," rejoined Mounteagle. "We need hold no further communication together till the time for action arrives."

"And that will not be before the meeting of Parliament," replied Tresham; "for they intend to overwhelm the king and all his nobles in one common destruction."

"By Heaven! a brave design!" cried Mounteagle. "It is a pity to mar it. I knew it was a desperate and daring project, but should never have conceived aught like this. Its discovery will indeed occasion universal consternation."

"It may benefit you and me to divulge it, my lord," said Tresham; "but the disclosure will deeply and lastingly injure the Church of Rome."

"It would injure it more deeply if the plot succeeded," replied Mounteagle, "because all loyal Catholics must disapprove so horrible and sanguinary a design. But we will not discuss the question further, though what you have said confirms my purpose, and removes any misgiving I might have felt as to the betrayal. Farewell, Tresham. Keep a watchful eye upon the conspirators, and communicate with me should any change take place in their plans. We may not meet for some time. Parliament, though summoned for the third of October, will, in all probability, be prorogued till November."

"In that case," replied Tresham, "you will postpone your disclosure likewise till November?"

"Assuredly," replied Mounteagle. "The king must be convinced of his danger. If it were found out now, he would think lightly of it. But if he has actually set foot upon the mine which a single spark might kindle to his destruction, he will duly appreciate the service rendered him. Farewell! and do not neglect my counsel."

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

A BRIGHT, cheerful, autumnal sun shone over the city of Antwerp, and threw out into strong relief against the sky its many towers, spires, and innumerable tapering pinnacles, here and there striking the crosses that decorated their extremities. The Scheldt, glittering in its rays like a broad sheet of silver, as it rolled proudly by the dark grey walls, was studded with numberless ships of all sizes, whose multitude of spars clustered thick as a forest of fir-trees stripped of their foliage; whilst seaward, their white sails extended like fleecy clouds as far as the eye could reach. The country around, low, flat, and covered with shrubs, exhibited those pearly tints which harmonise so well with the sombre hue characteristic of antique buildings; and the whole might have been deemed a fair sight by a dispassionate gazer who had commanded the view from the opposite side of the noble river. It was also one of deep interest to the philosopher, for he could not but ponder on the many political advantages which induced shoals of foreigners to pour in, like the billows of the sea, from all parts of the known world, eager to bring their goods to that European mart which is said to have accomplished greater and more numerous affairs in one short month than Venice in two years, when in the zenith of her splendour; or on those more local and individual privileges that secured the happiness of the town and its prosperity, and fired the bosom of every inhabitant with a love and devotion for his native place, which made its weal or its woe a part and portion of his own.

But there was no such idle speculator on things past or present at that moment in busy Antwerp. It was the month of September, 1549, and the future engrossed every mind. Never had the streets been more thronged. All was noise and confusion; but the first glance would have satisfied a stranger that it was the preparation for a joyous festivity which had called forth high and low to mix in eager groups.

It was, indeed, a fitting occasion for all within the walls of the city to display their riches, taste, national pride, satisfaction of the present and hopes for the future. Charles V. had announced his intention of bringing his young heir to Antwerp to receive the oath of allegiance, who was now, in obedience to his command, visiting, for the first time, the lands fate destined him to rule. It had been vaguely rumoured, that, bent with age and infirmities, the emperor would not much longer retain his throne, even should he linger out many more years of existence. This event, therefore, acquired a more intense interest, not only in the eyes of the people of Antwerp themselves, but in those of all the foreign merchants whom the unrivalled advantages for trade which the town afforded had attracted towards or fixed among them. They were preparing to hail a rising sun.

The young prince, born and bred in Spain, was as yet a stranger to all hearts; but the son of Charles V., it was hoped, could not long remain so, when once an opportunity of making himself known should be afforded him. Some anticipated that if his name should be less often trumpeted

by fame to admiring and subjugated nations than that of his imperial father, it might be the more blessed by those who loved peace, and that his gentle sway might heal those wounds which his sire's severity had at times inflicted. The Flemings, credulous in the extreme, the natural result of their own honesty of character, were the most sanguine.

But however bent were the citizens on clothing their hopes in lavish expenditure and magnitude of preparation, the emperor was no less so on conciliating the golden opinions of all sorts of men. He knew pomp and state to be great means towards the attainment of the end he had in view, and, according to the policy he had displayed in all the momentous portions of his life, he made the progress of his son through the land triumphant in the extreme. Perhaps, also, he might wish that, in the hurry of pleasure and festivity, the misgivings he could not help entertaining about the young prince's worth might not take root in other breasts besides his own. His two sisters, Eleanor, once the widow of the King of Arragonia, now that of the gallant Francis I. of France, and Mary, Queen of Hungary; his nieces, the Duchesses of Savoy and Lorraine, with their noble consorts; his daughter Margaret, Duchess of Parma; his favourites, Alba and Granvella, and a long train of princes and nobles, headed by himself, formed the *cortège* of his son, Prince Philip.

The other cities of Brabant had already received the imperial party with as much magnificence as they could display; but even Brussels, although selected by the court for its residence, was not equal in importance to Antwerp. In those days pre-eminence of towns was a continual subject of contention, and the latter determined to outdo whatever had hitherto been, or could be attempted.

The good citizens were wholly occupied in bedizening their town, according to the custom of the period, with as many triumphal arches as they could find proper places in which to erect them; and these, though in reality were wooden structures hastily put together for the occasion, were to be coloured to represent marble or stone, and decorated with paintings or tapestry-work, bearing such appropriate subjects as the ingenuity of the artists could devise.

The progress of the wayfarer was checked at every step by the lading and unloading of carts, the trundling of wheelbarrows along the pavement, and by men hurrying to and fro with pails of paint and mortar; whilst his ears were assailed with deafening sounds of hewing, hammering, sawing, shouting, and the creaking of wheels and pulleys. Yards and yards of painting-canvas, and tapestry most richly wrought, were hauled up in air, and painters, in pursuance of their avocation, might be seen at every corner, recklessly ascending half-finished scaffoldings, and with a rapid hand throwing their colours about them. Groups of eager idlers swarmed the streets and thoroughfares, feasting their eyes on these preparations, each individual present seeming to take a personal interest in what was going forward.

Among the fluctuating crowd might be distinguished the portly bearing and frank look of the Englishman; the cautious, crafty Italian, with his deep-set eye; the haughty Spaniard, strutting conscious of a small, neatly-trimmed moustachio; the turbanned Easterling; the long-sleeved Armenian; the phlegmatic German; and, more frequently than the rest, the rotund, smiling, florid countenance of the placid Fleming. Gliding freely among these were numerous Beguines, whose dark dresses formed

a marked contrast to the gay costumes of those with whom they mingled. Here and there from a casement might be descried a pair of black eyes lighting up some pretty, though sallow face, evidently of Spanish extraction, prying curiously into the scene below; whilst, sharing more liberally the rights and pleasures of their lords and masters, the ladies of the soil wandered up and down the streets with modest, though frank demeanour, the black silken mantilla gracefully adjusted over their heads and shoulders, displaying to advantage their golden tresses and snowy complexions. Occasionally some scion of a mixed race, blending in exquisite harmony the soft and fair loveliness of the North with the more brilliant beauty of the South, might be observed gliding by. The Spaniard or Italian, when such a vision flitted across his path, would gaze in silent admiration, and doubt as to her nationality; but the numerous fatherly greetings of the Flemings soon sufficiently convinced them the foreign sprig was grafted on the native tree.

In the Koeper Street, the street of the Hospital, that of St. Catherine, on the Meer Brugge and the Dryhoeck, every where the same activity prevailed; but in no quarter was the scene more animated than on the grand place opposite the *Stadhuis*. Here they were building a long, wooden gallery, with a pavilion at either end, for the express use of the emperor and his suite. As no foreigners were interested in this structure, the crowd which thronged the square was entirely composed of Flemings, many of whom were superintending the works. Among the more sober-looking of these, two men, who met suddenly at the corner of the place, demand more particular notice.

They were past the hey-day of youth, and though dissimilar in person, yet bore a family likeness to each other. The one was of moderate height and vigorous make; his head, of a formation peculiarly large and square, and covered with a profusion of refractory hair of a deep brown, was such as is thought indicative of stubborn passions, a notion which the severe expression of his firm lips, deep-set eyes, and bold, irregular features, tended to confirm. In the other individual, evidently by some years his junior, the same grey eye appeared more benevolent in its expression; the same thin lips more habitually clothed in smiles; and the whole man was very much inclined to an *embonpoint*, which only wanted a few more years for a fuller development.

"Well, brother, always about, sharing the general agitation, eh?" said, in a loud, deep voice, the elder of these personages.

"Why, Paul," answered the younger, somewhat testily; "should not I take my share in all that is going forward as well as others? There are few better to do in the world than I am, and surely none who have more at stake in the present venture. Why should I be behind my fellow-townsmen, either in loyalty or in expense?"

"I'll tell you why, Cornelius," said the other, without in the least lowering the tone in which he had previously spoken; "because neither you nor yours have any reason to be thankful to yonder ambitious emperor, and very little to hope from his Spanish-bred successor."

"I don't know that," hastily responded Cornelius, casting a timid glance around; "and even were there not much ground for hoping, it is still good policy to appear full of trust and confidence; and, perhaps, as wise for one's own personal happiness always to look to the bright side of things."

"If you imagine, brother, that this precious show of loyalty will make an impression on the young sovereign's mind, you are mistaken. I should be much surprised if one born and bred in that land of false knaves were ever to prove a real friend to the Fleming, and still less to the—"

"For God's sake be careful!" interrupted Cornelius, "do not speak so loud or so free. Remember we stand on the public market-place. I know you have suffered wrongs," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper; but let by-gones be by-gones, and suffer not prejudice to warp your good understanding."

"Ay! that's the way of the world," said Paul, with a bitter smile; "people are always willing that others should forget their sorrows, that they may escape being burdened by them. But to change the subject, how is Mary? I have not seen her to-day."

"Mary is very well, thank you," replied the other, "but I cannot quit the subject thus; come, Paul, is it really your intention to withdraw yourself from the general contributions, you, who are known to possess such ample means? Is not this signalling yourself in a manner which may be reported in higher quarters?"

"I care not if it be," said Paul, in a determined manner; "not a stiver will I give towards expressing joys and hopes I never can feel again!"

"Well, well," said Cornelius, soothingly; "you will at least allow me to act in your name—all out of my own pocket, of course."

"As I suppose it is as much for your own sake as for mine, my dear Cornelius, you may do just as you please."

"Hans," said the foremost of two workmen, who at that moment passed at some distance behind, carrying a ladder, "are not those men yonder, in black cloaks and barrets, the rich Van Meerens of the Meerbrug?"

"To be sure they are," replied his companion, "the best tapestry weavers in the whole town."

"By-the-bye," said the other, standing still to view the objects of his curiosity more closely; "hav'n't you heard that they are heretics?"

"How can that be?" answered the other, shrugging his shoulders; "I have seen Master Cornelius and his wife every Sunday at our Lady's Church; I've knelt next her myself, and she is as discreet-looking a person as any in Antwerp."

"That may be," observed the first speaker; "but for all that—well! we'll soon see, there are some priests coming up this way with the holy sacrament. Don't you hear the tingling of the bell? Let's stay to see how they'll look when they pass."

At the first sound of the approaching bell all movement in the crowd was suspended. A general silence prevailed; and as the holy emblem passed through the square, every knee was bent, every barret was lowered. The heads of the people sunk and rose again, like the tops of the forest-trees when agitated by the wind; even the two workmen remained silent until it had receded from their view, when Hans exclaimed—

"You saw how low Master Cornelius bent?"

"Yes," said the other, laughing; "but did you not observe what a tug he gave his brother to bring him down? I'faith he nearly floored him."

"Well, well," said Hans, good-humouredly taking the ladder at one

and, whilst his companion resumed his hold of it at the other, "there's no need fashing one's head about other people's business. I've two brothers who work in the fabric, and they say that the like of such masters isn't to be found. Besides, what does it matter what a rich man is, when he is a friend to the poor? That's all that's wanted of him, I take it. Fh?"

"To be sure," said the other. "A man's soul is his own concern. Live and let live; that's my maxim." And giving a vigorous push forward, they soon strode out of sight.

When the priests had passed by, the brothers resumed their dialogue, totally unconscious of the notice they had attracted.

"Have you already bespoke Father Eustace?" inquired the elder.

"Not yet," said Cornelius. "They have been so busy at St. Michael's, that I have really been afraid of intruding, but Mary is so urgent on that point, that I was thinking of proceeding thither this morning."

"I suppose she dreads lest he should not be called in at all. Well, I do not mind accompanying you to the Abbey myself. Father Eustace may have the christening of our expected heir for all that I have to say on the subject; only mind, if it be a girl, she must not bear that fatal name—"

"Of course, of course," hastily replied his brother; "then come along, we'll see what the fraternity have thought of on this occasion. Doubtless they will have distinguished themselves by some pleasant and appropriate allegory likely to win the approbation of their royal inmates, for they are as wise and deep as their neighbours, the good fathers, if not better."

"They may be wiser and deeper, too, than most men, I'll not deny that," said Paul, impatiently; "but as to better—God-a-mercy!"

"Good day, my masters, well met—whither are you bound?" said a puffy, florid personage, in a grave suit, doffing his cap as he approached them.

"We are for St. Michael," said Cornelius, answering kindly the stranger's greeting. "Have you seen the arch there, Van Diest?"

"No," replied the other, as he stalked carelessly by the side of the brothers; "I have not seen it. They say it is to be mighty fine—all about God and the saints of course. But the Florentines, as usual, are to surpass us all in taste and magnificence. The English and Spaniards are not a little jealous of them, I can tell you."

"Ay, ay, Master Nicholas Rondinelli is a person of no ordinary fancy," said Paul, involuntarily, more interested in the matter than he would have chosen to confess.

"Yet Master Sturgeon told me," said Cornelius, "that the costs for the English arch will come to two thousand florins and a few odd hundreds besides. But these Southerners have always the advantage of us, do what we will."

"You do us injustice," retorted his brother, warmly, "for after all, the Florentines are glad enough to avail themselves of the talents of our eminent artists and artificers."

"The best thing, however, is, I understand, the Spanish attempt," said Van Diest; "what they lack in elegance, they will amply make up for in pomposity."

"Really these people are bursting with pride," muttered Paul.

"'Tis a good old proverb that says 'pride goes before a fall,' and yet

in their case it is put to shame, for the wind blows all in their quarter," continued Van Diest. "I have spoken this very morning to a man but just arrived from Brussels, where he witnessed the royal entry, and he assures me that the prince cannot speak any thing but Spanish; he understands not a word of French or Flemish. Granvella stood at his right hand the whole time, translating everything that was said to, and answering for, him. Now, I ask you, my masters, is not this a shame for a descendant of the house of Burgundy?"

"He will feel very strange among us," said Cornelius.

"So much the better," observed Paul; "he may one day be the less disposed to remain in this country."

"It is always unfortunate," said Van Diest, "when the father cannot understand the children. It is much to be feared that there will, in that case, be many *misunderstandings* between them."

And the honest burgher laughed heartily at what he seemed to think a joke.

Their further progress was here interrupted by an immense sheet of woven tapestry flapping heavily against them, as it was being drawn up to one of the scaffoldings immediately above.

"If I be not mistaken," exclaimed Van Diest, "that's of your own loom, my masters. None so beautiful ever came from other hands."

"I am inclined to think so myself," said Paul, examining with evident satisfaction the piece before him.

"Ha! Master Cornelius van Meeren," shouted a joyous voice from above, "Van Diest, how do?"

"Ach Gott! How high you are perched, my good friend Alost—you can almost climb the goldsmith's roof—why, man, I can hardly see you."

"You had better not remain staring at me where you stand," called out the painter from his lofty seat, "for I may, though very unwittingly, bestow on you some of the brilliant tints with which I am decking out my Virtues, and you, who wander about in garb as gloomy as an empty pot of beer, will not have the grace to be grateful."

"Is there not a place of safety which I could reach where we might converse more at our ease?" said Van Diest to the painter, for, besides being a great friend of the latter, he was one of those fidgetty idlers who are never satisfied until they have seen and heard whatever comes within their reach.

"If you can manage to get half-way up the ladder to the right, you'll find a platform from whence you can contemplate me and my works," said the painter. "Indeed, it will give me no small relief to have at hand two vices which I cannot help beholding in you—idleness and curiosity. I am perfectly sick of these eternal Virtues. I have already finished three *Justitias*, two *Prudentias*, four *Spes*, and I am again half through a *Charitas*. You'll confess that's enough to make a man desirous, for the sake of variety, of seeing some antidote to such a superfluity of good things."

"Well, to be sure," replied the burgher, laughing good-naturedly; "I had better go up to you, then, as fast as I can. As for idleness, why I am afraid I am not only a sleeping, but a sleepy partner of my brother's firm. But there's no lack of evil here," he continued, lowering his voice as the two brothers, profiting of this colloquy, moved forward, "for there goes discontent and grumbling under the shape of my worshipful Master Paul van Meeren."

Meanwhile the brothers moved on, hoping to escape further molestation; but they were too generally known, and too highly respected, to pass thus unchallenged on a day when all the world was stirring. Now it was their old and tried friend, the English consul, Master Sturgeon, the most highly considered of all the foreigners then resident at Antwerp, who kindly inquired after the health of Cornelius's wife, and reminded that worthy that he would be invited to the christening dinner. Then it was the Florentine consul, Master Rondinelli, modestly denying that the preparations of his people were on so very superior a scale; hinting at the same time that the Genoese were very ridiculous in their pretensions to compete with them. Here a couple of Portuguese interrupted their progress, to lament over the horrid taste of the Spaniards; and there a Lucca merchant detained them a full quarter of an hour, to force upon their notice the deficiencies of the Milanese accoutrements and constructions. When they at last reached St. Michael's, a scene of bustling confusion met their eye, such as those quiet walls seldom exhibited. This edifice, the ordinary residence of the monarch or his family whenever they visited Antwerp, was now undergoing the necessary refittings and embellishments. The many courts and spacious halls were filled with workmen and packages, and the din of preparation, both within and without, denoted how important their share in the approaching festivities was considered by the good fathers.

The Abbey of St. Michael, together with the order of the Premonstrants to which it belonged, was founded by St. Norbert in the thirteenth century. These monks, subjected in the origin to a most severe rule, had, in the course of time, suffered themselves to relax, singularly, from their discipline. They had claimed innumerable indulgences from succeeding Popes; and, though there certainly were at all times individual exceptions to be found among the fraternity, and though it afterwards reformed, at the period of which we are treating they enjoyed a latitude totally at variance with their tenets. The outward beauty of the numerous buildings that enclosed their many courts and gardens, spoke somewhat too plainly of worldly pomp and worldly power. Well, indeed, might a monarch deem so noble an edifice worthy of his presence. The lofty walls, with their many gates towards the town, adorned with the profuse details of Gothic architecture; the smiling terraces along the river, with their pleasant shades; the majestic tower and massive buildings, seemed the appropriate abode of royalty, rather than the quiet retreat of an unostentatious community.

The place was, however, too familiar to the brothers Van Meeren, to claim in any way their attention. They gave a passing glance of curiosity at the triumphal arch that was being erected in the street opposite to the principal gate of the convent, then proceeded to their business. When they at length obtained admittance to Father Eustace—no easy matter, owing to the confusion that reigned throughout the establishment—although it was not the usual hour for recreation, they found him alone, walking on one of the terraces overlooking the Scheldt.

Father Eustace could scarcely be thought to have reached his fortieth year, and still retained that regularity of feature and grace of expression which constitute beauty; but there beamed forth through his mild hazel eye a light from within, bespeaking that beauty of soul which lends a charm even to the homeliest physiognomies. His forehead, rendered more lofty by the tonsure, seemed the seat of every gentle thought; and

though his pale cheek was somewhat thin, and his dark, well-pencilled brows were of a sweeping and proud contour, yet the whole of his countenance bore the stamp of unutterable resignation and purity. One thought must, unavoidably, have been suggested by his appearance, even to the most careless observer—that the man had suffered, but had triumphed over pain—that his hopes were no longer of this world. As he returned the reverential greetings of the brothers, the melancholy tones of his voice almost made the heart sad to listen to them. It was evident there was affection and long acquaintance in the looks which he and his visitors exchanged; yet Cornelius did not choose to speak his errand abruptly, and began by making some observations on the preparations at the convent.

"Yes," replied Father Eustace, "we are very busy, and I think we shall succeed tolerably well."

"By the little I could make out," said Paul, "you mean to be very complimentary. I wonder how men so accustomed to commune with God can deign to adulate man."

The monk paused for a moment. He then replied somewhat evasively—

"It is always wholesome for proud mortals to learn the difficult lesson of humility. Indeed, it is far safer for the soul to pay homage than to receive it. The misfortune attending earthly greatness is, that it must pass through so dangerous an ordeal. The more are those princes and great men to be admired, whose wisdom can resist a test so severe to human nature."

"And those who fall?" said Paul, with a sarcastic smile.

"Have more excuses than other men. Power, adulation, and pleasure, are so many pitfalls, to escape which is more worthy of praise than to succumb is deserving of censure."

"Thank Heaven!" retorted Paul, "that I, for one, am not condemned to swallow such fulsome flattery as is tendered them."

"I do not share your opinion," said Cornelius. "The wish felt by others to ingratiate themselves in our favour, never mind how expressed, is always gratifying to human pride."

"There is truth in that," said Father Eustace; "but however pleasant these rejoicings may prove to the young prince in whose honour they are to take place, or to the good people of Antwerp, I own I long to see everything restored to its usual state of quietude."

"I hope," said Cornelius, "you will find time to come and make a Christian of our expected heir, the moment it opens its eyes to the light of this world; for until my Mary is secure of its being blessed at the fount by a good Catholic, she will have no peace."

"Certainly," answered the priest, with a melancholy smile; "I shall always find leisure for that; besides, I take but little share in what is going forward."—Suddenly, a thoughtful expression banished the smile from his countenance. He hesitatingly, almost timidly, inquired—"Should the child prove a girl, what name do you bestow on her?"

A faint, hectic tinge rose to his cheek; and Paul hastened to reply, in a tone more subdued than usual,

"Fear not, my feelings will, of course, be respected."

As he spoke, his eyes were bent on the ground, and the temporary flush passed from the Premontre's face, and left it paler than before; but all trace of discomposure vanished when he assured his friends of his willingness at any time to undertake the office required of him.

CHAPTER II.

PAUL and Cornelius proceeded for some time discussing the hopes of the latter, who, although he had been a Benedict for some years, experienced for the first time the pleasant anticipation of having an heir to his large fortune. This subject was interesting to both; for though Paul had scarce passed the meridian of life, there appeared no likelihood of his ever having any other tie on earth than that which bound him to his brother's family.

After traversing many streets, they stopped before a high, narrow, stone house, with a demi-octangular projection at the first floor, lighted by a solitary window of tolerable size in the middle *façade*. To this point the brothers directed their eyes.

"I can distinguish nothing but his easel," said Cornelius; "doubtless he has visitors, and has retired within the chamber."

As they turned the handle of the door, the sounds of many voices informed them how correct had been the supposition. Indeed, William Kay, one of the reputed artists of his time, was seldom alone. He lived in a very luxurious manner, and lacked no friends, either amongst the nobles, who encouraged his talents, the burghers of Antwerp, who were proud of his having selected their fair city for a residence, or his brothers in the art, who looked up to him with that confidence which his character, when known, could not fail to inspire; for he was distinguished by those gentler virtues with which, alas! we so seldom see genius accompanied. Nature, who having once endowed a being with that glorious gift, seems but too often chary of granting any other, had to him been no less propitious than Fortune. Of an unassuming disposition, avoiding the common error of many whose talents have been acknowledged by the world, he did not claim homage as his right, from beings less or otherwise gifted than himself. And never had Kay been known to refuse advice, encouragement, consolation, or assistance to the young beginner in the art he cherished. Success invariably excited his warmest sympathy; and no failure, however ridiculous—no attempt, however contemptible, brought a smile to his lips.

Some detractors—for what mortal, elevated in any way above the mass, ever escaped such?—hinted that his luxurious, comfortable home, his splendid style of dress, and, above all, his free hospitality, betokened a want of prudence; but his friends adduced in excuse, that he most needed a cheerful interior who spent in it so much of his time; that love of outward decoration was natural to a refined taste; and the third weakness—if weakness it were to love good cheer—it was suggested, he shared in common with the generality of his countrymen.

Perfection, however, is not of this world; and William Kay's very virtues may be said to have originated in weaknesses. His gentleness and profusion were rather the result of facility of temper than of generosity; and his love of society found its source rather in a distrust of self-communion than in any real enjoyment he derived from the companionship of others. Of an enthusiastic temperament, and dreading lest this tendency should gain too firm a hold upon his mind, and concealing under a calm exterior morbid sensibilities that threatened his peace, he struggled with his own nature as much as lay in his power.

On the whole, however, whether his amiability arose from a want of strength of character or from weakness of the nerves, certain it is that it won him general esteem.

The Van Meerens found a perfect conclave collected in the room of the artist; many young painters were submitting to him the plans they were commissioned to execute for the town, whilst some of the elders of the fraternity lounged about the *atelier*.

"You see, Master van Meeren," said Kay, addressing Paul, "I have no time at present to work at your portrait—my friends do not leave me a moment of leisure; but, still, I have done something since you last saw it—look here."

And bringing forward a nearly finished half-length picture, he placed it on his easel, that it might be the better seen. It was a masterpiece; for not only was it faithful as to the lineaments, but the artist had, as usual, admirably succeeded in transferring to canvas the expression of character, together with that of countenance. Although that countenance could not be termed handsome, yet, as a picture, it was most effective, bearing as it did the stamp of stubborn, austere rectitude and honest daring, in every line. All the artists present agreed in expatiating on the merits of the painting, and Frank Floris was the loudest in its praise.

The Van Meerens were not surprised to see here this celebrity, although he had sunk, by his moral depravity, as low in the scale of public opinion as Kay had risen by his commendable qualities—for he and Kay had been intimate from youth upwards. Pupils of the same master, Floris had even outshone in genius the friend of his earlier days. But even in this continuation of their friendship, the peculiar disposition of Kay showed itself. Neither did the superior success of Frank make him jealous, nor his own moral excellence, and the diversity of their pursuits, make Floris so repugnant to him as the votaries of vice generally are to those of virtue. Habit was, perhaps, the tie that bound them. Paul, whose uncompromising nature knew no medium between liking and disliking, and who, strict and severe for himself, was no less exacting towards others, answered coolly, almost contemptuously, the greeting of Frank Floris, and turned at once his attention to Kay, asking him if he could not be favoured by a sight of the work he had now on hand. Before, however, the latter had time to answer, a fair-looking youth hastily approached him, closing a portfolio of drawings which he had just taken from the table.

"And so, Master Kay," said he, "you do not approve of these figures?"

"Probably," said a man who had been in deep converse with Cornelius, and who now stepped forward, "because you have been struck with the lengthy limbs and insignificant faces of Alost's Virtues; for I declare his Temperance looks like a mummy, and his two Hopes are the images of apathetic Despair."

"That is no reason," said Floris, "why Ghysbrecht should make Despair grin, or Chastity look as if she had taken physic."

Perceiving how deeply the young man blushed under this censure, Kay kindly interposed.

"Do not fear; when you have corrected the few faults I have pointed out, the whole will do uncommonly well. Your drawing shows great pro-

mise of talent, my young friend, but the bustle of this moment is such as to prevent all calmness of judgment."

The youth retired with the humility of manner, and respect for seniority, which formed one of the characteristics of that epoch.

"I don't think, Michael," continued Kay, turning to the first speaker, "you render justice to Alost; he has not much imagination, I admit, but he has a ready pencil."

"But," replied Coxcie, "he has not been to Italy; and as long as a young man has not passed that ordeal, his thoughts must remain as cold and colourless as the sky of our own country, and his manner cramped, from his not having had the opportunity of considering well the great masters."

"Certainly," said Frank Floris, warmly, "when one has, like you and me, drunk deep at that fountain of inspiration,—when one has come within the influence of such a master spirit as Raphael's, and caught some of the emanation of its light,—when one has basked in the sun of Italy, gazed on her blue sky, blue waves, and into the dark love-fraught eyes of her daughters,—it is then, and then only, that the world of poetry and fancy is opened to him."

"Perhaps," said Paul; "but not that of excellence exclusively,—native talent may be permitted to find the secret road to that gate."

"What have we of native talent?" said Michael Coxcie, scornfully.

"Breughel the droll," ventured Cornelius.

"Say, rather, Breughel the low," replied Coxcie. "I grant that he takes nature to the life, but nature in all its grossness."

"Nay," said Kay, "I cannot altogether agree with you; to copy nature in its innocent and lawful solaces is not to select grossness for one's model."

"And I, for one, confess," added Paul, looking fixedly at Coxcie, "that an individual bent, of whatever kind, is preferable to the servile copying of what may be most beautiful."

Perhaps the extensive intercourse which his commercial operations afforded Paul van Meeren with persons of all sorts and climes, more especially with Italian merchants, had given him an opportunity of learning, not only how Coxcie could admire, but also borrow, the fruits of Raphael's genius; his words seemed to move Frank Floris not a little, for he answered somewhat sharply:

"It is not the fault of the Flemish school if this country is so deficient in objects capable of firing the imagination."

"Flanders boasts already a Van Eycke, and a Hemling," resumed the elder Van Meeren; "and I hope—nay, I am certain," he continued, with increasing warmth, "the day is not distant when our country, perhaps our very town, may give to the world and to posterity as great and shining lights as ever rose in the South." Then turning to Kay, he added, "I suppose it is useless for me to come to you again until the emperor has left our town?"

"Oh, perfectly so," replied the painter; "we cannot call our very thoughts our own just now, you see," said he, pointing to several persons who were respectfully waiting their turn to claim a share of his attention. "But, surely, you will not go without taking a morning cup?"

Having complied with this necessary etiquette—for a refusal would, at

that period, have been a breach of Flemish courtesy—Paul and Cornelius took their departure. Scarcely had the door closed upon them, when Frank Floris exclaimed :

“How I hate to hear the uninitiated enter into the mysteries of our art! They condemn and praise with such an inability of appreciation; and to hear them discuss what they don’t understand quite upsets me. I have no patience with their absurdity.”

“Yet, permit me to remind you, my good friend,” replied Kay, “that to please these very uninitiated of whom you speak, is the chief aim to which tend all our endeavours—the toils of our youth, our distant travels, and many a sacrifice of our individual tastes and opinions. I never hear any of our fraternity speak slightly of the opinion of the public, or of that of any particular individual who, after all, be his understanding what it may, forms a fraction of that awful body, without thinking of those ladies who affect to speak disparagingly of our sex. One appears to me as little sensible as the other. What would beauty be without admirers?—or an artist without a public to decide on—and, alas! in many instances, to pay, his merits? Certainly, if we were to gain neither fame, friends, nor honours—in short, if we were to labour merely to please ourselves, I doubt but few would be found to follow our profession.”

“Doubtless,” said Coxie; “and it must be confessed these Van Meerens are the most worthy people in the world.”

“Paul,” continued William Kay—who, as we have already said, felt nothing by halves, and was sincerely attached to the brothers, from whom he had received numberless marks of friendship—“Paul is no common character. He is what many are often miscalled, a true patriot—a man not of many words, but sincere in his professions—a man of thought and energy.”

“Oh! if he be so patriotic, that explains at once your warm interest in him,” said Floris, who, during Kay’s animated discourse, had paid his devotions to the fine Rhenish wine that had been offered to the brothers, but which they had scarcely tasted; “but for all that, I’ll be bound the pale-faced worthy drinks nothing but cold, insipid stuff; your thorough-going republican is always a water-drinker, and his heart gets as cheerless, and his spirit as dull, as the source from which he slakes his thirst.”

Coxie and Kay interchanged a meaning look and smiled.

“No one can cast such a blame in my face; but,” added he, glancing accidentally at the large, beautifully-ornamented clock fixed upon the opposite wall, “these times make sad idlers of us all—I must back to work; so farewell, my masters.” And taking a most cordial leave of his friends, the so-named “Raphael of Flanders” made his exit.

THE RECLUSE.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

THERE they are, folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo! The shelves groan under their prodigious weight. The dust of years has imparted to them a sage and a venerable aspect. The lapse of ages has conferred upon them a dignity and a grace which the works of modern times have in vain attempted to rival. There they are, the ponderous, goodly volumes, tightly pressed together, as though they were afraid their precious contents—the immortal thoughts—the high-toned sentiments with which their pages are enriched, should evaporate! Behold the depositaries of mind—the receptacles in which are enshrined the outpourings of man's gigantic intellect. Upon their tiny, unsubstantial leaves, that a breath would blow away—a spark consume—the hand of time crumbles into dust, is engraven the immortal part of man! Upon how frail a tenure, how flimsy a basis, does he hold his sublunary immortality!

Here within these walls—amidst the dust and the web of the obnoxious spider, are heaped the treasures which have cost the world centuries to collect! Generations have passed away and been forgotten—ancient forms and customs have been superseded by modern taste and invention—cities have been swept from the face of the earth—languages have dwindled into obscurity and become obsolete; but these small, insignificant caskets, in which are deposited the diamonds and precious stones of every country and generation, have survived—proud trophies of genius, lasting monuments of human greatness!

They are the links that unite us to, and enable us to identify ourselves with, the great human race, from the earliest ages of the world—the mirrors which exhibit the counterparts of ourselves, whose actions, passions, sufferings, rejoicings, hopes and fears in every period of the world's history, assimilate to our own. They are our monitors and guides; for, by pointing out the errors and failings of our predecessors, they enable us to escape the dangers and difficulties with which we are surrounded. They are the chroniclers of mighty deeds—hence the achievements of the warrior, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, are handed down from age to age, enabling generations, far remote from the period in which they lived themselves, to appreciate their genius and venerate their renown. Whatever injustice may have been done to a man whilst living, he will be tried by another tribunal after he is dead. Party feeling, jealousy, animosity, subside after the grave has closed over his remains, and these invaluable records are the only evidence by which the great men of former ages will be judged by posterity.

Surrounded by treasures such as these, associated by constant proximity with the most gifted minds that ever illuminated the universe with their wisdom and their learning, is it a marvel—is it a matter difficult of comprehension, that a person so situated should wean himself from the world, its vanities, its cares, and its pleasures—withdraw himself from society, and cling to these instructive and fond companions as a solace and a refuge?

Seventy years have passed over the head of Winkletoppen. Poverty and death have shed their baneful influences over his home and heart. There was a time when Mr. Winkletoppen rode in his carriage, when his wife and his children stood around him; but it is past, and the old man is resigned.

When Mr. Winkletoppen had determined upon withdrawing himself from the world, he sought for a retired spot where he could indulge his taste for reading and reflection, without being exposed to the intrusion of the curious or the meddling. It was not without difficulty that he found such a place as he required. He did not want an entire house, because it was unnecessary, and besides, would involve him in too heavy an expense; neither did he want apartments in a house in which other tenants resided, for he conceived that a circumstance of that nature would frustrate all the schemes he had formed of quietness and seclusion.

In the course of his search, a large house, in a suitable situation, attracted his notice. It stood alone, at the distance of at least a mile from any other habitation. It was fast falling to decay; and the garden in front, surrounded by iron palisading, was choked with weeds and grass. Many of the window-frames of the house were shattered to pieces, and three-fourths of the panes were broken. Two vases, placed upon pedestals in the garden, and immediately opposite the entrance of the house, were filled with the most noxious plants. The place, in a former day, had evidently presented a different appearance, for there were sufficient indications about it to show that its inhabitants must have been persons of taste and refinement. Winkletoppen was struck with the mournful grandeur of the spot: its appearance charmed him; possibly from its bearing a striking resemblance to his own shattered fortunes. It was preposterous to suppose that he could afford to become the tenant of so spacious a mansion; but he could not conceal from himself the fact that, if his means had admitted of it, it was the very place that he would have selected.

Actuated probably by curiosity rather than anything else, he inquired as to the reasons of its having stood so long empty; and was told that several persons were desirous of occupying it, but that the owner and they had not been able to come to terms. Mr. Winkletoppen was not satisfied with this answer, and he determined to call upon the owner himself; which he accordingly did.

"Mr. Buckle?" said Mr. Winkletoppen, interrogatively, when he was shown into the presence of a strange, repulsive-looking mortal, about sixty years of age.

"Buckle, sir—not Mister! Plain Buckle. No etiquette—no politeness. Give me the substance, I don't want the shadow. Buckle, sir—go on!"

Mr. Winkletoppen trembled.

"I—I beg pardon," stammered out Mr. Winkletoppen; "perhaps I intrude?"

"A little, I confess. No matter; I forgive you. If you can find a chair that will bear you, sit down."

"I—I thank you. I would rather stand."

"Very well."

"I'm sorry I've called so inopportunist."

"No apologies. It's enough—I've forgiven you. If you wish to shorten this unpleasant interview state your business."

Mr. Winkletoppen was completely overpowered with nervousness; and he was greatly afraid that, in explaining his business, he might be touching on dangerous ground.

"I—ahem!—in short, I think there is a house—"

"I think I comprehend you. You inquire about the house which I to let?"

"Ah!—ye—es. Precisely so."

"What's your name?"

"Mister—"

"Leave out the Mister—it's shorter."

"Winkletoppen."

"Are you acquainted, Winkletoppen, with the only conditions on which I consent to let that house?"

"I am sorry I have—"

"No circumlocution, if you please. Are you acquainted, I say, with the only conditions on which I consent to let that house?"

"I am not, sir."

"I will tell you in a few words. The house is in a state of decay. It is my wish that no one shall arrest the hand of time, or the destructive effects of the elements; but that it shall be suffered to fall to ruins, till scarcely one stone stands upon another. Are you prepared to take the house upon these terms?"

"If it is not beyond my means, yes."

"The terms will suit you in other respects. There are the keys; examine it."

Mr. Winkletoppen was only too glad to be favoured with so excellent an opportunity to escape.

"Good morning," he said.

Buckle closed the door after his unwelcome visitor.

Mr. Winkletoppen found the deserted house in a much worse state of repair than he had anticipated. Several apertures in the roof admitted the light of heaven freely into the attics, and the rain, by this means, had communicated with almost every room. The walls were deplorably stained, and the webs of the spider pended in various places from the ceilings. The skirting-boards bespoke the presence of rats and mice in great abundance, and the dust had so coated the panes that many of the rooms were in total darkness.

There was only one apartment that Mr. Winkletoppen conceived to be inhabitable. It was of an oblong form, and had evidently once been used as a library, for on all sides were ranged empty shelves for the reception of books. There were traces of grace and elegance still visible in this room. The walls were covered with a paper of an elegant damask pattern, although, from the length of time the house had remained unoccupied, it was in anything but a good condition. The ceiling still displayed the remnants of wreaths and flowers, with which it had at one time been decorated.

Terms were agreed upon, and Mr. Winkletoppen took possession of the apartment. He had disposed of almost everything but his books, and they now filled the shelves already referred to. Poor old Andrew Winkletoppen! There he is, with his long grey hair tied behind in a queue; his pepper-and-salt coat with horn buttons; his grey breeches, and worsted stockings, and buckled shoes, wandering from shelf to shelf in search of a volume by some favourite author.

"Let me see," mused Mr. Winkletoppen, "is the passage from Horace or Virgil? Neither, neither—it's in Cicero."

Down came the volume, and Mr. Winkletoppen commenced his search for the passage that was floating in his mind. It was a long time before he found it; but when he had done so, he rose from his seat with an air of triumph, and replaced the volume on the shelf.

From morning till evening he employed himself in reading. The days passed pleasantly away in the old house; and in the presence of his books he never felt himself at a loss for a companion.

Mr. Buckle one morning called upon him. It was the first visit he had paid him since he became his tenant.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Winkletoppen, and he extended his hand to his visitor.

"I never shake hands with any man, sir," replied Buckle, "till I have known him ten years at least."

"Ah! the world has deceived you."

"No, it has not. It only would do so, if I would permit it."

"It has deceived many an honest man," observed Winkletoppen.

"Fools, blockheads, and idiots it may."

"Pray take a seat," said Mr. Winkletoppen.

"I require no invitation. At present I'll stand."

"This has been a delightful residence at some period."

"It was. I will tell you more about it afterwards. These books, then, are your only companions?"

"They are."

"Dull and stupid. I could never read a book through in my life."

"Not dull, sir; not dull, nor stupid neither: they are pleasant companions."

"I cannot imagine how they can be so."

"Because they differ from all other companions. A dog, for instance, is a very pleasant friend; he is faithful and sagacious—attached to his master—but he has no conversation—you derive no benefit from the companionship. A person whom you have long known, whose intelligence and integrity have endeared him to you, is also a good companion, but he will sometimes weary you with his long stories—he will sometimes express opinions which you do not approve of, and become sullen and angry because you cannot adopt them. He will sometimes tire you by asking questions, aggravate you by evading those put to himself. He will occasionally be moody and irritable according to his temperament, and anything but pleasant or urbane in his deportment. If the wind be in a particular part he will be troubled with the toothache or the rheumatism; and if you do not sympathise cordially with his sufferings, you will be set down to be unfeeling and selfish. It is expected that you shall espouse his cause in all his quarrels and animosities, whether you think him justified or not. Disinterestedness in money matters and personal safety is likewise indispensable. If he wants the loan of a ten-pound note, if he be in danger of receiving condign and bodily chastisement, you must lend him the money, risk your own head in his defence, and in every respect enact the Damon to his Pythias. If you fail in any of these respects, the chances are that the bonds of friendship will be broken. He will probably become your most implacable enemy—divulge the secrets you confided to him in confidence, and use every means in his power to put you on bad terms with all your friends and acquaintances. Sir, books afford me innumerable advantages without any of these inconveniences. With one I can travel from one end of the world to the other without stirring from my chamber. It will show me all the pleasant places on the road, point out anything that is remarkable in their history, and interlard its discourse with any little sentiment or reflection that the occasion may give rise to. If I grow tired I can lay it aside, and resume it at leisure. Another will

favour me with an analytical discourse. I can read the opinions expressed without being obliged to adopt them; but if they become so palpably absurd, or so grossly corrupt, that I conceive it a waste of time to bestow attention upon them, I can throw it down without any offence being given. A third will give me the history of antiquity; the records of ancient Greece and Rome will become as familiar to me as those of my own era. A fourth the biography of great men. A fifth will reveal to me the workings of the passions, and enable me, as it were, to dive into the very arcana of the human mind. With Shakspeare by my side I can laugh, weep, chafe, admire, according to the impetus given to my feelings. In the company of the venerable Milton I bow, humiliate myself, feel wonder, awe-stricken. If I want amusement I turn to the pages of Cervantes or Le Sage. Some of the adventures of Gil Blas are as provocative of laughter as those of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, whilst they both educe a moral which will scarcely escape the notice of the most frivolous. In fine, I might go on multiplying instances of the profitableness and pleasantness of my companions *ad infinitum*. There they are, sir, and the most important part of the matter is, I am under no obligation to them. If I have been edified with the "Æneid," there is no fear of the shade of Virgil presenting itself before me, and asking for the loan of five shillings. If I condemn Aristophanes for his attacks upon the virtuous philosopher, Socrates, I am under no apprehension of being called to account for the misdemeanour; hence you will perceive the superiority of my companions over all others."

"You have made out a good case, Winkletoppen; I admire you."

"And yet you refuse to shake hands with me."

"That is another thing. I knew a man nine years, and during that time I never shook hands with him. His character, so far as I know, was without a stain. He went some years ago to America, and, before leaving the country, called upon me to say farewell."

"And you shook hands with him?"

"No. I thought it was possible the man might still deceive me."

"You carry your principle too far."

"Not at all. But I'm detaining you from your friends. I will visit you soon again."

"Good-day," said Winkletoppen.

Buckle walked away without hearing the salutation of the Recluse.

"Strange man," said Winkletoppen.

Weeks elapsed, but Buckle did not re-appear. Mr. Winkletoppen began to fancy that the connexion, slight as it had been, was broken off; but he was mistaken. He was busy as usual one morning with his books, when the ungainly figure of Buckle presented itself.

"Fine day!" said Winkletoppen.

"That's a matter, sir, that doesn't concern me. The storms of December are as welcome to me as the sunshine of June. I never complain of the weather—never." Winkletoppen was silent.

"The last time I saw you, Winkletoppen, I said I would tell you something more about this old house."

"You did."

"It's all comprised in a few words. I formerly lived here with my wife, four children, and servants. Within two years my wife and children died, one after another. I discharged the servants and quitted the house, which I vowed should crumble to the dust."

"It's a melancholy story," observed Mr. Winkletoppen.

Buckle walked round the room and inspected some of the books, and shortly afterwards departed.

A friendship sprang up between Winkletoppen and Buckle, which strengthened as time sped on. It became a custom with Buckle to visit his friend two or three times a-week, and hold each time a short conversation with him.

Buckle called one day. It was the tenth anniversary of their acquaintance. Every year had added to the esteem he entertained for Winkletoppen. He determined to give a more emphatic proof of it than he had hitherto done. He resolved to shake hands with Winkletoppen cordially and freely. He was particularly merry at the prospect of gratifying this desire of his heart. He opened the door of the room, as he was accustomed to do, and walked in. He discovered Winkletoppen sitting in an arm-chair with a number of books spread on the table at which he sat. Buckle spoke, but he received no answer. He approached the chair on which his friend sat. Mr. Winkletoppen was dead! "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Whole Duty of Man" were spread open before him.

THE LEPER OF CARTHAGENIA.

UNTIL about half a century back, the inhabitants of South America were constantly afflicted with that dreadful, and then deemed incurable disease, known by the name of the leprosy. Whenever an individual, of whatever rank or distinction he might be, had the misfortune to be scourged by this horrible malady, which covered the face with ulcers, benumbed the feelings, and through reckless agony led its victim to a slow and lingering death, every one fled from him: he was never thought of without a shudder, parents and friends alike forsook him, and no other asylum was open to him than the infected Lazarettos, where his sufferings became more acute by the sight and torture of objects more to be pitied than himself.

The frightful plague of the New World baffled all the efforts of art, while it was known that the Indians had a never-failing cure for it; but their inveterate hate to Europeans would not permit them to have it communicated, and it would have been considered the highest crime, and punished as such, if any member of their tribe had dared to divulge the secret.

However, a fortunate and almost miraculous circumstance occurred about half a century since, which brought the secrecy of this cure to the knowledge of Europeans.

In the flourishing province of Guatimila, a poor old negress was attacked by the leprosy, when she was brutally driven from her hut, and abandoned by her relations and friends. Homeless and forsaken, she wandered about the country, until she gained the forests spread at the threshold of the Andes, where she contrived to support herself upon the wild produce of those regions, quenching the thirst of her fever in the cold streams of the glaciers' outpourings. Her nights she passed upon the perilous boughs of the pine trees, to escape the tiger's fury and the serpent's coil, though sometimes she was disturbed by a more monstrous neighbour still—the *chauve-souris*, the vampire of the New World, superstitiously supposed to suck the blood from the veins of the sleeper

with such address as not to awaken him, whose infernal wings (as they are termed) would flap around her ears, and awake her to new horrors.

In the climax of her calamity she was one day joined by a band of Indians, who took compassion on her misfortunes. Accustomed as she had been to see her own countrymen abandon her, she was astonished at the conduct of these strangers, who, instead of being appalled at her hideousness, approached her without hesitation. They bade her follow them to their village, and promised to alleviate her misery and extirpate her disease.

But cheering as this hope was to this wretched being, she had not strength enough to obey them, accustomed as they were to thread the windings of the forests with the force and swiftness of huntsmen; they, therefore, made a palanquin of boughs, placed her upon it, and bore her on their shoulders to their home, where she was lodged, provided for, and most humanely attended to. But the remedy for the cure of her disease was as loathsome as the malady itself. She was compelled to swallow morsels of lizards, cut up before her eyes, to throw her into a violent perspiration, which, however, finally eradicated her disease, and restored her to energy and health.

But much as the resuscitated negress felt indebted to the Indians for their miraculous cure, she would nevertheless willingly have left them, to convey the secret of her restoration back to her country, where so many deplorable wretches were lingering out their days, victims of despair and agony. But the jealous character of the Indians prevented her departing, and she was destined to cancel the obligation she owed to them for her convalescence, by long years of banishment from her home, and servitude to them. Faithful to her vocations they treated her most humanely, while it was inferred to her, that the moment she should be found attempting to escape, she would meet an instantaneous death. Her captivity continued for several years, during which period she had every opportunity of seeing the singular and often barbarous customs of these people; and it was in the performance of one of the most remarkable of them that she effected her escape.

Every eight or ten years the Indians of these regions perform the singular festival of what is called the general re-interment of the dead, which is publicly proclaimed about the country and solemnly executed: the greatest and gravest preparations are made, and the neighbouring tribes are invited to the ceremony. Previously, however, to the general assembly, the bodies of the deceased, dead since the last general interment, are retaken from their graves by their nearest relatives, when care is taken to cleanse them of the corruption that is corroding them. They are then enveloped in a new covering of fur, and on the day of the re-interment the bodies are all buried together in the same pit, with the objects they most prized and appreciated during their lives. It was on the occasion of the celebration of one of these festivals, while the negress was among the Indians, that one of the bodies re-interred was that of a beloved chief, who had fallen in battle. The re-appearance of the corpse of the warrior awakened the dormant spirit of revenge in the breasts of his countrymen, and they came to the resolution of making war upon the tribe by whose bloody hands their chieftain had fallen, though years and years had elapsed since that event. The war-kettle—the Indian's symbol of destruction—was placed upon the blazing pile, announcing to the whole tribe their intention of going forth to devour their foe. A cup

was despatched to their allies, inviting them to drink the blood of their enemies and join them in the war. The Indian chosen for their chief fasted three days and three nights, spake to no one during that time, but paid the minutest attention to his dreams, from which he deduced good or bad omens, according to their tenour. The day of departure arriving, they painted their faces and hands of the same colour as the trees of the forest—their mode of warfare being concealment and ambuscade. With their friends who remained they changed their best clothes against inferior ones, and all their ornaments they left with their wives, sisters, and daughters, who accompanied them to the outskirts of the village, where the heart-rending scene of separation took place; and the latter returned to their homes, plunged in the gloom of awful expectation, tormented by frightful omens of the future, as to the termination of the war, and the fate of their relatives. A few weeks of doubt and anxiety passed over, and a messenger arrived with the glorious news that the enemy had been defeated, and that the conquerors were returning home. The whole village immediately set out to join their victorious countrymen, whom they met marching in warlike dignity, preceded by the prisoners they had made, and the trophies they had won. On their approach mothers sought for their sons, wives for their husbands, and sisters for their brothers; and those who found not these objects of their affections in the victorious ranks, pierced the air with the most heartrending shrieks. On reaching their village their chief publicly harangued the elders and matrons, entering into the minutest details respecting their expedition, and, as the names of those who had gloriously fallen in the contest were mentioned, the nearest relatives renewed their lamentations, which were hearkened to with solemnity and sympathy by the whole assembly. The greatest transition soon afterwards takes place; the victory is proclaimed, private losses are forgotten, and the most aggrieved cannot refrain from sharing in the triumph of the conquerors. To complete the public joy, on the following day the prisoners, condemned to die by the suffrage of the tribe, are consumed over a slow fire, braving the most exquisite torture with an almost supernatural firmness. But the victors were not allowed to sleep long upon their laurels; for the conquered in their turn were resolved to be avenged upon their vanquishers—they made a descent upon their village, when all the able men of the tribe were absent enjoying their favourite sport of hunting—they set fire to their dwellings, butchered those who resisted their cruelty, and made prisoners of the rest, amongst whom was the aged negress. The absent Indians, however, got information of this attack upon their tribe, and hastening home met the enemy returning with their plunder, when a bloody contest ensued, in the slaughter and confusion of which the negress effected her escape, regained the neighbouring woods, and after much fatigue and peril found her way back to her native home.

The surprise of her relatives was so great that they could scarcely believe her a living being; but when they heard her tale and wonderful cure, they hailed her return as a salvation to their country. The news soon spread about the province—hope beamed again upon the hitherto despairing leper's breast—the Lazarettos were shortly after vacated, and the horrible disease of the leprosy has since that period ceased to be a scourge among the natives of America.

The Spanish governor of the province of Guatimila sent for the negress, and conferred on her a pension for life.

CAMBRIAN TALES.

("CYMRU DROS BYTH!"*)

CHAPTER XL.

LLEWELYN AB GRUFFYDD.

Raised by the fall, decreed by loss to gain ;
 Enslaved but to be free, and conquered but to reign.

DRYDEN'S *Ovid's Met.*, book xv., l. 662.

THE next morning Sir Owen, previous to parting with his guests from Nantmawr, insisted on taking them for a drive up the valley of the Wye. Issuing from the park-gate, they heard before them on the road the lowing of many oxen, the smacking of long whips, and the short, oft-repeated cries of "Ya, ho!" and soon passed through a multitudinous drove of black cattle, which parted hither and thither as they were overtaken, some with chins exalted to the hedges, some with long white horns ready-set for butting interlopers, some running against and over each other in utter confusion, while two or three sharp-visaged drovers, each mounted on his sprightly pony, diligently endeavoured, both with words and deeds, to set them all to rights again.

The party, getting clear of this obstruction, soon afterwards overtook several carts, each drawn by a strong pony, and driven by a little man who sat apparently wrapped in thought, and soothed by the monotonous creaking of his wheels. One vehicle was inscribed "David Davies," another "Jenkin Gwyllim," and another "William Williams."

"They are retailers of fish," said Sir Owen, "and carry dried salmon, cod, and oysters, sewin, whittings, herrings, lobsters, shrimps, and cockles, from the Caermarthenshire coast as far as Hereford, selling as they travel along. For a return freight they take apples, which are extremely scarce higher up in Wales." They presently saw the road before them crowded with a troop of wild, unshackled Welsh ponies, trotting with might and main, and pursued by the mounted dealers, who led in halters, with ropes attached, some few of the least tractable; but Sir Owen's party, diverging to the left, lost sight of them again immediately. The tourists' course was directed up the narrowed valley of the Wye; which river, flowing close in view, and at times just below to the right of their road, falls every now and then in loud and broad cascades over successive ledges of rock. To the left rise hills thickly covered with rich woods; and at intervals the still darkly green, though mellowed, foliage of forest-trees shaded on both sides the sloping banks of the beautiful river. Among the sterile hills beyond it houses and cottages lie dispersed; and a little church or two, peeping forth among them, was every now and then revealed by stray gleams of sunshine. Passing a mill to the left, and pointing towards the flanking hill from which its stream descends, Miss Perrot remarked—

"About two miles from hence, in that direction, is Llanerchgoedlan, a place which every one should visit at this season who wishes to see funny

* Wales for ever!

specimens of the invalid Welsh, with heads tied up to assist the cure of aching fingers or ankles."

"Yes," said David Perrot, "the strata for many miles around Builth is broken by the irruption of trap-rocks; crystals are found in some places, and mineral waters ooze forth at all points. For instance, north of that town lie the celebrated Llandrindod Wells; their waters are of several kinds; and the Llandrindod chalybeate is considered the best in the principality. East of Builth is Llanwrtyd, famous for the superiority of its sulphur-springs; and the Park Wells of Builth afford excellent waters of four kinds: the efficacious qualities of the saline spring are peculiarly extolled."

"Llanerchgoedlan," resumed Dyddgu, "is so very picturesque, and has so many romantic rocks and fine waterfalls on its wild little river, that very few prettier places can be found for a pic-nic. There is no pump-house, or accommodation for genteel company; but I really believe the springs are quite as good as any in Wales, or in the world. Farmers and cottagers flock thither, for Llanerchgoedlan is the Llandrindod of the poor."

As the party proceeded, the woods to the left were replaced by fields set with trees, then by the rugged edges of a rhôs, and again by a high wall of ragged dark shale cliffs. Sir Owen was lively and fluent in describing localities, and in relating remarkable otter-hunts, and wonderful catches of trout, grayling, laspring, and salmon. David Perrot possessed some practical knowledge of geology, and talked with animation of Sir Roderick Murchison's researches, and of his descriptions of the Silurian system of rocks, and of the various arrangements, mixtures, and displacements of the argillaceous, arenaceous, and calcareous. He spoke also of the lack of coal, of metal, and of good slate in that vicinity, and of the comparative scarcity of limestone; and of the special advantages that would accrue from opening quarries wherever they could be worked on commons and waste land; and told what sort of stone was of use for building, and what for roofing, and what for paving, and what for repairing the roads.

Approaching nearer to Builth, the strangers were amused by watching the various persons on foot and on horseback whom they happened to pass or to meet on the way. The dress and aspect of many of the men struck them as grotesque. There was frequently the keen glance of interrogation cast toward the carriages, then the shrewd nod to a neighbour, and words uttered in Welsh, which expressed in tone the formation of a satisfactory conjecture; and most of them wore a sort of bird-tailed grey, or dull blue coat, and light-coloured small-clothes, without gaiters, exhibiting their bluish grey home-knit stockings. Among the elder women, who all wore neat dark blue cloaks, the interposition of an angular white kerchief between the mob-cap and the round hat, which kerchief stretched its middle point precisely to the centre of the wearer's well-set shoulders, produced a singular and characteristic effect. The younger women were remarkable for their short, pretty faces, clear complexions, white teeth, and bright eyes. Most of those on horseback wore a short riding-skirt, or safety girdle, of coarse, dark blue cloth, with a small checked neckerchief, a frilled or laced mob-cap encompassing the glossy braids of their brown hair, and a hat as black as jet set high and forward upon the head. Many were carrying baskets or burdens, but

all managed their palfreys with graceful ease. The opposite bank of the Wye now began to exhibit some stately rocks, and soon the attention of the party was concentrated upon the stupendous bastions and magnificent fortresses there offered by nature to the imitation of man.

"It is Aberedwy," said Sir Owen. "Look how beautifully the Wye forgets its haste, and loiters just below, softening and calming the scene. There once stood a favourite castle of Llewelyn ab Gruffydd, the *last* Llewelyn; and from thence, in a deep snow, and, according to local tradition, with his horse's shoes reversed, he escaped to Builth from the pursuing soldiers of King Edward, but a wicked blacksmith betrayed the secret to the English, and thus ensured his prince's destruction. The name of that blacksmith, remembered with its unfavourable descriptive particulars, '*Madoc goch min mawr!*' red-haired, wide-mouthed Madoc! still proves his countrymen's abhorrence of his treachery."

The enchanting vistas formed by the meandering river and its islands between encompassing hills, and the unexpected and striking changes of the prospect gradually unfolding, called forth continual expressions of admiration from the visitors, who found their attention sometimes complacently resting on the delicate tints and fine forms of particular points, and again spontaneously expanding into a fuller enjoyment of the whole lovely scene. Leaving the carriages, and crossing the river in a boat, the party now proceeded to explore Aberedwy.

"Many historical incidents," said Cadog Trevor, "are associated with this neighbourhood. Hither the unfortunate Vortigern retreated before the Saxons; and here, broken-hearted and forlorn, he is supposed to have perished. The exploits of Arthur, too, are traditionally attested by the mark of his hound's footsteps upon a cairn; and about two miles beyond Builth may be found the fatal spot still called Cwm Llewelyn, the pretty brook still called Nant Llewelyn, and the funereal ridge which gives name to a farm-house called Cefn y beëdd, the scenes of our last native prince's death and partial burial."

"Come, Trevor!" said Sir Owen; "and while we are all striving to conjure up old remembrances, sitting here among the very rocks from whence our prince went forth unwittingly to his destruction, tell us his sad yet glorious history."

Cadog Trevor complied, as follows:—

The long and prosperous reign of Llewelyn ab Iorwerth was troubled towards its close by the restless ambition of Gruffydd, his illegitimate son. Gruffydd was married to Senena, a lady of distinguished abilities and extraordinary influence; and his own fine person, martial accomplishments, and princely qualities, had won the affections of the Cambrian people. Impatient of dependence, even upon a royal father, he possessed himself, in the year 1221, of the cantref of Merionydd; and when, as a last resource, the prince brought an army against him to compel his submission, Gruffydd, with reckless audacity, set his own rebel forces in hostile array. Yet in the midst of the conflict he yielded, conscience-stricken, and implored his father's mercy. Restored to Prince Llewelyn's favour, and entrusted with the command of several important military expeditions, he afterwards performed signal services to his country, and established for ever his own reputation as a dauntless patriot and an able general. Fresh acts of disobedience, however, renewed his father's displeasure, and were punished by an imprisonment of

six years. Soon after Gruffydd's liberation, the aged prince, afflicted with palsy, grieved by Gruffydd's past conduct, and apprehensive that the safety of his family and country might yet be endangered by that wayward warrior, called together his lords and barons, and caused them all to swear fealty and to do homage to David as their lawful sovereign. The subsequent incarceration of Gruffydd in Criccieth Castle appears to have been one of the first acts of Prince David's reign. In the year 1240, Llewelyn ab Iorwerth died, leaving only two legitimate children, Prince David, his successor, and a daughter, called Gladys Ddu, who was married to Sir Ralph Mortimer, of Wigmore, one of the most powerful of the lords marchers. The spirit of Gruffydd and his partisans now stirred all Cambria to obtain his freedom, and the throne of the new prince was shaken by his captive brother's popularity. Senena, Sir Ralph Mortimer, the other lords marchers, and many of the Cambrian nobles and churchmen, urgently and unitedly besought King Henry's aid in effecting his release, and obtaining for him a share of the principality; and they almost prevailed.

But Prince David was the nephew of King Henry, and pleading for the safety of his crown and life, and bribing still higher than Senena, he persuaded King Henry to disappoint her expectations, and to befriend his kinsman's cause. Succeeding in this negotiation, the prince immediately consigned Gruffydd ab Llewelyn to the custody of the English king, who committed him to the Tower of London, and allowed him a noble day for his maintenance. He was not long confined there, for making a desperate attempt to escape from the Tower, Gruffydd fell headlong to its base and perished miserably.

After Gruffydd's death King Henry presumed to confer upon his own son Edward the empty title of Prince of Wales. Aroused by so great an insult, Prince David solemnly protested against its gross injustice, and immediately took arms to defend his right. He triumphantly repelled King Henry's invading troops from Cambrian soil; he gained his people's love and admiration, and after a brilliant reign of five short years Prince David died childless.

* According to Cambrian usage, and to ancient precedent in that royal race, Gladys was Prince David's heir, and ought to have succeeded to his diadem; but her husband was an Anglo-Norman, and the lords and barons of the principality decreed in full assembly that it was incompatible with the welfare and independence of the country that the sons of Gladys should reign, by setting aside the lawful claim of the house of Mortimer, and electing Owen and Llewelyn, two of the sons of Gruffydd and Senena, to be their sovereigns, and doing homage to them. Immediately upon the accession of the young princes, the mortal remains of their father Gruffydd were brought from London, and honourably interred among his ancestors at Conway. Sir Ralph Mortimer did not long survive his brother-in-law Prince David; and in the year 1252 died Gladys Ddu, leaving several sons. In the line of the eldest, Roger, the hereditary title to the crown of Cadwalladr, has descended through King Henry VIII. to our British sovereigns. In the year 1254, Owen Goch, joint Prince of Wales, and eldest son of Gruffydd ab Llewelyn, being no longer satisfied with the possession of half the principality, engaged a younger brother named David in his cause, and levied war against Prince Llewelyn. A battle ensued, in which Prince Llewelyn overthrew

his adversaries and captured his hostile brethren. He cast both Owen and David into prison, and thenceforth reigned alone. That was indeed no time for civil strife or divided counsels. The Cymry, intolerably oppressed by the tyrannous exactions of the Anglo-Norman settlers, and incessantly exposed to the formidable invasions of English armies, led by King Henry, Prince Edward, and their generals, the Cymry in their determined resistance of personal slavery, and of national extinction, required such a prince as Llewelyn ab Gruffydd, who vindicating their own spontaneous preference for his native blood, and their ardent attachment to his person, now steadfastly resolved, on behalf of his people, rather to die at liberty than to live in thralldom. For sixteen years he ruled his country wisely and well, for sixteen years he successfully resisted the active encroachments of English power, performing throughout that period feats of arms which must ever class him among our most illustrious heroes. The chronicles of Conway and Strataflorida cease with the year 1270, leaving their country still independent, and their prince at the height of his prosperous renown. King Edward succeeded Henry III. in the year 1272, and in the prosecution of his plans against Wales is supposed not only to have followed the promptings of ambition, but also to have sought the gratification of personal revenge. Prince Llewelyn had formerly defeated him in war, and from that time was regarded by the proud Plantagenet with implacable hatred; and Prince Llewelyn, consequently, is thought to have been withheld by dread of treachery from attending at his rival's coronation in 1275. An English chronicler records that, in the year 1277, it rained blood in various parts of the principality: thus human woes still find their types in senseless nature!

No effort which subtle policy could suggest was spared by King Edward in effecting the ruin of Prince Llewelyn. He had seduced that prince's younger brothers, David and Roderic, from their allegiance, and had secured the assistance of Sir Roger Mortimer, and of many other powerful lords of the country, when, as if to complete his cruel hold upon the domestic ties of Llewelyn, Eleanor de Montfort also fell into King Edward's power. Her mother was a sister of King Henry, her father was the celebrated Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Before his death at the battle of Evesham he had promised his daughter in marriage to Prince Llewelyn, and, in fulfilment of that engagement, the widowed countess, who resided at a nunnery in France, now sent her son Americ and a suitable retinue to conduct his sister into Wales. Avoiding the English coast, their vessel kept its course by the Scilly Isles, but meeting by chance with four ships of Bristol, the bridal party were intercepted, made prisoners, and brought to King Edward. He consigned young Americ to a fortress, but, with chivalrous courtesy, entertained the lady as his royal kinswoman.

Having carefully prepared two armies well adapted to the nature of the country, and to the Cambrian mode of warfare, King Edward sent one of them, under the command of Paganus de Camurtijs, to carry fire and sword through West Wales; and its deadly errand was fulfilled. The other he led in person against North Wales, and advancing along the coast, he strengthened its fortifications. The country was beset, its lands were devastated; its lords, reduced to desperation, offered homage to King Edward, and, in the year 1278, Prince Llewelyn sued for peace.

It was granted, upon hard, upon humiliating conditions; and in compliance with two of them, Prince Llewelyn delivered up his brother, the deposed Prince Owen, into King Edward's hands, and for himself consented "that he should for his own life enjoy the name of prince, and none of his heirs after him."

In the following year, heart-broken and in bitterness of spirit, Prince Llewelyn, no longer careful of his life, went, at the invitation of King Edward, to espouse the fair Eleanor de Montfort at Worcester. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp in the presence of the king and queen, and the chief nobility of England; but Prince Llewelyn afterwards complained, that, amidst King Edward's fair words and rich promises, he forced upon his guest and virtual prisoner, even before mass on his wedding day, a private document subversive of his personal liberty and dangerous to his safety, although an article of the recognised treaty of peace had expressly provided that the king should require nothing besides the things therein specified. Prince Llewelyn brought home his wife, and for a while remained a passive spectator of his country's sufferings. Burdened with exactions contrary to the customs of Cambria, and provoked by the cruel tyranny of the king's officers, the Welshmen, assembling together in council, entreated David ab Gruffydd to compassionate their misery, to be reconciled to Prince Llewelyn, and to become their captain. David yielded to their request, and on his promising never more to serve the King of England, but to become his utter enemy, Prince Llewelyn restored him to his friendship and confidence. In the year 1281 they jointly commenced the death struggle of liberty. It may be inferred from a certain passage in the history of this period that Prince Owen, or Roderic, or both of them, came likewise in this extremity to their country's aid. David promptly besieged and took the Castle of Hawarden, slaying all who made resistance, and spoiling all that neighbourhood. The castle of Aberystwith, and many other castles in South Wales, were likewise taken by various Welsh nobles, who devastated the land of their oppressors. Prince Llewelyn, assisted by his brother David, laid siege to Ruddlan, but King Edward hastening thither with a large army, raised the siege. A whole nation, aroused to fierce desperation, appears to have been an appalling spectacle even to King Edward; and his prudence either authorised or allowed the timely mission of John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, coming into Wales, now forwarded certain remonstrances and articles of peace to Prince Llewelyn. In the midst of the archbishop's reproaches there occurs a remarkable paragraph, stating that the Welsh "were ever wont to be esteemed, and to reverence God and ecclesiastical persons;" but his 17th and last article threatens, "That unless they will now come to peace, they shall be resisted by decree and censure of the church, besides war of the people!" Appended to the high-spirited and pathetic reply of Prince Llewelyn hangs a fearful catalogue of his people's griefs and injuries. The archbishop, after a conference with the king, came again to Prince Llewelyn, who then professed his willingness to submit himself to the king, reserving only two things—his conscience towards his people, and the dignity of his state and calling. A treaty of peace was consequently sent by King Edward in council, through the mediation of the same archbishop to Prince Llewelyn, together with private articles severally

addressed to him and to his brother David, in which it was proposed that Llewelyn should exchange his principality for an English county, and that David should depart for the Holy Land. Their respective answers, and those of the Welshmen in council, declare with one accord their resolute rejection of King Edward's offers, as tending to the immediate destruction of the Cambrian sovereign and his people.

Having failed to procure a peace, Archbishop Peckham next proceeded to denounce Prince Llewelyn and his confederates as accursed. Following up the terrors of his primate's spiritual ban with the force of secular power, King Edward embarked an army for the Isle of Anglesea, which he won, being aided by some native chiefs. From Anglesea King Edward's foreign mercenaries formed a bridge of boats and planks across the Menai Strait at a place called Moel y donn, where Agricola had effected a passage more than a thousand years before. Sir William Latimer, with some chosen troops, and the famous Sir Lucas de Thany, with a band of Spaniards and Gascons, having passed over this bridge, were surprised that they met with no enemies to encounter them; but as soon as the tide flowed in, and the rising waters left the short bridge like an island in the midst of them, down rushed the watchful Cymry from their ambush, and, fiercely attacking the astonished invaders, slew some of them where they stood, chased others into the sea, and left not a living man to return and tell the tale, except Sir William Latimer alone, whose horse swam with him to the bridge, and thus enabled him to escape. There perished in this engagement no less than thirteen eminent knights and seventeen gentlemen, besides 200 footmen. Then, and in some other battles which occurred a little before, King Edward lost no less than fourteen banners, many of his chief nobility were slain, and he was himself constrained to seek personal refuge in the castle of Hope: a name of good omen to him in that transient adversity!

Meantime the Earl of Gloucester, with many of the king's friends, fought a battle against the friends of Prince Llewelyn at Llandeilo Fawr. Several illustrious knights, and a kinsman of the king, lost their lives there; but the friends of Prince Llewelyn were worsted. While various fortunes thus attended his arms, Prince Llewelyn, after overcoming Rhys ab Maredydd—a retainer of King Edward—in Cardiganshire, left his army there, and came with a few followers to Builth. Sir Roger Mortimer was lord of that cantref in right of his wife, a coheirress of De Breos, and Prince Llewelyn had wrested it from him some years before, as a punishment for having broken his oath of fealty, and taken part with the English king against his country. Actuated by sentiments of compassionate kindness, the prince even then had spared the life and liberty of Sir Roger.

Prince Llewelyn went to Builth, we are told,* “thinking to remain there quietly for awhile.” This castle of Aberedwy was his private property, and is reputed to have been one of his favourite places of residence; and hither he now came, intending, doubtless, apart from the hurry of events and the strife alike of arms and of opinions, calmly to survey the position of his affairs, and carefully to provide against the country's dangers. The narrative of this fatal incident is variously and obscurely

* *Powel's History of Cambria.*

given in history, but, aided by tradition and local geography, some few particulars may be ascertained with tolerable distinctness. Prince Llewelyn does not appear to have been aware that De Bohun, Lord of Brecknock, actively canvassing in King Edward's cause, had wrought an extensive defection among the chieftains of that county. Certain neighbouring lords, in whom the prince placed perfect confidence, had appointed to meet and confer with their sovereign in a secluded grove a few miles above the town of Builth, on the way towards Llanwrtyd, and on the 11th day of December, in the year 1282, Prince Llewelyn went forth from Aberedwy to keep his appointment, accompanied by his escort. He probably travelled along the Radnorshire side of the Wye, and, on approaching that river more closely, he encountered, suddenly and unawares, some forces of the king: mutually surprised at the meeting, both parties immediately withdrew. Prince Llewelyn, however, went on his way, and presently afterwards crossing the river Irfon, and leaving his guard near the bridge, he, being plainly dressed and unarmed, and taking with him only his esquire, proceeded to the rendezvous to confer with those lords of the country upon whose faith he so vainly relied. Meanwhile some of his watchful guards espied their enemies coming down from the Radnorshire hills; those enemies soon came forward, and violently attacked Prince Llewelyn's little band of warriors, who manfully and successfully defended the passage. At length a certain man, predestined to infamy, informed the Englishmen of a safe ford through the river a little lower down. Still maintaining the contest for the bridge, a select number of King Edward's men, led by Helias Walwyn, was secretly detached from the party, and, coming through the stream, passed behind Prince Llewelyn's warriors, and divided them from their ill-fated sovereign. The prince stood waiting in the grove, and, being absorbed in thought, did not remark, till his esquire informed him, that there were sounds of tumult and outcry near at hand. He instantly inquired "Whether his men had seized the bridge?" "Yes," answered the esquire. "Then," said Llewelyn, "I should not care if all the power of England were on the other side!" He trusted securely to the strength of the position, and to the truth and valour of his men. Suddenly, however, the grove was approached and encompassed by horsemen, and Prince Llewelyn desperately attempting to escape from thence and to rejoin his party, the adverse horsemen pursued him so closely, that one, named Adam Francton, ran him through!

Francton passed on with his fellow troopers; and the prince's men, still looking for that prince's return, maintained the struggle, until the English archers, mingling with the cavalry, succeeded in overcoming the faithful Cynry, who, standing their ground, were cut off to the last man.* As the horsemen were returning after this success, Francton stopped to spoil the unknown person whom he had slain; and when he saw the face he recognised at once the well-known features of the Prince of Wales. Francton struck off the royal head and sent it to King Edward at Ruddlan, who received it with exultation. Causing it to be crowned with ivy, in mockery of Merlin's prophecy, he ordered it to be set upon the most conspicuous part of the Tower of London.

* Vide Leland, Collect. tom. i., 247, as quoted by Hoare, Itiny, Giraldus i., 19.

It was probably here, at Aberedwy, and perhaps upon this very spot, that Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch, the bard of Cymru's last native prince, poured forth the lost hero's—

MARWNAD.*

A voice of wailing through the land is heard,
And comfortless in woe her mourners weep;
Such sounds of old the bard's sad spirit stirred
In praise of Arthur lost the chords to sweep.

For Cymru's hero, for Llewelyn dead,
We pour with mournful heart the plaintive song;
None, none is left us in Llewelyn's stead
Strongly to shield his native land from wrong.

My soul with anguish pain'd, my life-blood chill'd,
All nature changing darkens round my eyes,
And every object to my sense is fill'd
With kindred gloom and awful sympathies.

For him the howling wind forlornly sighs,
For him the rains in gushing floods bemoan,
For him deep voices from the mountains rise,
For him the forests of his country groan.

Symbols of British strength, the oaks that stood
Untouch'd by axe whilst ages passed away,
With mingling boughs bend down the crashing wood,
And rushing fall, diffusing wild dismay.

And hark! lamenting loud the tempests roar;
Behold! the foaming waves in breakers rise,
The sun in dim eclipse stands shrouded o'er,
And stars shoot glaring down the blacken'd skies.

Oh ye incredulous! believe and fear
That Power Divine which thus in terror speaks,
And o'er thee, guilty land, at length severe,
Destruction vast in scathing judgment wreaks!

Ah why, Almighty maker of the world,
Delays the stroke of thine uplifted hand?
Why are not now consuming lightnings hurl'd,
And whelming seas let loose at thy command?

Why are we left, in vain, in vain to mourn,
No place of refuge ours, no home of rest,
The brave defender of our country gone,
Bereft of liberty, and sore oppressed?

Homeless, enslaved, to whom shall we complain,
Since he can listen to our griefs no more?
And for our prince, beloved Llewelyn slain,
'The hopeless strains of tenderness we pour!'

* Jones's Bardic Museum, vol. ii., p. 42.

THE CLERKSHIPS AT SPICE'S.

By E. P. ROWSELL, Esq.

I REMEMBER how I started, when, one morning, my father informed me that a gentleman having inquired of him whether he had a son with qualifications for a junior clerkship in his office, he had answered the querist that he was wanting just such a birth for his boy Tom (my unworthy self) who, having left school, must now enter on the business of life.

It was what I had been dreading. I hated the name of business. I loathed the notion of becoming a clerk, sitting perched on a high stool for seven or eight hours a day, and being occupied incessantly on what seemed to me a low degrading manner, quite disgusting to think of.

"You must write the gentleman a letter, Tom," added my father, "in your very best hand, asking for the situation."

Accordingly, after breakfast, there being no help for it, I wrote such an epistle, and the same having been duly despatched, the result was an intimation that, if I attended at a certain hour at his office, No. 9, Coffin Alley, I might have an interview with the wealthy Mr. Spice, West India merchant.

Precisely at the time named my father and I presented ourselves at 9, Coffin Alley. It was an appropriate name for the place. I should say it furnished a good business for the coffin-makers; the tall houses were only a few yards apart; and the bright sunbeams were never known by any chance to penetrate into Coffin Alley. There was a frightful air of business about the locality. Business was clearly imprinted in every face we met; and there were numbers of people bustling along as if they had not a moment to live, yet would do as much as they could ere the last sand run out. My father had pointed out to me as we came along the offices of different well-known merchants.

"That, Tom," said he, as we passed a house with such a dingy aspect that the dirt and filth of the great city seemed almost to have had a spite against it, and settled upon it with more than usual malignity, "that is Mr. Sharpman's. He's very rich; his business is enormous."

"Is he much liked?" I asked.

"Why," said my father, "a-hem—not particularly, perhaps; but he's very rich, Tom, *very* rich, indeed. That is Mr. Closefellow's."

"I've heard you speak of him, father, as a mean old vagabond."

"God bless my soul, Tom, don't repeat *here* what I say at home. Why, Mr. Closefellow's worth I don't know how much—he's *tremendously* rich, Tom. But here we are at Mr. Spice's."

A few minutes and I stood before Mr. Spice. He was a hard-featured self-important-looking man, and there was a peculiar expression on his countenance that made me dislike him immediately.

"Oh, this is the young gentleman, is it?" he said, in a rough bullying way. "Well, boy, what can you do?"

My father replied for me that I was an excellent youth, could write an admirable hand, was a capital arithmetician, was very quick, intelligent, and ready—was in fact a prodigy of talent and acquirement.

Mr. Spice was evidently incredulous.

"Not particularly good handwriting," he muttered disparagingly. "Sit down, boy, and write something on this piece of paper."

I sat down accordingly, and wrote very distinctly—"Pride, self-conceit, pomposity, silliness," then returned the paper to Mr. Spice.

I noticed him gazing furtively at me after he had perceived what I had written.

"What made you choose these words?" he asked, in a tone that conveyed to me the impression he had perceived my drift, and forthwith entertained against me a deadly malignity.

"I don't know," I answered carelessly, "they came into my mind."

"Hem! Well, Mr. Selwood, I'll take him—on trial, you know. Send him here next Monday morning at nine o'clock, punctually: our hours are from nine till seven; half an hour allowed for dinner."

My father bowed low, and we departed.

"There, Tom," he said, when we were outside, "your fortune's made; you'll go up by degrees; you'll soon become a thorough man of business, and—"

"And so rich, father, I suppose," I groaned.

"Yes," he said, not noticing the tone in which I spoke, "so rich; you're right. It's a nice thing to be rich, Tom."

I quite agreed; but it seemed to me that in order to become rich one must forget one had a conscience (at least, so I thought my father implied), and give oneself up exclusively to the pursuit of that solitary object. Go steadily on—labour, labour, labour; blind and deaf to everything else; resolute not to be turned aside; determined to obtain gold, perfectly indifferent at what cost.

On the Monday morning, punctually at nine o'clock, I presented myself at Mr. Spice's office. It was nice weather; a thick fog and drizzling rain; and I was wet when I arrived. My services were soon called into requisition.

"It will be your duty in future, young man," said a youth not a great deal older than myself, "to take these books" (pointing to a huge pile) "out of the safe every morning. I've done it for you this morning. Here, take this letter to the post, will you? and, Mr. Thingummy, look sharp, if you please; there's plenty to do."

Thus directed, I sallied forth, and having deposited the letter at the post-office, returned speedily.

I remember I was standing at the fire, endeavouring to dry my wet clothes, when Mr. Spice entered the office. I had heard some one whisper vehemently, "Look out, Thingummy!" but had disregarded the friendly caution, so the worthy merchant caught me engaged as I have mentioned.

I recollect the start he gave; he positively staggered back; he seemed to have been taken suddenly ill. I bowed to him.

"God bless my soul!" he said, feebly.

I saw there was something wrong, but was unable to divine what.

"God bless my soul!" repeated Mr. Spice, in rather a louder tone. "God bless my soul!" he reiterated, after a moment's interval, "this is dreadful;" then, in a voice of thunder, "Mr. Selwood, step this way," motioning to his private room.

Amazed, I followed him, hearing a murmur of "By Jupiter, Thingummy! if you a'n't in for it," as I went.

Mr. Spice was absolutely foaming; he was in an awful passion.

"You're a pretty youth," he said, ferociously regarding me.

I remarked humbly, "I was afraid I had displeased him."

"Do you suppose, young gentleman," he resumed,— "do you think for a moment that your business here is to warm yourself at the fire?"

I explained that my clothes had been very wet, and that I had had nothing at the moment to do.

"Look here," said Mr. Spice, "young Selwood; you're an idle dog, a lazy fellow: dry your clothes, indeed! God bless my soul, what next? What are we coming to? I'm a good mind to turn you off at once."

I had formed my purpose, and I interrupted him.

"Mr. Spice," I said, in no very gentle tone; "you've been very complimentary to me. I'll be equally so to you, sir; you're a mean, good-for-nothing, paltry fellow" (he reeled back); "a mean, good-for-nothing, paltry fellow," I repeated, slowly.

"The boy's mad!" he roared. "Go out!"

"I'm going, Mr. Spice," I answered; then, holding open the door of his room, so that the clerks might hear me, I repeated a third time, "A mean, good-for-nothing, paltry fellow; and *now*, Mr. Spice, good morning."

I remember the astonished looks of the clerks, but I waited not a moment. I seized my coat and hat, and rushed out.

I need scarcely say that when my father had heard my story no word of approval fell from his lips.

"Well, boy," he said, after a pause, "you've thought proper to do a pretty thing; you can't go back to Mr. Spice's, that's very certain: what I'm to do with you, I don't know; that temper of yours will ruin you, I fear."

It was only what I had expected, and it confirmed me in a resolution I had formed. The following morning I went out as usual, but left a note behind me stating that I should not return.

I dare say they laughed when they (I mean my father and two brothers) found the communication. Knowing that I had but a few pounds with me, and was intimate with no one who would harbour me without my parent's sanction, they might reasonably smile at the lofty announcement. And I must confess I did not myself see very clearly how I was to persist in my purpose when my money should be exhausted, but matters fell out differently to what I expected. I had been roaming about the City the whole day, and evening was drawing on. Suddenly, while I was holding a serious consultation with myself as to where I should pass the night, some one at my elbow exclaimed in a cheerful voice,

"Halloa, Thingummy! is it you? let's have your hand, my boy. I admire you for giving it as you did to old Spice yesterday—a mean old vagabond. But I hope it's all right with you; it wasn't of any consequence to you losing the berth, was it? I suppose your governor saw the thing in a right light, didn't he?—said 'very proper,' and so forth?"

It was the clerk I had spoken to at Spice's.

"Well, not exactly," I replied; "the governor did *not* see it in a right light; and viewing it in a wrong one, he was led to make such remarks that I have quitted the paternal roof, and mean to shift for myself.

"Whew!" said my friend, who presently told me his name was Frank Chatterley; "that's bad. What are your plans?"

"I have none at present."

"How are the funds?"

"Not very abundant."

"Where are you going now? Where will you sleep?"

"That's just what I was considering."

"Will you like to do this?" he said, after a pause. "I have only humble lodgings—two rooms—will you come and share my bed to-night, and we will consider of your future proceedings?"

"It is very kind of you. I heartily accept your offer."

"Come along, then: it isn't far. Far enough though; for I'm dead beaten. I can scarcely crawl. Spice has been awful to-day; as was to be expected, after what occurred yesterday. Do you know," continued Chatterley, in a low tone, "Spice once committed a murder!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "you don't say so?"

"It's true: though not in the way you imagine. A few years ago there was a clerk in his office named Harry Winter: he was a sickly young man,—quite unfit for the hard work of Spice's office,—but he had a mother to support; and, for her sake, he would have battled with duty twice as heavy. Spice took a great dislike to him, and worried and annoyed him all he could. One day he called him 'a skulking vagabond,' whereupon Winter knocked him down; then, immediately leaving the office, went and drowned himself in the Thames—but here we are at my lodgings."

They were humble enough, as he had said; but I was heartily glad of the offered accommodation, and thanked him again and again.

"There—that'll do," he replied, cheerily; "no need of all that. The fact is, you quite won my heart yesterday by your conduct to that old villain Spice. It's how I should have served him, long before this, could I have afforded to lose my situation."

"I am sorry you could not afford to lose it. You must be sick of it, I'm sure."

"I am—heartily. But I'm peculiarly situated. Listen for a moment, and learn my secret. My father is Sir George Chatterley, and he resides in Dorsetshire. You're surprised at the information. Aye, so would old Spice be, if I were to furnish him with it. However, my father and I had some serious disagreements when I was about fifteen, and I, thinking he treated me very unjustly, did what you have just now done. I quitted his house without warning, with the resolution of not returning; and I have adhered to it. After a great deal of trouble I procured a very humble situation in a counting-house in London, and, improving my position by degrees, at last obtained a seat in Spice's office, which brings me enough to live upon in a frugal way. I know that every search has been made for me by my relatives, but I have baffled it hitherto, and I have no intention of returning to my family. For the sake of being free and independent, I will cheerfully bear all the disagreeables of my present position."

I was delighted with my new acquaintance; he seemed equally glad to have met with me; and a very pleasant evening we passed. We finished up with a hearty supper, and drank "Confusion to Spice and all tyrants," then went to bed and slept soundly.

We were up betimes.

"Now, Tom!" said Chatterley to me, "what are your plans?"

I was obliged to confess they were unformed at present.

I thought the intelligence would have dismayed him, but it did not at all. I soon discovered that Frank was one of the most sanguine of mortals.

"Let's see," he said thoughtfully, "what can you do? can you give lessons in anything—French, Italian?"

"I am afraid not," I replied.

"Are you at all of a literary turn?"

I laughed—"Never composed anything except a letter."

"Humph! it's an awkward case," he said; "you must take another situation. We must consult a friend of mine whom I shall bring home with me to-night. He is a queer fellow, and a little touched on one point, I fancy; but I have great confidence in his judgment, nevertheless. Good bye;" and he departed for the day.

I was afraid to venture out lest I should encounter my father or any of my relatives, who were doubtless searching for me, so was very glad when the long day had come to a close, and Chatterley returned, bringing his friend with him.

His friend's outward appearance was peculiar. He was a small, thin man, of about forty years of age, of very dark complexion, with large black whiskers and bushy hair. His garments were of a military cut, and he evidently took a pride in imitating the manner of a member of the warlike profession.

Chatterley introduced him to me as Mr. Francis Fearnought.

"Sir," said Mr. Fearnought, taking my hand, "my friend has mentioned to me a little circumstance which has caused him to entertain for you a sincere friendship. Sir, that circumstance induces me to regard you with profound esteem. But, my dear sir, do allow me to ask you, why *did* you not go further, why did you not chastise the man Spice? why did you not grind him into powder?"

I was obliged to confess that, looking at our respective ages, I might have found this a difficult task with reference to Spice.

"You're quite mistaken," replied Fearnought; "the will is all powerful, and makes up for bodily deficiencies. Now look at me, I don't look, indeed am not, a strong man, yet, Mr. Selwood, if the strongest man in London were to insult me, let me tell you this, I'd grind him into powder."

I must confess I rather doubted Mr. Fearnought's capabilities in this respect, and concluded that his estimate of his physical strength was the point whereon, as Chatterley had intimated, the little gentleman was slightly crazed.

"Now let me give you an instance," continued Mr. Fearnought; "about a month ago a man of herculean stature, six feet high, and of enormous bulk, assaulted me in the street. I struck him in return; we fought, and though I did not literally grind him—"

"Now, then, supper's waiting," interrupted Chatterley; and Mr. Fearnought's narration was cut short.

We all did full justice to the meal. When it was concluded, Chatterley disclosed to Mr. Fearnought my peculiar situation, and asked his advice.

Fearnought, though certainly a little insane in the matter of the treatment he would observe towards all enemies, soon proved himself on other points a shrewd and sensible man. He cogitated very carefully upon the case laid before him, asked me several questions as to my capabilities, &c., then promised to consider the subject, and let us know the result on the morrow.

Soon afterwards we separated for the night.

In the morning Frank was off again to Spice's, and I prepared myself to pass another long dreary day. Only a few hours, however, after his departure, Chatterley, to my great surprise, returned. He hurried in, looking much excited and very pale.

"I've done it at last, Selwood," he said, faintly, dropping into a chair.

"Done what?" I inquired in amazement.

"Why, I believe I've murdered him."

"Heaven—what—who—who?"

"Old Spice. I thought it would happen some day, and now it's done. Listen: the old vagabond insulted me grossly about something he considered amiss. Well, I've had plenty of insults before, and therefore I did not take much notice: but by-and-bye, what do you think the scoundrel did? I had entered his room with some papers, he glared at me most ferociously, then rising from his chair took me very coolly by the shoulders, and saying, 'No sulky dogs shall enter my room!' was about to turn me out; but he didn't do it, Selwood."

"Why?"

"Because I let him push me to the door, which I then, slipping from him, closed and locked. Can you guess my next movement?"

"Pretty well," I replied, smiling.

"Ah! I immediately took Mr. Spice by the throat and grasped it till he was nearly suffocated. I then shook Mr. Spice till his old bones rattled again, and I finally pitched Mr. Spice into a corner with my utmost strength."

"But didn't he give an alarm while you were administering to him this wholesome correction?"

"Yes; he yelled ten thousand murders, and the clerks made a tremendous noise at the door as though they were trying to break it open. When I had done, I rushed out; they made a feint of endeavouring to seize me, but I passed them directly, secured my hat, and made off; so here I am."

"Well, I'm glad you've served Spice out."

"So am I—but now arises the awkward question, where are the supplies to come from in future?"

"Ah! I cannot answer that question."

"No; but we must find an answer to it; however, we shall have plenty of time to deliberate. Let's have some dinner."

Our not very sumptuous banquet was soon served, and we sat down and enjoyed it in spite of the gloomy aspect of our affairs."

Fearnought presently came in, and Frank told him what had occurred. I remember how the eyes of the former sparkled when Frank described the castigation he had bestowed upon Spice.

"Hurra! hurra! brave boy," he cried; "excellent, capital,—dirty scoundrel. Oh, if I had him here! I'd—I'd—," and the little man gnashed his teeth and clenched his fist furiously, "I'd grind him into powder!"

That evening Frank complained of illness, and went to bed early. He awoke next morning still more poorly, and in the afternoon was in a high fever. I fetched a doctor to him, who pronounced him very ill.

Two, three, four days passed, and still Frank was exceedingly unwell. I became uneasy. I did not like the responsibility of being his sole companion and nurse, and Fearnought could not always be with us.

Other friends or acquaintances beside him poor Chatterley did not seem to possess. Day by day Frank's illness increased. I grew seriously alarmed and deeply depressed.

One afternoon Frank, in a calm interval (for he had been almost constantly delirious), said to me,

"Selwood, my boy!"—and he held out his hand—"I begin to think it is all over with me. I get worse every day."

I endeavoured to cheer him.

"No good, no good," he said, feebly; "my time is nearly come to an end. Well, be it so; I don't repine."

"Don't speak in that way," interrupted Fearnought, who was by, weeping, I verily do believe. "I won't hear it, Frank Chatterley; there now."

"You're a good fellow, Fearnought," said the invalid; "but I shall have to say good-bye to you shortly, I feel."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Fearnought; then, turning to me, he whispered, "shockingly down—horribly. I wonder now, if I were just to step to Coffin Alley and give Spice a thrashing, the intelligence, when I returned, would have a cheering influence on our friend?"

I expressed my doubts whether this remedy would be efficacious.

"I feel worse," said Chatterley, in a faint voice.

Fearnought and I turned to him in alarm; he evidently *was* worse—much worse.

"My poor boy, Frank—Frank," almost shouted my companion in his alarm; "rouse up—rouse up."

Frank seemed to make an abortive effort to speak; rose slightly in the bed, then fell heavily back again. A horrible fear seized me. I gazed at him earnestly.

"He is dead!—he is dead!" exclaimed Fearnought.

I heard no more. I fled from the room with a vague idea of procuring assistance, and ran heedlessly from the house.

I remember I was running in the middle of the road (where there were no foot-passengers to interrupt me) when a cabriolet, turning a corner, came sharply upon me. There was a loud cry, but it was useless; in another moment the vehicle had passed over me, and a kick from the horse rendered me insensible.

There must have been a long interval before I came to my senses, for when consciousness returned I found myself in bed in a large handsome chamber, everything being perfectly strange to me. I was too feeble to rise, and therefore I could only ask, in a very feeble voice (in the chance of some one being in the way), where I was and how I came there? An old nurse made her appearance and replied briefly, that I was in the house of Sir George Chatterley, commanding me then not to say another syllable, if I would not wish to suffer direful agonies and bring about speedy dissolution.

To make my story short, I will acquaint the reader at once with what was learnt by me afterwards. It was a most singular circumstance that the cabriolet which had passed over me was that of Sir George Chatterley, and that gentleman was driving it at the time. On the accident occurring he immediately stepped from his vehicle, and learning from a bystander that he had seen me issue from a certain house close at hand, he ordered his servant to carry me there, and followed himself. I was accordingly conveyed into the room which I had just quitted, where poor Chat-

terley lay in an apparently dying state, Fearnought standing over him wringing his hands with grief. In an instant Sir George recognised his son; and the scene that ensued, as may be supposed, baffled description. Sir George had long been seeking Frank with his utmost energy. He had bitterly lamented the unkindness he had shown towards him; he had fervently hoped that he might yet be restored to him, and that nothing would cause them to separate again.

He had found him, but found him, seemingly, at the point of death.

The first burst of anguish over, however, and Sir George, who was a strong-nerved and active-minded man, proceeded to make every effort to save his son. The most eminent physicians were called in, every comfort was procured, and nothing left undone. Neither was I neglected; the utmost attention was paid me, but for a long time I was in great danger.

After a while, however, both Frank and myself began to amend, and we were removed to a house which Sir George had recently taken in town. Our recovery proceeded gradually; and one bright day Frank and I shook hands, and congratulated each other upon our happy escape from premature death.

For one reason only I rather sorrowed at the prospect of entire recovery. I should be separated from Frank, and should be required, probably, by my father, who, I should have mentioned, had been communicated with by Sir George, and whom I had seen frequently of late, to take upon myself another detestable clerkship.

But this fear was unfounded. Sir George conceived an affection for me as for his own son, and proved it by indulging an earnest wish that had lain in my heart, but which I had thought would never have been gratified. He supplied me with the means of entering the profession to which my inclination had always pointed. The reader may see me now almost any day, when he likes to pay a visit to the law courts at Westminster Hall. I'm the stoutest and most cheerful-looking barrister there; and I have the vanity to say that I never yet came in contact with the man who could so hopelessly bewilder, so thoroughly mystify, so completely dumbfound an intelligent jury of his countrymen as could the unworthy individual penning this history.

Frank enjoys a snug sinecure berth under government—a very nice thing by-the-bye, and remains my intimate friend.

Poor Fearnought. I recollect well meeting Spice one day very shortly after my recovery, with a large green shade over his eyes, and his upper lip very considerably damaged. While I was wondering how he had sustained this damage Fearnought came up, and said with a chuckle:

"Did you see Spice—eh; did you see the old rascal—did you notice him, eh?"

I replied in the affirmative, and the little man then told me, with huge delight, that he had set upon the unfortunate merchant, as he was journeying homewards the night before, and pummelled him until his yells bringing the police to the rescue, he (Fearnought) had been obliged to decamp.

Poor Fearnought after this went to Ireland, where, throwing himself recklessly into every row and shindy of which he happened to be an observer, he got so mauled and bruised, that Death, making a blow at him, struck him down with ease, and he now rests penceably in a country churchyard.

JACOB VAN DER NEESS.

A ROMANCE.

BY MADAME PAALZOW.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER mature deliberation in the high council of the city of Amsterdam, a unanimous resolution was formed to celebrate the visit of the illustrious guests they had invited, with every imaginable display of splendour and magnificence. This determination was facilitated by the judicious answer of the Prince Stadtholder, who politely refused the invitation for himself, though he promised to send his young son, the bridegroom of the English princess ; and the proud burghers felt no scruple in showing respect and attention to two ladies of royal extraction, who could never by any possibility be involved in a dispute for precedency with this jealous city.

Thus, all their scruples removed, the powerful burghers of Amsterdam welcomed this opportunity of displaying to the world the wealth and magnificence of their city.

The inventive genius of poets, artists, and mechanics, was put into requisition, and the inhabitants vied with each other in the extravagant splendour of their preparations ; but we shall refrain from describing these, nor shall we dwell upon the strange incongruity with which fabulous and scriptural heroes were jumbled together in the triumphal arches, mummeries, pantomimes, and dances, which interrupted the progress of the illustrious guests to the palace, or "Prince's Court."

A magnificent gilt coach, drawn by eight milk-white steeds, was destined to receive the young bride at her entrance into the city. A detachment of 500 of the national cavalry had been appointed as an escort to the royal visitors. This corps was composed of the young burghers, who prided themselves on the magnificence of their accoutrements. They wore the colours of the five legions of the city—orange, white, blue, yellow, and green ; although the embroidery and jewels with which their rich apparel was covered scarcely permitted their colour to be distinguished, except by their standards. They were divided into detachments according to their colours, and orange led the van.

The cavalry were immediately followed by the six-and-thirty senators of the town ; next came the nine sheriffs, and in the midst of these rode the chief burgomaster, or head of the city, Mynherr van Marseeven. He was preceded by the two treasurers and the warden—an important personage, on whom no other duty devolved during his lifetime but the onerous obligation of carrying the keys of the town on a richly embroidered cushion on festival occasions such as the present. The cupbearer and grand carver rode behind the chief burgomaster, richly attired in silks and satins, relieved with gold embroidery, yet wearing the emblem of their office—a radiant white apron of the finest Dutch linen ; they were followed by several attendants, who carried in costly golden vessels, ornamented with jewels, some wine and bread, which, according to custom, was to be presented to the illustrious visitors as a welcome when they entered the precincts of the city.

The splendid gilt state coach above mentioned came next in the train. Its windows were formed of plate-glass ; it was lined with cushions of crimson velvet, ornamented with ermine and rich embroideries, and the most elaborate bas-reliefs decorated the exterior. It was of extraordinary dimensions ; little balconies had been constructed outside the doors, on the steps of the coach, which were covered with crimson velvet, and protected from the sun by silken awnings : two pages stood on each of the steps, supporting themselves by means of a golden cord, which was fastened to the coach.

This little fairy-like palace was drawn by eight milky-white steeds, which were decorated with feathers and flowers, covered with the most costly trappings, and guided by golden bridles. It rolled slowly along on the scarlet druggel with which the road was spread up to the place of reception.

Two carriages somewhat similar, yet of a more simple description, and another detachment of cavalry, closed the procession. All the houses on the road along which the royal visitors were to pass were decorated with rich hangings of silk and tapestry, and the streets were crowded with the inhabitants, arrayed in festive attire.

It was in the early part of a beautiful day in the month of August that the travelling equipage, containing the royal party and some of their suite, approached the gates of Amsterdam. A splendid pavilion had been erected outside the gate, which the royal visitors entered on quitting their carriage. Here they received an address from the High Council, and partook of the customary offerings of wine and bread. This ceremony performed, they entered their little moving palace, and the Queen of England requested Mynherr van Marseeven's hand to assist her in mounting the steps. When she issued from the pavilion, leaning on the arm of this highly-honoured man, a shout of approbation burst from the assembled multitude, and her gracious smile, as she bowed condescendingly around, proved the value she set on their good will.

"Noble queen," said Mynherr van Marseeven, "your majesty is formed to inspire a people with devoted love. I fear these old republicans would soon depose the rights they have so jealously guarded at the feet of such a sovereign."

"Ah ! Mynherr van Marseeven," sighed the queen, as a sudden shade of sorrow crossed her beautiful countenance, "that sounds like mockery from you, the most refined politician of the age, who are as well acquainted with the state of my poor England as with that of your sovereign Amsterdam. Does the mother deserve this who to-day trusts her dearest treasure within your walls ? Does the queen deserve it who hopes to receive counsel and comfort from your wisdom ?"

"Gracious lady," returned Mynherr van Marseeven, "the wisdom of a republic will not suffice for the exigencies of a kingdom. Our advice would always bear with it a taste of the love of liberty, and your majesty would find it foreign and indigestible food. We are not skilful in this respect."

"Ah !" said the queen, forcing a smile, "those who command the wealth of Europe must ever, either secretly or openly, be the *restaurateurs* who prepare the dishes we poor crowned heads sit down to discuss at their instigation."

"If that were the case," said the burgomaster, smiling also, "the old Dutch capital would surely strive to reserve a dainty bit for your majesty."

"I shall take you at your word, Mynherr van Marseeven," cried the queen, in a more lively tone.

Henrietta of France, the daughter of Henri IV., and consort of Charles I. of England, was nearly past the summer of her life, and yet deserved the name of a beauty, were it only for the charm of a noble *tout ensemble*, rendered fascinating by the mind which spoke in every feature and movement, and led the imagination captive.

Threatening symptoms of the cruel fate that awaited her and her house had already appeared. The unhappy queen understood enough of politics to see the errors of her husband; but, unfortunately influenced by her Roman Catholic advisers, did not repair these faults. Perhaps, also, it would no longer have been in the power of any one to arrest the torrent which, swelled by misunderstandings and neglected wrongs, was destined to spread devastation throughout the land, and carry away with it a dynasty too late made aware of the necessity of associating itself with the holiest interests of the people and ingratiating itself with them.

Yet the unhappy queen had come to Amsterdam in the hope of raising a loan to facilitate the measures which had now become indispensable for her husband. She had judged rightly in believing Mynherr van Marseeven intimately acquainted with the political state of England. But he could not approve of the arbitrary measures which were to be expected from Charles's preparations; he naturally sided with the parliament; for this struggle was only a repetition of what had repeatedly been acted on the republican stage of the old Dutch free city.

Yet the queen had gathered hopes from his answer, and perhaps they were not wholly unfounded, for the policy of a commercial state often admits of a slight deviation from consistency in favour of mercantile interests.

Inspired by these hopes, Henrietta exerted herself successfully to win the suffrages of the people. She seemed to coquet with them, and, attentive to every attempt made to attract her notice, she rewarded it with the gracious smile of royalty, which exercises such a magical influence over the hearts of the multitude. She was arrayed in the colours of the house of Orange; a veil of gold tissue descended from her head down to her feet; it was thrown back over her shoulders; and her dress was set off by her celebrated pearl ornaments.

The procession halted when it had proceeded about half-way through the city, and a deputation, chosen from among all the corporations of the town, approached the magnificent vehicle to present an address to the royal party.

The queen replied graciously to their friendly greeting, and then, stretching out her hand, detached a rosette of ribanda, containing the colours of the town, from the cloak of the spokesman, and fastened it on the shoulder of her daughter, the Princess Mary.

A loud huzza proclaimed the delight of the multitude at this action, which was so well calculated to flatter their national vanity. The names of the queen and the young couple resounded through the air, amid the joyful strains of the musical bands.

Numbers of these significant rosettes poured in from all sides: the queen took a second one from the hand of Mynheer van Marseeven, and fastened it to her glove, while she called upon the ladies of her suite to follow her example.

This delicate attention increased the satisfaction of the people. Thus the unhappy Henrietta, who in her own kingdom was followed by the dark and scornful glances of her subjects, often exposed to the rude sallies which expressed their disapprobation, found once more, in a foreign land, those signs of affection and enthusiasm which appear like the credentials of royalty.

It was some time past noon when the procession entered the court of the palace. It was so crowded that it seemed paved with human heads, but a space was kept clear in the middle of the court, where a magnificent throne had been erected. A number of seats, covered with crimson velvet, were disposed in a semicircle on either side; these were occupied by the distinguished matrons of Amsterdam, and some emblematic orange-trees were placed around in golden tubs; the ground was covered with rich carpets; the daughters of the oldest families in Amsterdam stood around the throne, arrayed in silver tissue, each with a bow of orange-coloured ribands.

As the queen entered the court, the crowd fell back respectfully on either side; and when she approached the throne, she was so overpowered by the display of beauty and magnificence which met her eyes, that she turned suddenly to Mynheer van Marseeven, and exclaimed,

"How is this, my lord burgomaster?—am I in an assembly of princesses?"

"These are only our humble wives and daughters, your majesty," replied Mynheer van Marseeven, with a shrewd smile. "Conscious how difficult it was to appear worthily before a queen, they have collected or borrowed together some little finery."

"Ha!" laughed the queen; "they must have pledged the Indies as a security."

Thus saying, she mounted the steps of the throne, preceded by the youthful couple, who walked hand-in-hand, and bowed to the ladies assembled with the most gracious courtesy.

Several pages gorgeously attired advanced to offer costly presents to the illustrious guests. These were chiefly of the produce of the country, and bore evidence to the flourishing condition of all the different branches of art and industry. They consisted in a variety of articles, beginning with the gossamer texture of the finest linen, and ending with a number of curiously wrought vessels and goblets of gold and silver,—specimens of the elaborate workmanship of Amsterdam.

The presentation of these articles occupied a considerable part of the afternoon, and concluded the public festivities of that day. Mynheer van Marseeven announced to the queen that her apartments were prepared for her reception; and then, in the name of the city, preferred a request that her majesty would partake of a grand banquet at the council-house on the ensuing day. He observed that no guests had as yet been invited, and this was a distinction which it depended on her majesty and the young princess to confer.

"Then," replied the queen, "my daughter and I will prove ourselves

extravagant hostesses. May all the inhabitants of Amsterdam be our guests!" cried she, rising, and waving her handkerchief in the air.

With these words she descended from the throne, amid the deafening cheers of the multitude and the loud flourish of trumpets; took the hand of her daughter, and demanded from Mynherr van Marseeven an introduction to the ladies who composed the semicircle. She invited them all to the banquet on the following day; and with much tact, which proved she was not ignorant of the relative pretensions of these distinguished families, invited some few who were entitled to the honour to the private supper that was to be served in her apartment.

Madame van Marseeven was of course foremost among these privileged few: although neither young nor handsome, there was such striking elegance, such perfect refinement and dignity in the appearance of this noble woman, that the queen was at once prepossessed in her favour.

Greatly fatigued by the exciting events of the day, Queen Henrietta now retired to her private apartments, to seek some repose and recruit her strength before she reappeared at the evening repast.

CHAPTER XI.

A FEW hours later, after the repast in the queen's apartments, which had been held at an early hour, in consideration of the fatigues her majesty had undergone during the course of the day, two ladies were engaged in earnest conversation in a private apartment of the palace.

One of these was Madame van Marseeven, but opposite to her, in the deep recess of the window, sat another lady, whose youth and beauty entitled her to a more exact definition.

This was Urica Countess van Casambort. Mynherr van Marseeven had not gone too far in his glowing description of her charms; for she, indeed, recalled to the mind of the beholder that wonderful masterpiece of Titian's art by which the proud father has immortalised the attractions of his daughter.

The Countess Urica was strikingly tall, but her figure, beautifully rounded, was in the most perfect proportion and symmetry.

Her hair was of that peculiar hue which is the secret of Venetian beauty; it was braided over her brow, and its golden tresses were confined at the back of her head by a comb richly studded with emeralds and rubies.

Her brow was high and arched—the seat of thought, on which life had inscribed many a proud character; her nose was small and delicate; the form of her head and the oval contour of her countenance were perfect. Her mouth was full and exquisitely formed; even when proudly closed it acted like Love's bow on the hearts of mankind, but, when parted and softened by a smile, there were few who could resist its witchery. Her eyes, round and half-closed, like those of a Venus, were of the deepest blue, fringed with long dark silken lashes, with an unfathomable depth of expression which fascinated the beholder; while beautifully pencilled eyebrows gave a finish to the noble formation of her brow.

She was attired in a dress of rose-coloured satin, relieved with silver embroidery, which displayed to advantage the exquisite contour of her arm and bust; over this she wore a robe of chestnut-coloured velvet worked with gold; while a veil of the most delicate texture descended from her head over her neck and shoulders.

Her little fairy foot, cased in a slipper richly embroidered with gold, rested on a velvet cushion; and she was leaning back in her luxurious fauteuil, her head reclining on a delicate white hand. Her brow was clouded, and there was an expression of obstinate resistance about her mouth, which made it easy for an observer to guess the subject on which Madame van Marseeven was discoursing in her soft persuasive voice.

"But why object to speak to this poor afflicted creature?" said she; "that can do you no harm. Besides, there is often something in the appearance of a person more convincing than the most decisive proofs."

"But I will not allow myself to be persuaded," cried the Countess van Casambort, raising her head for a moment. "I hate to be led away by uncertain impressions. I can control my feelings if a clearly-established fact demands it; but I will arrive at the truth by other means than these deceitful paths of compassion and sympathy. Besides, you are mistaken, my dear cousin, if you think me apt to be influenced by personal impressions. Perhaps—if I were unfortunate enough to be obliged to grant the rights of relationship to such low persons—I should sooner be just towards them if I were never under the necessity of seeing them; but my objections would be insurmountable if I knew I should be exposed to the horrors of personal intercourse."

"Urica," said Madame van Marseeven, as severely as her gentle nature permitted; "have you a right to make an act of justice depend upon conditions? And are you the only one who have rights? Do you forget the holy rights of these poor women, who have been so long and so cruelly ill-treated by fate?"

"Ah!" said Urica, as her head sank on her hand; "if I could believe these were really the relations I have lost, it would be too dreadful! To think that I, who from the earliest dawn of reason have implored the justice of Heaven in behalf of their cruel destiny, and was in constant strife with their desponding kindred for being too fainthearted to seek them out and reclaim them, should at length find them thus—ill-treated, and subject to the most terrible influence, such as to inspire me with horror and disgust, and to excite in me an ardent desire to be able to deny them! Ah, this were horrible—too horrible!"

"Well, then," continued Flavia, "since you see the wrong you might be led to commit, guard against it; overcome yourself; be no longer a prey to contradictory feelings."

"You are right," said Urica, turning towards the window; "for they produce irresolution, and I would sooner have to repent of an error than permit this enervating state of mind to subsist. But I give you my word, cousin, that up to this moment I am innocent; my opposition proceeds from conviction. I firmly believe the documents to be stolen, and the whole party impostors. Alas! who can tell where my dear *true* relations may be? Perhaps pining under heavy misfortunes, or resting in their eternal sleep beneath the cold earth."

"Poor Urica!" said Madame van Marseeven, resuming her wonted gentleness; "what fearful uncertainties these are! what can be done to convince you? Cornelius Hooft, who has seen this young woman's mother, was quite enchanted by her noble appearance."

Urica had bent forward and listened attentively, as if willing to attach importance to Madame van Marseeven's words; but she fell back in her chair, and said, in a disconsolate tone, "Alas! that is no proof; for this wise, clever, experienced Cornelius Hooft is such an insupportable fool in all that concerns women, that all his cardinal virtues become of no account to him: show him but a white brow or a long eyelash, and his heart is gone."

Flavia could not suppress a smile, but she shook her head in defence of poor Cornelius. Urica stretched out both hands towards her and said,

"Cousin, you are really an angel, and it is for your sake I torment my stubborn heart, and strive to make it yield."

Madame van Marseeven was silent; she had not the courage to urge her suit now that Urica had confessed the powerful influence of her entreaties. Thus musing, she took one of Urica's beautiful little hands in hers, and contemplated it attentively as a masterpiece of nature's modelling.

"Strange!" said she. "I see, Urica, you have the same distinguishing mark as all the females of the house of Casambort; the pretty little fourth finger of each of your hands is destitute of its third joint. It is said your eldest female ancestor forfeited this joint on the occasion of the birth of one of her children. She was assisted in the hour of her need by an elfin queen, who placed a small ruby ring on her finger, so delicate and diminutive that the little queen was obliged to shorten the finger in order to make it fit. All the ladies of your family I have ever known have been destitute of this little joint like you. The legend further asserts that the ring has descended as an heirloom in the family, and has ever belonged to the eldest female scion of the family of Casambort. Yet it could never be disposed of during the lifetime of the possessor; for, it is said, it would never quit the finger on which it had once been placed. Only after the death of its possessor it could be drawn off, and was then sure to fit the next in point of seniority, whether she were a wife, maiden, or child. Such legends exist in most ancient families, but there is something mysterious about them which seems to connect them with truth when they are borne out by hereditary marks or signs in the family. Have you ever heard of this heirloom?"

"Heard of it!" repeated Urica, in an animated tone, as she hastily rose; "oh, how often! How many times have I heard the legend related! But now, now, my dear cousin, I will see these persons—to-morrow, as early as possible. The younger of the two may come hither; and if I should be convinced of her identity—then—I will go to see the other. Ah, it would be dreadful, dreadful!" cried she, throwing herself into her chair, "but just as dreadful were I to deny them."

"I agree with you, and rejoice that your better feeling has gained the victory without the aid of persuasion," said Madame van Marseeven, little suspecting that the decision had yet been brought about through her.

There was no time for further explanation, for the Countess Comenes entered, and announced the queen's desire to see and dismiss the ladies for the night.

Madame van Marseeven and the Countess Urica repaired to the queen's apartments, where they found all the English and Dutch ladies and gentlemen of the royal suite assembled in waiting for the queen, who excited the curiosity of all the courtiers by holding a private interview in an adjoining room with Mynherr van Marseeven.

At length the doors were thrown open, and the unhappy Henrietta entered, supported by Mynherr van Marseeven, to whose last words she seemed listening with a sad and thoughtful air.

Her appearance bore witness to some painful excitement; the marble paleness of her countenance was rendered more striking by her dark hair, which was wholly destitute of ornament.

The heaving of her bosom beneath its velvet bodice betrayed the oppression of her heart; while her bare arms, and the pocket-handkerchief wet with tears which she brought in along with her, were sufficient proofs of the abstraction of mind into which she had fallen.

But all who were acquainted with her situation could not avoid being touched by the efforts she made to suppress her sorrow and do justice to the present occasion, and those assembled to see her.

There was a tremulous softness in her voice which made it extremely touching.

"My dear noble Casambert," said she, laying her hand on Urica's arm with an air of exhaustion, "the sight of you refreshes my weary heart; you bloom like a rose in June, and teach those who behold you to believe in the immortality of beauty. Your brow is yet the seat of sunshine, and you think of misfortune only as a fabulous tale of old folks, or a folly of some weak minds, which you have no cause to fear."

"Does your majesty think so?" inquired Urica: "yet you pass for possessing a deep knowledge of human nature."

"Well," said the queen, fixing a searching glance at Urica; "would you say I have not proved it on this occasion?"

"Oh, come! I wonder what you call sorrow? Was it that your lapdog refused to eat its biscuit this morning? or that it barked with jealousy at the hapless Argyle, when, kneeling at your feet, he said you were beautiful as the goddess of love?"

"I should soon find means to prevent such causes for sorrow," cried Urica, almost too hastily interrupting the queen's raillery. "Your humble servant is pretty decided in warding off such follies from her heart; but there are more serious causes for affliction, which no one escapes; sorrow will sooner or later attack even the strongest heart."

"Alas! you are right—but too right!" exclaimed the queen, in a voice so melancholy that it seemed to express all the painful oppression of her heart. "Sorrow is the lot of all—happiness is like the flower-dust which trembles through the air; we all stretch forth our hands to grasp it, but it evaporates beneath our touch. Alas, Urica! it is long since I was young, and when I saw you I thought that youth might have the power to catch the flower with the dust."

"I am young, indeed," returned Urica, wishing to divert the queen's thoughts into another channel; "but I have buried all who belonged to

me, and I am a widow. How great an error it is to term youth happy! Life's first sorrows, be they ever so insignificant, inflict a deeper pang on the heart, as yet untried or hardened by experience; though perhaps at a later period, when more deeply initiated in the woes of life, we may look back with a smile to the cause which drew forth our bitter tears."

"Argyle," said the queen, turning to the young duke, who stood by her side, "does not she speak as sagely as a matron? But do you think she is right?"

"I differ greatly from the countess in considering the sorrows of youth insignificant," returned the young man. "No sorrow we experience in early life is trivial, for the sensibility and the poignant feelings of youth render every misfortune doubly acute; nor shall we ever look back with compassion to the *real* misfortunes of our youth, as if they had been follies of the moment."

"To hear these young people talk, Countess Comenes," said the queen, smiling, "it would seem they had quite got the start of our old-fashioned wisdom; they explain all we have felt in silence throughout our lives; yet, in spite of their advanced reasoning, they are glad to profit by our experience when it comes to the point to act. Tell me, good Comenes, is this proud child as wise as her words proclaim when she is called upon to act?"

"Ah! indeed she is," returned the countess. "This young lady puts age and experience to shame; youth and wisdom go hand-in-hand with her."

"Beautiful Urica!" said the queen, kindly, "can you, who are thus highly gifted, be unhappy?"

"The countess forgets the only means of being happy," cried Argyle, "which is to *give* happiness. Those who forget their destination cannot hope to enjoy *that* for themselves which they deny to others."

"What an accusation, Argyle!" cried the queen, smiling. "Why, you make me believe that you are at once the judge and party concerned. And how do you defend yourself, lovely widow?"

"Defend!" repeated Urica, turning half round towards the Duke of Argyle with a haughty look. "Defend! There can be no question of defence where no personal reference exists; and every observation designed to draw this conversation beyond the limits of general reflections is misplaced. Your majesty is certainly the only one who has a right to demand my answer, if this discourse begins to apply to me."

"There, now," laughed the queen, "we have offended her. Madame van Marseeven, assist me to pacify your irritable cousin."

"Oh, forgive me!" cried Urica, quickly, as she bent over the queen's hand and kissed it. Henrietta smiled, and shook her finger at the countess, as she passed on to dismiss the assembly. After a kind word to each she retired to her apartment.

Urica, too, sought her chamber, and, longing for fresh air, approached a large bow-window which looked out into the court. A deep silence now reigned below; the air was mild and balmy, and a cooling breeze was wafted across the roofs of the low houses from the sea, whose bright mirror contrasted strikingly with the dark heavens. Urica's eye rested on the bright line in the horizon that marked the sea, and she heaved

a deep sigh, and pressed her hand for a moment to her feverish brow.

"He is right! he is right!" said she, sadly. "But I cannot do otherwise—a secret voice whispers he is not the one! What I feel is not love: he is too proud and selfish—too vain and confident towards women. It can never be. If he possessed a right to utter such proud and presumptuous words as I have just heard, and I were forced to listen in silence, in consequence of the rights he had acquired over me, I think I should die of mortification."

Mynherr van Marseeven was right when he said Urica had never felt the influence of love; yet her insensibility did not proceed from coldness, but from the exalted, perhaps overstrained, idea her enthusiastic and lofty mind had formed of this feeling. She was so accustomed to excite love and admiration, that she at length considered the homage she received as simply her due, yet despised, as an unmanly weakness, the raptures into which her numerous admirers were thrown by the power of her charms.

The Duke of Argyle was distantly related to the Countess Urica. She had met him at the court of England at a time when the state of the country was a topic of general interest and conversation. Argyle highly disapproved of the measures adopted by the court, yet was personally attached to the royal family. He possessed great discrimination, a shrewd understanding, and a clear and unbiassed judgment. Urica's turn of mind led her to take great interest in the political state of the country, and the young duke found in her an attentive and sympathising listener, who infinitely surpassed the generality of her sex in quickness and comprehension.

Urica fancied she had at length found one who did not make it his first object to do homage to a woman. She believed him superior to the little interests of love, and so absorbed in the great interests of the world and his country as to be able to forget the *charms* of a wife and make her his confidant. She thought he had overcome the first impressions of her beauty without falling into the ecstasies which had so disgusted her in others. He had offered her wit and mind instead of love—politics instead of verses. This was a species of adoration she had never before received; and such she thought must be the man to whom she could, without degrading herself, surrender her independence, and who should teach her to feel love—such love as she had dreamt of—grand, noble, and disinterested—refined and purified from all desire of sensual gratification—rejoicing rather in the existence than the possession of its object—a love rather of the soul than of the heart.

But Argyle was incapable of maintaining himself in this elevation of feeling. Though absorbed in the interests of his country, his heart was not proof against the powerful fascinations of Urica. The confidence that arose between them, through the mutual interchange of thoughts and plans, became even more dangerous to him than the attractions of youth and beauty; he felt deeply and passionately in love. Urica did not immediately notice the change that had taken place in his feelings, since her own remained unaltered; but no sooner did she suspect it than she waged war against every demonstration. She would not be loved by Argyle in the common acceptation of the word, and her interest in him

diminished in proportion as she perceived he was, like the rest of his sex, susceptible to the full influence of her personal charms.

Argyle, on his part, from the moment he felt this magical influence, half enraged at the loss of his liberty, determined to vanquish the being whose dominion he feared, since she threatened to turn his thoughts from the interests to which he had devoted himself.

But the violence of his passion blinded him to the course his calculating nature pointed out as most likely to win one of Urica's character. He was betrayed into an impetuous declaration of his feelings.

From what we have said it will be easily believed that Urica neither felt flattered nor rejoiced by this disclosure; but, on the contrary, heard it with coldness almost amounting to displeasure.

"Arise, my Lord of Argyle!" said she to her prostrate lover. "You forget yourself. Let us avoid these commonplace ebullitions of feeling,—they do not suit us, and have no connexion with the great interests which unite us, and should engage our thoughts."

The duke started to his feet on hearing these words; love and wounded vanity struggled in his breast.

"Ha!" he cried, involuntarily; "it was madness, indeed, to think you could feel the influence of love."

"My lord," said Urica, softly, after a pause, during which she appeared lost in thought, while her eyes were fixed on the ground, "you judge unjustly; the simple views my breast and soul have taught me to form of love are perhaps different from what most persons call by the name; but *this* I should fear as an unworthy bondage, the other I would fain cling to as a hallowed and ennobling feeling—an impulse to great and lofty deeds and thoughts. Such love I should be proud to feel. Forgive me if I doubt that my feelings for you will ever deserve this name; yet there is none other who possesses a greater right to my interest at *this* moment."

Though this speech was so little calculated to give satisfaction or raise hopes, Argyle seemed determined to interpret it in his favour; and inwardly resolved not to relinquish his hopes or his determination of winning Urica.

This scene, which had occurred a day or two before, recurred to Urica's mind as she stood thoughtfully at her window.

"Alas!" she exclaimed in a melancholy tone—"alas! that there should be no man worthy of love!"

She sank down on a seat, and remained for a long time absorbed in a deep and gloomy reverie.

"THE NILE BOAT."*

MR. SAMUEL SHARPE, the historian of Egypt, whose writings have contributed largely to the work now before us, dwells much, and not without reason, upon the important fact that the Egyptians are the earliest people known to us. When Abraham entered the Delta from Canaan they had already been long enjoying all the advantages of a

* The Nile Boat; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. Bartlett, Author of "Forty Days in the Desert." Hall, Virtue and Co.

settled government and established laws. While Abraham and his countrymen were moving about in tents and waggons, the Egyptians were living in cities. They had already cultivated agriculture, and parcelled out their valley into farms: they revered a landmark as a god, while their neighbours knew of no property but herds and moveables. They had invented hieroglyphics, and improved them into syllabic writing, and almost into an alphabet. They had invented records, and wrote their kings' names and actions on the massive temples which they raised.

Emblem art thou of Time, memorial stream,

wrote Sir John Hanmer of this renowned river; and none have ever visited its broad valley and not brought away with them the memory of that "busiest travel and softest rest" which are so strangely united in that land of ruin and loneliness, yet so favoured by nature. What a change, too, is coming over this land of olden memories! "To visit Egypt's land, a long and dangerous way," said the author of the "Odyssey," and Strabo repeated the very words ten centuries afterwards. In our times a wag of the press has proclaimed that the source of the Nile is the umbrella-stand of the Egyptian Hall! And certainly, after a peep at Mr. Bonomi's interesting and picturesque painting, Christmas visitors cannot do better than secure a copy of Mr. Bartlett's less perishable and more portable volume. They will find it to be a book of gems.

There are not merely hieroglyphics in Egypt. That country affords subjects of observation and meditation which no traveller can entirely neglect, whoever he may be, if he have eyes to see, a memory to remember, and a sprinkling of imagination wherewith to dream. Who can be indifferent to the tableaux of unaccountable nature on the banks of the Nile?—at the spectacle of this river-land, which no other land resembles? Who will not be moved in the presence of this people which of old accomplished such mighty things, and now are reduced to misery so extreme?

Mr. Bartlett has done everything that an artist could do to bring this land "of glorious structures and immortal deeds" before the reader by pen and pencil. As much variety as possible has been brought within the smallest compass. The clay-built village, buried in its graceful grove of palms,—the desert and the Lybian chain of hills,—monk-made hermitages, in which a hyæna might feel lonely,—man-made rivers, excavated hills, colossal temples, and mountain-pyramids,—are all brought before us. The style of the earlier or Pharaonic monuments, as at Thebes, may be contrasted at leisure with the later Ptolemaic style as at Edfou and Philæ; and these again with some of the most beautiful specimens of the Arabian at Cairo. Such a pictorial and literary treat will assuredly be well received by the public.

THE COUNTESS DE RUDOLSTADT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

BY MATILDA M. HAYS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN the first moments Consuelo, passing from an apartment where shone the lustre of a hundred torches, to a place lighted only by the small lamp she held, could distinguish nothing but a luminous mist around her, through which her sight could not pierce. But by degrees her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, and, as she perceived nothing terrible between her and the threshold of an apartment in size and form exactly like that she had just quitted, she gathered courage to approach and examine the strange characters on the walls.

It was one long inscription, arranged in several circular lines which extended around the hall, the walls of which presented no opening. As she made this observation, Consuelo did not ask herself how she should get out of this dungeon, but what could have been the use of such a construction. Gloomy thoughts, which she at first repulsed, pressed upon her mind, and soon these ideas were confirmed by the inscription, which she read, walking slowly, and lifting her lamp to a level with the characters :

“Contemplate the beauty of these walls formed by the rock, four-and-twenty feet in thickness, and standing for a thousand years. Neither the action of time nor the labours of workmen have been able to injure them ! This *chef-d'œuvre* of architectural masonry was raised by the hands of slaves, doubtless to conceal the treasures of some magnificent master. Yes ! to secrete in the bowels of the mountain treasures of hatred and revenge. Here have perished, here have suffered, here have wept, raved, and blasphemed, twenty generations of men, the greater part innocent, some heroic, all victims or martyrs ; prisoners of war, revolted serfs too heavily taxed to pay new taxes, religious reformers, sublime heretics, the unfortunate, the conquered, fanatics, saints ; also villains, men inured to the ferocity of the camp, to the law of murder and pillage, subjected, in their turn, to a terrible retribution. Here are the catacombs of feudality, of military or religious despotism. Here the habitations which men in power caused to be constructed for their oppressed fellow-beings, that they might stifle the cries and conceal the corpses of their conquered and enslaved brethren. Here, with no air to breathe—where not a ray of daylight penetrates—where there is not a stone on which to lay the head ; only iron rings fastened to the wall through which to pass the prisoner's chains, and prevent him from choosing a place of repose on the damp and chilly soil. Air, light, and nourishment admitted only when it pleased the sentinels to open the cavern for a moment to throw in a piece of bread among a hundred unfortunate creatures heaped upon one another the day after a battle, and wounded or bruised for the most part. Sometimes, still more horrible, one alone remained alive, dying in suffering and despair in the midst of the putrefied corpses of his companions, not unfrequently eaten by the same worms before death, and falling into putrefaction himself before the feeling of life and the horror of reflection were annihilated in his brain. Here, oh neophyte ! is the source of human

grandeur which you have perhaps contemplated even with admiration in the world of the powerful ! Fleshless skulls, withered and broken human bones, tears, drops of blood—these are the signification of your armorial bearings, if your fathers have bequeathed to you the blot of patricianism ; this is what should be represented as the escutcheon of those princes whom you have served, or whom you aspire to serve, if you have sprung from the people. Yes, here is the foundation of all titles of nobility ; here the source of the hereditary glories and riches of this world ; it is thus that a class has arisen and been preserved whom all other classes dread, yet flatter and caress. Behold here what men have invented to raise themselves from father to son above their fellows !”

Having read this inscription while thrice making the tour of the dungeon, Consuelo, overwhelmed with grief and terror, placed her lamp upon the ground, and kneeled down to rest herself. A profound silence reigned in this gloomy place, and frightful reflections crowded upon her. The lively imagination of Consuelo evoked around her gloomy visions. She thought she saw livid shadows covered with hideous wounds gliding about the walls or crawling on the ground by her side. She thought she heard their lamentable sighs, their groans of agony, their feeble breathings, the rattling of their chains. She resuscitated in her thought the life of the past, such as it must have been in the middle ages—such as it had been even of late in the religious wars. She thought she heard above her, in the guard-house, the heavy and ominous steps of iron-shod men ; the sound of their pikes on the pavement ; their brutal laughter ; their drunken songs ; their threats and oaths when the lamentations of their victims, ascending even to them, interrupted their horrible sleep, for they had slept, these jailors ; they were obliged to sleep ; they had been able to sleep over this dungeon, over this abyss of infection, whence exhaled the miasma of the tomb, and the groans and howlings of the infernal regions. Pale, her eyes fixed, and her hair standing on end with horror, Consuelo no longer heard or saw anything. When she returned to the consciousness of existence, and strove to shake off the chill which was gaining upon her, she perceived that a stone in the pavement had been raised during her painful trance, and that a new path was open before her. She approached, and saw a narrow and abrupt flight of stairs, which she descended with difficulty, and which conducted her into a fresh cave, more confined than the first. As she touched the ground, which was soft and damp beneath her feet, Consuelo lowered her lamp to see if she were not sinking in the mud. But she found only a grey dust, finer than the finest sand, and here and there showing, like flint-stones, the top of a thigh-bone, the remains of a skull, a jaw still furnished with white and solid teeth, in evidence of the youth and strength suddenly destroyed by a violent death. Some few skeletons, almost entire, had been drawn from this dust and ranged against the wall. There was one in perfect preservation, standing chained by the middle of the body, as if it had been condemned to perish there without being able to lie down. The body, instead of yielding and falling forward, bent and dislocated, had stiffened, and was thrown back in an attitude of superb pride and implacable disdain. The ligaments of the frame and members were ossified. The head, upraised, appeared to be looking at the vaulted roof ; and the teeth, clenched by a final contraction of the jaws, appeared to laugh with a terrible laugh, or in a transport of sublime fanaticism.

Above him, his name and history were written in large red characters upon the wall. It was some unknown martyr of religious persecution, and the last of the victims immolated in that place. At his feet was kneeling a skeleton, whose head, detached from the vertebra, lay upon the pavement, but whose stiffened arms still embraced the knees of the martyr: this was his wife.

Among other details, the inscription set forth:

"N—— perished here with his wife, his three brothers, and his two children, because he refused to abjure the faith of Luther, and because he persisted, even under torture, to deny the infallibility of the pope. He died standing and withered—petrified, as it were—and unable to look upon his family dying at his feet on the ashes of his friends and forefathers."

Opposite this inscription was to be seen the following:

"Neophyte, the friable soil you tread is twenty feet deep. It is neither sand nor earth; it is human dust. This spot was the ossuary of the *château*. It was here they threw those who expired in the dungeon above, when there was no more room for fresh comers. This is the dust of twenty generations of victims. Happy and fortunate the patricians who can count among their ancestors twenty generations of assassins and executioners!"

Consuelo was less terrified with the appearance of these funeral objects than she had been in the dungeon by the suggestions of her own fancy. There is something too grave and too solemn in the aspect of death itself, to allow the weakness of fear and the heartrendings of pity to obscure the enthusiasm or the serenity of strong and believing souls. In the presence of these relics the noble adept of the religion of Albert felt more of respect and charity than terror and consternation. She kneeled before the remains of the martyr, and, feeling her moral courage returning, she cried, kissing that fleshless hand,

"Oh! it is not the august spectacle of a glorious destruction which can excite horror or pity! it is rather the idea of life struggling with the torments of agony. It is the thought of what must have passed in those desolate souls, which fills with bitterness and terror the thoughts of the living! But thou, unfortunate victim, didst die standing, thy head turned towards heaven; thou art not to be pitied, for thou didst not give way, and thy soul exhaled in a transport of fervour which fills me with veneration!"

Consuelo rose slowly, and with a kind of calmness detached the wedding veil which was fastened to the bones of the woman kneeling by her side. A low and narrow door opened before her. She took her lamp, and, careful not to turn, entered a dark and narrow passage with an abrupt descent. On her right and left she saw the entrances of dungeons, almost concealed beneath the mass of a truly sepulchral architecture. These prisons were too low to allow of any one standing upright within them, and scarcely long enough to admit of their lying down. They appeared to be the work of the Cyclops, so strongly were they constructed, and so skilfully managed in the massiveness of the masonry, as if to serve as dens for ferocious and dangerous animals. But Consuelo was not to be deceived: she had seen the arenas of Verona; she knew that the tigers and bears, formerly reserved for the amusements of the circus, for the combats of the gladiators, were a thousand times better lodged. Moreover, she read upon the iron doors that these dun-

gons had been reserved for conquered princes, for valiant captains, for prisoners the most important and powerful, either from rank, intelligence, or energy. Such formidable precautions against their escape evinced the love or respect with which they had inspired their partisans. Here had been silenced the roaring of those lions which had caused the world to tremble at their challenge. Their power and fortitude had been crushed against an angle of the wall; their herculean breasts had become exhausted while searching for a breath of air through an almost imperceptible opening, cut in a slanting direction through twenty-four feet of stone. Their eagle glance had dimmed while seeking for a ray of light in the eternal gloom. Here had been buried alive those men whom they dared not destroy openly. Illustrious heads, magnanimous hearts, had here expiated the exercise, and doubtless also the abuse, of power.

Having wandered for some time in these damp and obscure galleries cut in the rock, Consuelo heard a noise of running water, which reminded her of the terrible subterranean torrent at Riesenburg; but she was too pre-occupied with the crimes and misfortunes of humanity to think long of herself. She was obliged to slacken her pace for a time while making the circuit of a well which was on a level with the surface, and lighted by a torch. Beneath the torch she read on a post these few words, which required no comment: "It was here they drowned them."

Consuelo leaned over to look at the inside of the well. The water of the rivulet, over which she had glided so peacefully but an hour before, was engulfed here at a frightful depth, and whirled roaring as though eager to seize a victim. The red light of the torch gave to these gloomy waves the colour of blood.

At last Consuelo arrived before a massive door, which she vainly endeavoured to open. She asked herself whether, as in the initiations of the Egyptian pyramids, she was about to be raised into the air by invisible chains, while a gulf would open beneath her feet, and a sudden and violent wind would extinguish her lamp. Another fear more seriously affected her. Ever since entering the gallery, she had perceived that she was not alone: some one followed on her steps so softly, that she could not catch the slightest noise; but she thought she had felt the rustle of a dress against her own; and, as she had passed the well, the light of the torch behind had thrown on the wall two vacillating shadows instead of one. Who, then, was this formidable companion at whom she was forbidden to look, under penalty of losing the fruits of her labour, and of never crossing the threshold of the temple? Was it some frightful spectre, whose hideousness would have frozen her courage and disturbed her reason? She no longer saw the shadow, but she imagined that she heard the sound of breathing close to her. And this fatal door which refused to open! The two or three minutes which now passed appeared to her an age. This dumb acolyte terrified her: she feared lest he should tempt her by speaking, or force her by some trick, to look at him. Her heart beat violently; at last she saw that an inscription still remained for her to read above the door:

"Here the last trial awaits you, and it is the most cruel of all. If your courage is exhausted, strike two blows upon the left panel of this door; if not, strike three upon the right. Remember that the glory of your initiation will be proportioned to your efforts."

Consuelo did not hesitate, but struck three blows upon the right. The

door opened as if of itself, and she entered a vast hall lighted with numerous torches. There was no one in it; and at first she understood nothing of the strange objects symmetrically arranged around. They consisted of machines of wood, iron, and bronze, whose use was unknown to her; of strange arms spread upon tables or hung against the wall. For a moment she believed herself in an artillery museum, for there were indeed muskets, cannons, culverins, and a whole assemblage of instruments of war. All the means of destruction invented by men for the immolation of their fellow-beings appeared to be there gathered together. But when the neophyte had advanced a few steps across the arsenal, she saw other objects of a more refined barbarity—wheels, saws, melting-tubs, pulleys, hooks, a whole museum of instruments of torture; and upon a large board in the centre, surmounting a trophy formed of stakes, pincers, chisels, files, saws, and all the most abominable implements of torment, was written, "They are all precious, all authentic; *they have all been used.*"

At this Consuelo felt her whole being sink. A cold sweat moistened the tresses of her hair. Her heart ceased to beat. Incapable of escaping from the horror of this spectacle and the cruel visions which crowded upon her, she examined what was before her with that stupid and fatal curiosity which takes possession of us in the excess of terror. Instead of closing her eyes, she contemplated a kind of bronze bell, with a monstrous head and a round helmet, placed upon a large misshapen body, without legs, and cut off upon a level with the knees. It resembled a colossal statue of rough workmanship, destined to ornament a tomb. By degrees, Consuelo, recovering from the torpor which had stolen over her, understood, as by involuntary intuition, that the sufferer was placed stooping beneath this bell. The weight was so terrible, that by no effort of human power could he raise it. The inward dimension was so exact as to forbid all movement. Still it was not with the design of stifling the victim that he was put there, for the visor of the helmet covered the place for the face, and the whole head was pierced with small holes, in some of which were still planted long stilettos. By the assistance of these cruel darts they tormented the victim to draw from him the avowal of his real or imaginary crime, the confession of his religious or political faith. Upon the top of the helmet was to be seen, in characters engraved on the metal, these words in Spanish:

Long live the Holy Inquisition!

and below, a prayer which appeared to be dictated by a savage compassion, but which had perhaps flowed from the heart and hand of the poor workman condemned to fabricate this infamous machine:

Holy mother of God, pray for the poor sinner!

A tuft of hair, torn away in the agony, and glued, doubtless, with blood, had adhered beneath this prayer, as a frightful and indelible stigma. It issued from one of the holes opened by a stiletto. It was a lock of white hair!

Suddenly Consuelo saw no more, and ceased to suffer. Without receiving any warning of physical exhaustion, for her soul and body no longer existed but in the soul and body of violated and mutilated humanity, she fell to the ground stiff and cold as a statue from its pedestal; but as her head was about to strike the bronze of this infernal machine, she was received into the arms of a man whom she did not see. It was Liverani

VALDARNO; OR, THE ORDEAL OF ART-WORSHIP.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The Threshold.

CHAPTER I.

BORN at the commencement of a century when the intellect of men throughout the Italian peninsula was noted for its refinement; reared in circles of taste, and surviving the loss of what was illustrious in the age; the part which it fell to my lot to take in human affairs may not prove unworthy of being recorded for the good of posterity: I propose accordingly to write a full account of my past life.

With Cosimo, the Father of the Country, the happiness of Florence had passed away, and the end of her splendour drew nigh at Lorenzo's decease, with whose name her magnificence was allied. Thenceforward all was turned to strife! The expiring agony of good times boasted a Machiavelli, who still pursued the struggle of life, and of whom no eulogium was equal to so great a name: his poverty the witness of his honesty and faith. A Savonarola too survived; nor was he, as some deemed him, an impostor. I behold his large eyes now, brimming over with earnestness and superstition, qualities which are above deceit. The anniversary of his martyrdom was then undated; he yet lived to soothsay of troubles to come, and to be burnt in the midst upon a cross! Soderini also had to be exiled; Carnesecchi to be overcome, as well as the mighty Ferucci, whose grandeur of soul looked out unsullied as, already mortally wounded, he received his last stab, and was sepulchred in the visible future. Nor had Rucellai, Poliziano, and the intellectual Fico, the remaining pillars of the Platonic Academy, ceased to impinge divine thought upon the age; while Michael Angelo himself walked the immortal city.

And when these events were silent, their memory encouraged the better sort of men; a new race of heroes, scholars, and artists, not unequal to their predecessors. But what avails the highly-tempered mind without public praise and reward? The skilful and literate held together in small bands; but the new press, born to slavery, those whom it might best have served were compelled to leave their written works, guarded by farewell blessings, on the shelves of monasteries, and to die like the childless, with little chance of doing good to posterity, and none to themselves!

Platonism was the purest doctrine of those times. It had not shared the fate of Christianity in being at an early period diluted with idols. But Paul III. and Contarini, by merely dispelling the haze of superstition, caused religion to shine forth so vividly that philosophy itself faded in its light. This display was of brief duration: succeeding pontiffs, with ready wit as of old, persisted in affiliating themselves upon an Almighty. They felt answerable for a continuance of the Saviour's function throughout earth, and must fulfil it themselves. The main objection to their enterprise was human infirmity, not peculiar to them, but common to all. Indeed it was well known, be their intention what it might, that they pretended to a nearer affinity with the Anointed than they could substantiate to reason, or maintain in practice; while the Platonists arrogated to themselves no holy alliance, but contemplated the divine law, and with it made their morals congenial.

The reflections above come over me as I look back perspectively into former times through a cone of seventy years!

I shall begin the history of my youth with a brief account of the origin of my family, and in such a manner as may render certain aspects of my life more intelligible.

Our descent was from the Lucumones, who anciently governed in Tuscany. I am the last of their race and name. Though old rights and titles have lapsed for many ages, our family has continued to flourish undisturbed in patrician splendour. Tinctured with the spirit of the time in which I live, a much earlier age contributed to the formation of my character. The guardian of memorials which belonged to the fierce people who built the walls of Volterra, my prejudices were early associated with that primitive period when existence itself, owing to its novelty, preserved its consciousness of a supernatural source. My father, more than myself, inherited the spirit of those warlike priests who founded the house of Aula, and whose idiosyncrasy revived for the last time in me. I long, indeed, put reliance in the phenomena of the heavens, especially in the science of lightning, whose flash, as observed by the Etruscan prophets, was so fertile in omens. But these tendencies of mine were modified by the literature and manners of the majority, though under great excitement the substrata of my nature would vibrate, and every heroic prejudice which had been long buried, burst out with the energy of a living feeling. But my soul was plastic, and received the impression of passing events, the types of which being multiplied within me, kept the hereditary associations of antiquity down, and gave my character its last phase.

For the coteremporaries of my youth no vice was too degrading, for me no virtue was too exalting. But I followed my idol as a mystic—professing its principles, and always far enough from its practice; while my companions set up vice as their fashion, acting its parts without realising its pleasure in their hearts. For so little were many of them ill-disposed by nature, their hidden characteristics, then checked by bad example, might have shone in a more virtuous age.

The range of moral freedom permitted to my fellow-citizens offered temptations to all: and the sense of security against the operation of the laws led me, among the rest, far enough astray; but not into vulgar crime. The authorities took cognizance of no offence which was not committed in the market-place or public exchange, so that vengeance might be fully gratified by secret assassination. While society remained in this state, it may be supposed that every law of honour was subject to frequent violation. Not so, however, with me; I cared only to break the laws of heaven. My love of distinction was of so vaulting a nature, that while all eyes were turned towards me, owing to the attraction of an illustrious station, a fine person, and the exterior emblems of real wealth, I desired a much more vivid recognition. It was necessary to my happiness that I should astonish large multitudes; perhaps mankind itself. To do so I would at one time have almost accepted of base gifts, such as the skill of the rope-dancer or the singer's art; anything, indeed, to have enjoyed the sympathising wonder of other men. Conceive then my delight when, after many inquiries into my real being, I discovered something like genius within me! No length of time elapsed, believe me, ere I required a temple in which to contemplate and worship the benign power.

Once kindled, its fires burned apace, and were supplied with fuel from those ancient prejudices to which I have alluded already. My forefathers, among other things, were skilful in augury and presentiment. In this I retained the supposed powers of my progenitors; possessed of their legends, and formed after their image. The notions of my people continued strong within me. Their castle, now my own, was a sacred place; its foundations having been laid by a divine ordinance, the formalities of which were long practised after the invasion of the Romans. For the conquerors adopted the religion of the Etruscans, as well as the insignia of majesty; and lastly, the pontifical institutes themselves! They studied also our literature, as Italians have lately studied theirs and its Hellenic models.

While I pondered the rude paintings and statues of Etruria with pride, was I insensible to the marbles of Greece or the remarkable sculptures of modern Italy? How often with sustained emotion I have stayed near the wonderful monument of the Duke d'Urbino, with its Day and Night below; the beautiful warrior who meditates and is at rest with his hand folded beneath his cheek, as if the toils of battle had at last found repose in the depths of thought! This work alone, O Michael Angelo Buonarrotti! would have allied thee to eternal glories.

CHAPTER II.

OWING to the troubled state of parties in Florence, my father continued after my mother's funeral to reside at Aula, and left me to pursue my own plans. The remains of my mother had just been deposited in the village church: I paid a last visit to the spot, and returned to the capital. One day of tribulation had no sooner taken its first step into the past, than its successor appeared. The time had come when I was first to experience the sentiment of love. The object of my regard was Melissa, an only daughter of the house of Ferrini, which ranked among the chief nobility of Siena. Her intimate friend and mine was a Countess Strozzi, at whose house we met. This lady, having lost her husband in youth, had ceased to cherish an inclination for the world. But, though she never went abroad into society, she received her friends at home. As the early associate of my mother and of the marchioness Ferrini, she took an equal and mysterious interest in their children, Melissa and myself. An attachment sprang up in my mind for the young person in question, even before I had seen her, so much was I excited by the raptures of the countess when she spoke of the sweetness and beauty of the fair maid. Had I then been acquainted with the absurdities of the countess, my imaginary love would not have prepared the way for that real passion which succeeded it. The following strange story of the method by which she kept alive her husband's memory is authentic. I give it as related to me by Ariosto, who enjoyed her confidence.

Many years ago, when at Naples with the count, who was consumptive, and had been ordered to the bay for his health, she chanced to encounter some figures of brigands, which in form, as well as expression, were modelled to the life, and coloured beautifully after nature. On this, she forthwith conceived an inordinate longing to have executed the likeness of her husband, after a like fashion, which, with some opposition on his part, was allowed. The work was no sooner finished, than, struck to an unintelligible degree by its resemblance to the original, she showed signs

of uneasiness if it were for a moment from her sight. It was soon evident that a morbid impression had resulted; so what at first seemed absurd became serious. For a time she was merely discomforted, as those are who from bodily ailments see double; but instead of becoming accustomed to this she began gradually to experience the torture which women undergo who, having unwarily married a second time, discover, when too late, that they have two husbands. This pain died away, and the course of the malady took a turn. She now saw something to attract her in the image, which appeared an improvement on the original; and without treating her husband with total disregard, she devoted less attention to him than ever, and more to his inanimate rival. The count, besides being worn down by disease, was wretched at finding his young wife insane, and left no means of recovering her untried. She was not to be roused, but only pointed to the figure, and kissed its well-formed lips, in reply to the reasonings and exhortations of her physician. Meantime the count grew alarmingly worse, while his likeness looked the more beautiful in his wife's eyes by comparison with his emaciated face. His death followed, and sufficed to rid her of any remaining scruples on the subject; and her love, as if now lawful, came to assume a cheerful character. The delusion, however, never passed off; and as she grew old it obtained her a reputation for eccentricity, which only ceased with her days.

But to return to my narrative. Melissa appeared; and her presence induced a state of feeling in me not calculated to subside. Her influence was alike indescribable with the loveliness out of which it arose. Her fresh complexion, blue eye, and golden hair, gave her the true aspect of Tuscan beauty, which excels all other in brilliancy. As if under a spell of enchantment, I was positively unequal to pass through the ceremony of an introduction to Melissa. It was enough that night to be near her, and to have the privilege of seeing her as she appeared to others. For some minutes, however, I was at her side. Her silence had charms enough for me; it was like the hidden grace of the rosebud, which, strong in beauty, is ready to display itself when shone upon, and to express, within spreading limits, the ripe meaning of the universal soul.

In this mood I allowed the opportunity to pass of becoming known to her, dreading that the spell already wove might be dissolved. The least coldness of manner would have sufficed to kill my rapture: yet how could I thus early expect looks or words of interest? It is true that our parents were intimate in early life, but certainly not in latter years. Besides, any allusion to reality would have been distasteful to me, so ideal was that love which had suddenly become the charm of my existence. No sooner, however, was she gone, than I found that her presence had so impressed me, as to replace with its remembrance all imaginary felicity; and I was left to regret my supineness.

Every day made it more and more necessary to my happiness that I should see her again. Absent from her she appeared unearthly to my imagination, and I addressed myself to her through the heavens. But my passion was not benefited by all this, so I resolved to see her, and compare my second impression of her with the first.

Yet such was my disposition, while dying, as the saying is, to look upon her, it was my whim to gratify this desire as if by accident, that I might still love her without a pledge. The first word of attachment has consequences reaching into every avenue of time, therefore I hid my passion, though with careless demeanour I sought her day and night in

public. The search was useless ; she had no one to take her into the world. What we want is rarely to be stumbled upon there ; its saloons possess none of these pure beings, but only wrecks of the once spotless. Her mother was sick, her brother unfit to escort her.

That brother, the poor Ferrini ! He had the face of an angel that had been destroyed by fire. His nurse, when he was a child, had allowed him to play with that ready element ; and, in her absence, he was caught in its blaze. It was the last moment of loveliness with him. As he ran wildly through the halls and chambers, bearing with him that from which he fled, he realised the conception of the unbaptised who dies early, and, with looks of surprise and agony, encounters a like ordeal of fire.

He was still fair to his mother. The nose and mouth were like his sister's ; and beautiful hair fell down his cheeks. But his eyes were ever dragged open, and red, as if in flames. They were never closed ; not in sunshine, nor in sleep ; nor would they be in death. His sinews were shrivelled ; he could not walk but on crutches ; and he was lifted on his horse. How he rode ! It was as a devil, eager to escape the sense of hideousness which he took with him wherever he went. There were times, too, when he appeared unmindful of himself. It was when in the company of a few who esteemed him, and were inured to his aspect. Then he would give vent to a flood of political opinions ; and his consciousness would be absorbed for a time in his own eloquence. Happily he was a prosperous as well as a selfish man, and little given to sympathy ; so that the sufferings of his soul were tolerable to what they would have been had they attached to his fortunes instead of his person.

In due time, having been thus unsuccessful hitherto, I resolved upon going every night to the Countess Strozzi's house. On the first evening I found Ariosto there : he had that day arrived from Aula, where he had been staying with my father. We stood in the ante-room, talking with rapidity, when in a moment our attention was seized by the sounds of the harp. I advanced to the saloon, and saw Melissa ; at the same instant her voice, as if to greet me, broke into full melody, to the delight of all. I turned pale, and even trembled, so unhopèd-for, and, to me, overwhelming was this vision.

How wonderful in song I thought her voice ! There was a tone in it which belonged not to music but to the soul ; and which won its way into the recesses of my breast, like a spirit that had wandered thence and returned welcome to its home. It was unlike anything that I had heard before, and made me acquainted with emotions of my own akin to it. I drew near to the harp and the hand, whose intertwinings were responded to by their own praises, while the voice itself triumphed like the strains of an instrument which had an echo in the lover's heaven. In my ardour I implored the countess to present me to her gifted guest. She complied. I expressed a few words of admiration, many of commonplace ; but kept the attention of the distinguished musician to the latest hour ; determined to be the first to receive her farewell, and the last to win her parting smile.

Yet so dainty was I in my choice still, that for some days I pondered the question whether I should do well to make her mine. I had not yet, as it were, adopted my passion ; but I felt that when once I did identify it with my own being, it would not be possible to endure disappointment. The concerns of mankind appear of little moment compared to the gratification of a personal object in love affairs. Yet this selfishness is

not of the narrowest kind, inasmuch as it unites the destinies of two. Thus situated, I weighed the interests of my heart; but it was useless to reason with it, stifled as it was in a cloud of sighs. Meantime, her form haunted me everywhere, and stood before me as a statue-like phantom of the mind. Yet there was something in that face and shape which was familiar to me; which I had assuredly seen before, and not loved. At this I grew uneasy; for whatever it might have been, though a mere expression, could it have been less attractive in one than in another? Did I really love?

CHAPTER III.

I CALLED on the Countess Strozzi; she asked me many questions. Though I regarded her affectionately, she was not a woman of real sensibility. But on this occasion she made inquiries on subjects associated with deep feelings, and that, too, as if she were not interested proportionately, but was the voice only of another's heart which had more curiosity than her own.

"In what country were you travelling at your mother's death?"

"I had reached Rome."

"Did you come at once to Florence, or meet the funeral at Aula?"

"On receiving the painful intelligence I repaired to Florence."

"How did your father receive you: not with his usual coldness?"

"No; but with much warmth of feeling, which was manifested in unison with the most touching sorrow."

"What is the state of his health?"

"Not good."

"Does he inquire about his former friends?"

"Never."

"Does he not mention any names?"

"None."

"Nor allude to his early days at Valanidi?"

"He once did so in the presence of Ariosto, my sister, and myself, in giving us a most interesting account of the earthquake, from the jaws of which he had rescued the Calabrian boy Ippolito, who lives with Marco Musonio, at Bolsena."

"When was this?"

"Only the other day, during my melancholy visit in the Volterrana."

"Did he not allude then, or at any other time, to a lovely relative of the late countess?"

"No."

"Are you aware how lively his disposition was in youth?"

"I am not. He always appeared cold, except on one or two occasions, which I confess surprised me. And, recently, in describing the earthquake, though he spoke calmly, he betrayed more feeling than I could have believed him susceptible of."

"Has he taken any interest in you of late?"

"He has expressed himself pleased at the improvement which a few months of travel have effected for me. After the first interview he became more communicative with me than he had ever been before."

"And your sister?"

"Angela has returned from the convent. She was present, poor child, at the last scene! She looks sad and lovely. She is affectionate, and her heart is the choicest treasure I possess."

"And now you are really rich, if report speaks true?"

"I believe I am my mother's heir," I replied with indifference.

"And where are all the jewels of the princes of Valanidi?"

I could not but smile at such a question, which perceiving she continued her interrogatories.

"Tell me all. Where are the remains of the countess deposited?"

"In the Volterrana. After being conveyed to the castle of Aula, where they lay in state, the vault of the village church became their resting-place. The funeral was conducted with simplicity, though not without magnificence. My father and myself were the chief mourners. The Duke of Savatelli, who is a relation, attended; also our friend Ariosto, and my respected tutor, Pulci. Then followed the tenantry, peasantry, and neighbours. At one time it had been the wish of the deceased to be conveyed to Valanidi and be buried in the cemetery of her forefathers; at another, to repose in Florence, where many of the counts of Aula lie; finally, she chose to be at her husband's side in death, and his wish is to rest at Aula. Thus her last resolve was the correct one in the midst of a self-torturing vacillation."

Ere I had finished speaking, Ariosto entered, and the countess passed by so easy a transition to other subjects that I was chilled by her versatility. Ariosto, whose ear had caught my words, saw it with the sensibility of a poet; and though he joined in her tone, he left in company with me when I rose to depart.

We reached the bridge of the Trinity in silence, when my companion said, "I saw that you were much affected during the solemn rites."

"I was, but cannot trust myself to describe the nature of my emotions."

"I have been under the same feelings on a like occasion, as I suspect passed over you; speak freely, therefore."

"Conjoined with my grief, I experienced during the chanting sensations of a power whose nascent being I had suspected to lie within my heart, when at Rome, in the presence of the ruins, I felt the acutest conviction of my insignificance."

Ariosto desired me to proceed.

"Believe me," continued I, earnestly, "I could not have been deceived. Such sensations were unlike those awakened by sad events; unlike the exalted emotions caused by contemplating the sublimities of other minds. These are anticipated, because they are sought after; but the birth of genius is unexpectedly revealed to us. The consciousness which then comes to life has in its mild glory a significance unlike that of any other feeling, and which attaches itself to something eternal. A time longer than the past seems to open upon us, and for the moment to be occupied by the glow of a distant star."

Ariosto became thoughtful; at length he said, "I know what it was that you experienced, though I might not have expressed it myself exactly in the way that you have done." So we went on.

CHAPTER IV.

THE conversation I had held with the countess being painful, called up the remembrance of that which was equally so, and intimately associated with it—my father's solitude. My feelings, in consequence, sought the relief which a visit to Aula would afford them; and I proposed the journey to Ariosto. He had been on the point of making the proposal

to me, having begun a sentence to that effect as I spoke—a coincidence of purpose which enabled him to interrupt me in his turn, by acceding to the plan. So we started together at once.

We remained some weeks at the castle, which always pleased my companion. He had a particular liking for the ancient pine forests, and the woods of oak, beech, and chestnut which lay around. The lake and torrent gave character to the region, and won his praise afresh; while, at intervals, as we rode about, he questioned me concerning my studies and travels. He endeavoured to ascertain my future plans, but found they were unmaturing. "Painting, and perhaps literature," I observed, "are the only pursuits which have a charm for me; but, as yet, I have accomplished nothing. The latter, were it not too difficult, would most delight me; for of late I have experienced emotions so calm, so profound, still so awful, that I have said to myself, 'If mankind could be made by any descriptions of mine to share in such feelings, I should effect for others that which no author has done for me.'"

The man of genius, as if he recognised the sign, took my hand, and, holding it affectionately for some minutes, said, "It is the period of your initiation. I am satisfied. We shall partake of the same immortality. Strive, for our country's sake, that your fame may surpass mine; for it is the destiny of every age to be excelled by the succeeding."

I conducted myself with humility towards my father, lest he should be led to feel my now independent position. When last at the castle, in relating to me Ippolito's history, he had shown a sensibility so uncommon that I was deeply touched; as well as convinced that some distressing cause for his coldness to me, formerly, existed and lay concealed within his breast. He appreciated the delicacy of my behaviour, and addressed me in a tone of confidence such as it was not his wont to indulge.

"I need not tell you," he said, "that you will inherit at my death, which is not far off, the whole of this old country. You will then be the wealthiest among Italian princes. You have shown yourself to be well-disposed hitherto, and to have good abilities, conjoined with much cultivation, for your years. I feel sure that the abuse of riches will not be heard of among your faults. Let me admonish you to be careful, on many accounts, how you select your companions. You are probably aware that you belong to that patrician order which preceded nobility. It is borne out by history and tradition, that your family ranked among the lordly Etruscan chieftains some twenty-five centuries in the past. No prince in this land, to whatever house he may belong, can lay claim to a like antiquity of race. Pride I have ever despised; but a nobility like this is to be deemed worthy of admiration by the coldest philosophers. You are young and impetuous, yet I have thought you discreet beyond your years. Let me, then, give you only one warning more. Beware how you choose an alliance. The imperial family is by no means too high: you might, without fear of being mortified by a refusal, ask the daughters of kings in marriage. The riches of our house are sufficient, in troubled times like these, to purchase a petty throne; but those whose forefathers have been the ancestors of extinct monarchies, rarely desire for themselves a modern glory. But wed no woman, however high or low, unless you love her to a degree exceeding the power of mortal endurance. Disregard not this injunction: should you fail to heed it, you will be rendered wretched among men.

"I have arranged with the lady Trivulzio, under whose guardianship

you fall," continued my father, "that you should at once enjoy your whole fortune. If you desire more for any praiseworthy purpose, especially charity, or the encouragement of fine art, you have only to ask it.

"For myself, I intend for a period to remain here alone. Do not imagine I require society; your sister will continue my companion. You are at liberty to occupy the palace at Florence, or visit the country of which you are to be the feudal lord."

At this moment Angela joined us, and the conversation dropped.

While I yet prolonged my stay at Aula it was my happiness to be much with that dear sister. We were said to be alike; and, if in nothing else, we resembled each other in the depth of our mutual affection. She was of fair complexion, her features Hellenic, her brow arched and expressive, eyes and hair of raven black, the former ever melancholy, while in contrast with manners the most lively. She was then fifteen years old, tall, and of womanlike proportions.

The Lady Trivulzio was my mother's sister, and with her the co-heiress of Valanidi. She was much attached to us, and always ready to indulge us in our pleasures. Her disposition was written in characters of benevolence on her noble face. To be near us she had hired a palace at Volterra. That town had experience of her love for the poor. Though a place of some magnitude, she had always a list of those who were sick, many of whom she visited herself, while she imparted the means of relief to all. She was in some respects like my mother. She partook of her unbounded adoration for their parents, but was the calmer character of the two. Her husband belonged to the younger branch of his family; he was a knight of St. Stephano, and was unfortunately lost at sea while engaged in the performance of some special service.

Florence had then, owing to its association with recent events, one charm only in my eyes; and as the Ferrini family were shortly to leave it I began to contemplate a visit to Valanidi, and its adjacent territory. The people were serfs of my family, and like it descended from the early colonists of Greece. Once there, I might quietly consider my father's awful admonition, and repeat his penetrating words within my heart. I consulted Pulci, who was still at Aula, on the wisdom of my plans, setting forth my scheme of residing at Valanidi, returning my revenues to the soil, and thus improving my estates and people; while, in reality, I cared but to test the truth of my attachment to Melissa in a place remote from her fascinations. The monk listened with attention to this scheme, and viewing my character, which he well knew, with distrust, advised me to defer my journey. He urged the importance of first acquiring an adequate knowledge of the people and their customs, the qualities of the soil and its productions, the extent of the principality, its resources, and many other particulars bearing reference to the government and privileges of its fierce inhabitants. I argued, with far other motives, however, that such things were learned best by practice.

Seeing that it was my will to go, his regard for my welfare was such, that he offered to be my travelling companion once more. My father approved my intentions, which expedited the arrangements for departure. It was settled for us to proceed by Rome, Naples, and Sicily, and thence from Messina to Reggio, or Brancalione. But a difficulty sprang up at this juncture, which had not been foreseen. My sister, who had become passionately fond of my society, declared she would accompany me on my journey. My father could not at any time contradict her, but

how could he yield in this instance? At this point Ariosto, whose quick sense of what is absurd made him the first to perceive the course to be pursued, stepped in with the advice which Pulci had abandoned, and counselled me not to go, on the ground that it would be fatal to my father's comfort. I was advised, and the count himself joining his opinion unostentatiously to that of my other friends, the scheme was given up for a time.

Unimpassioned as he was at all times, I perceived now an unwonted calm in my father's thoughts. He bestowed a mournful attentiveness, without any distinction, upon us all; such as merely the pending departure of guests does not demand, except when its farewell is the last word of the immediate present, or at all events is not for years to be obliterated by fresh greeting.

I had my lamp in one hand and the handle of the door of the dim apartment in the other, when my father, with whom I had spent the evening alone, beckoned me silently, and pointed to the seat I had vacated.

"The reason why you were called Adonai," he said, without raising his eyelids, "was, that shortly after my marriage, as I sat sleeping in this room at mid-day, and what reminds me of it the more vividly, it was in this very chair, I saw Atresthe, the first warrior-priest of our race, before me in a dream. He was in armour; an embossed shield hung on his left arm; in his right hand vibrated a spear. He said, 'You are to have a son; he must be called Adonai, which is the sacred name for a creative spirit. His life is to be one of exalted trial. We have been a suffering race, for we missed the only light which came to us from above during our prosperity. Your father was the last heathen of the Lucamones; he, like those of his kindred who preceded him, had to pass through the great ordeal after death: you will be the first to enter upon it before this scene closes. But your son is to be yet more favoured: he is to suffer in some measure for the impiety of his progenitors; and when his blood is mingled, by some mystic ordinance as yet unknown, in the sacred stream, the list of our race will be complete, and we shall all meet shortly afterwards on our way to heaven.' With these words he pointed to the sky with his spear, which took the form of a cross as he disappeared. This vision made its impression on me, as you may judge from my having given you a foreign name. But much as I reasoned with myself concerning the accidental bearings of a dream, I was actually impelled to give you the name you own. Another had been determined on; but standing as sponsor at the baptismal font, when the right moment came the word Adonai controlled my tongue, and overflowed my lips, to the amazement equally of myself and those around. I can offer no explanation of the other parts of the chieftain's prophecy. From what I have experienced of late, in various ways, I am compelled to acknowledge my belief that, between the forewarning which I have related and future events, a coincidence is to be established."

As my father was indisposed to say more, I retired to my chamber, musing deeply upon the condition of his spirits and health. In compliance with his wish, I departed on the day following, but not without exacting a promise to be permitted to return shortly. He called me aside as I took my leave; and said, "Like ourselves Musonio is an Etruscan, and has knowledge of some important matters which relate to the past. He will be unwilling to divulge them to you fully unless you earnestly press him to do so."

CHAPTER V.

My love was such as my father had incidentally described; yet I doubted whether he could give credit to my conviction on the subject at my early age, and after so short a knowledge of Melissa. At all events my heart was no longer the organ of my own will, much less of another's. To suspend my affection was impossible; not to pursue it seemed an injustice towards its object; besides that those who smite the heart have the power of the victor; can issue mercy, or send forth the edict of torture. Who then would oppose the possessor of prerogatives thus held of nature by the beautiful? Melissa now wielded this power over my affections; every word and gesture of hers entered, though but to agitate, my spirit, the waves of which panted harmoniously, and dropped in saddest murmurs. But there was a bliss pervading, and daybeams were mixed with the feeling. Though its movements were troubled it was not harshly; though sorrows were present it took not the shape of lost happiness, but of uncompleted joy!

In this unsettled state of mind, I proceeded daily to the Gallery of Arts, which contained the treasures of the Medicean princes. As I entered a beautiful chamber, and saw the Venus of Cnidos, I started as it sprung up before me! It was the very image of Melissa, the features, and even the look, were those of the goddess whom I worshipped, not in marble, but in flesh and blood! The resemblance was afterwards often a theme of conversation, and artists were not wanting who petitioned to draw from life what might have been the model of Praxiteles.

On the same evening I went to the Villa Ferrini. Many persons were already assembled when I arrived. With my thoughts confined to one object, I took my station apart from the crowd. My love, tender yet grand, made me the more conscious of intellectual superiority. I could not, as many do, make my passion a subject of allusion: it affected me in the manner of a secret. Others, therefore, might be brilliant in conversation, and delighted at the humour of the hour; I stood thoughtfully alone in the distance, and kept myself distinct from all. This was not pride, but the sadness of the lover united with the first impulses of intellectual enjoyment, and increased at seeing all except myself cheerful, or able to set their griefs aside. To speak truth, I found it difficult to reconcile myself to the conviviality of the many; its mirth sometimes almost assumed the rude form of pointed indifference towards myself. But such was my vanity, I thought that at least, between the outbursts of merriment, the attention must revert to me, while thus engaged in contemplating my inward existence.

Music had begun, and Melissa placed herself beside me while the dancers took their places. We discoursed; the sweet sounds inspired us with confidence. Every pleasantry to which her lips gave utterance was linked with smiles and melodious laughter. It was then that the statue had a soul—then that I discovered why that which she resembled had been unloved.

The Venus was serious ever; her expression an unvarying unity of look and thought. But Melissa lived, and changed every instant; the goddess within her shone through like transmitted light.

The Ferrini family had estates near Siena, where they resided during the summer months. The day fixed for their departure was at hand, which led me to ask when I was to become acquainted with the mar-

chioness. Melissa on this left the room, and shortly returned, saying her mother would see me in her own apartment. Anxious to gratify my curiosity, I accepted the permission without delay. I found her reclining at full length on a couch. Her face brightened into a smile as I approached her. I scarcely felt myself on a footing with one whose consent might be necessary to my future happiness. I greeted her, therefore, with humility; but she only threw out her delicate hand, with renewed smiles, by which graceful manner I was so charmed, that when I recur to the scene it is again before me in all its past reality. She had won my heart. A sentiment of filial love towards her possessed me from that moment. In after times I have looked into her eyes, as into the depths of sympathy, and thought that my soul might have had its birth within their bright recesses! She was the true prototype of her daughter, and looked almost as youthful.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Ferrini did not take their departure without cordially inviting me to follow them; nor was I unwilling to go. The only drawback was, that my father had become as much a subject of concern, as Melissa of interest, to my affections. At the time referred to, Musonio and Ippolito had appeared in the capital, having visited the castle on their route, and found my father to all appearance well. He had not expressed an inclination for my return. My conscience thus quieted, no impediment stood in the way of a visit to my new friends.

Equipped for a journey, I mounted my horse before break of day, attended by my grooms. My spirits were uneven, and were saddened, as I retraced my way over the steep hills, which, when summoned home, I had so recently descended, as it were, into my mother's grave. The sun rose with freshness, which gave a charm to my grief, and reconciled me in some degree to my first inevitable sorrow. Its sublime unsympathising cheerfulness neither chid nor encouraged my emotions. With looks, which burst out like the warmth of the invisible heart, it rose over the hills, and greeted me at the threshold of the temple of life. The spirit whose torch it was that burned above, directed the way with constancy; but no warning was heard, no path indicated, except that which led to the infinite. I was only at the foot of the Propylæa. The aim of my present journey was mortal happiness; my route across the rugged steps of the passage which conducts from the busy unthinking world, that jumble of grief and joy, to the selecter precincts, where, in order that holiness may have one emblem in the unchangeable, the grass is not ploughed. It is there that within sight of truth passion riots: there that wrong is done knowingly, and has a sting. Those who enter the precincts must behold the temple; to see which is to desire to reach it, whether tempted by its beauty, or won by its holiness. Its steps are lofty, its portico difficult of access. Woe to us if we enter before our hearts have been harmonised within the sacred precinct around it; and highest joy to those who, at its vestibule, hear the rustling voice of the spirit issuing from the innermost shrine.

How far was my footstep from the firm ground! But I loved; and if my heart were not trained to that state of reverence which perceives a sanctity in all that befalls, my flight from a promised reward would not bring me nearer to the felicity which existence covets, and has a right to

seek. I loved ; and instead of seeing life through the archway which lengthens the view into the future, I stood upon the steps with averted face, and with delight regarded the wider prospect of the present. It was natural ; it had advantages ; nor was it a barren country which thus glittered far and near. In our austere moods a gloom departs from our own eyes, and settles on the bloom of creation.

CHAPTER VII.

SUCH were the straggling reflections which possessed me as I rode along. In my way through the small towns and villages, I looked well at the people, and bethought me how absurd their life would be were every peasant and damsel to indulge in the like abstractions. Why should not the boys, as then, exhibit grimaces to those who pass, and take flight from the punishment they had risked ; while their little sisters stood still, enjoying in suspense the delinquencies of the more daring, and not without a misgiving for themselves ? It was the event of the week to them ; and a few coins, not sparingly scattered, made the year itself memorable for the feasting and fighting among them on that day.

Clouds drifted overhead, and a cold wind blew down from the mountains as we pushed on towards the end of our journey. Night threatened, and our route was no longer easy to trace. I drew in my horse, and addressed inquiry to a peasant as to the right road. " It is through many windings," the man said, " and I hardly know how to direct you. If, however, you follow the advice I give, you will reach the gates of the villa in a few minutes. I have just returned from my work at the farm, and know how the land lies : if you ride into the next lane, and take the first turning, you will come upon an ass and her foal. The moment you see them put your horse into a gallop, and drive them on before you. They have strayed from the farmyard ; therefore, whatever way they take follow them, and when they halt you may do the same, for you will be at your journey's end. They cannot fail to lead you right, for this morning I drove them home myself, and well enough they knew their way." The expedient proved amusing and successful. I found the ass and her foal ; the one galloped on, while the other trotted nimbly after, down the lane. More than once I abandoned the most inviting road of the two, to follow in their track. Ere long they stopped suddenly with their noses raised against the farm gates.

Had not this adventure a concealed meaning ? I have often since thought it had. A little further on stood a mansion within lofty walls ; and I was admitted within its portal. It was not until the morning after my arrival, on descending to breakfast, that I saw this celebrated villa in perfection. The hall opens at its further end upon beautiful scenery, the view of which bursts unexpectedly upon the sight. Apartments of the usual description radiate from this cool entrance, and in the saloon a new surprise awaits the stranger. Through the windows glitter, under a transparent atmosphere and living sun, the pleasant city of Siena, as it rests on the acclivity. In the distance are displayed the churches, the public buildings, and the forum, as with the distinctness of a gigantic cameo, cut in relief upon the mountain side ; or like the clear impression of an intaglio stamped from the beginning by the divine hand on the tufo rock.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY one knows well how many charms attach to life spent at the country villa during summer. We all delight more or less in pleasure—the sweetest forms of which are called forth at the mere sight of Nature. In the seats of luxury she is trained to man's liking, and reposes in august leisure upon scenes of enchantment. The lustrous and far-circling expanse which preserves through every hue a glow uniform with the skies—the glittering sultry air—the watery sunshine contrasting with picturesque assemblage of rock and foliage, under their deep shadows the aquatic bird beating the lake with a firm wing—the receding glade—its cold white statues—the playful fountain beyond: these are but samples of her attractiveness.

It was interesting, even amusing, to see the three graceful creatures gathered into one group—the three Piccolomini. These sisters, who were visitors also at the Ferrini villa, were too much alike in person to need a separate description here; whatever difference there was arising from some slight deviation in the contour of the face, or expression of feature. The eldest, for instance, more conspicuously than the rest, had a nose which formed a straight line with the forehead when viewed in profile. These maids kept near each other; whether in saloon or gardens, and in whatever position accidentally placed, they never failed to flow, as it were, into graceful attitudes, and in a manner the most natural and charming. They were endowed with voices whose tone conveyed an idea of earnestness, which, while it smiled, almost bordered on emotion, or rather on its hitherto undisturbed mine of sensibilities. And yet the subjects of conversation which their sweet accents thus, as it were, set to music, were light and trifling, various as the humour of the hour; while their enunciation and the truthful feeling of their looks, exceeding the occasion with spiritual exuberance, irresistibly seized the attention as suggestive of much that floats above the common level. There was also between them an absence of that familiarity which usually subsists, and in its place was observed a sort of respect which the most exalted strangers show each other when in rare moments of feeling it has been their fate to touch upon some domestic event of thrilling import. They manifested no distinctions of character, the true secrets of their nature being strictly reserved—indeed, not even betrayed in dress; the same propriety and grace of costume distinguishing them.

There were other visitors—Savatelli, Marsino, and Angus; they were young men. The former of these I found to be related both to the Marchioness of Ferrini and my late mother. He was the head of a ducal house, and lived midway between Siena and Volterra. The last named of the above guests was a young foreigner of imposing look; as grave as a statesman, though little more than twenty years old. He had features strikingly severe, short black hair, a large active eye. He spoke but few words, and yet what he said struck every one forcibly. When he had finished the less loquacious could address the company, for the reflective had to pause on the stranger's remarks. Once I remember his saying, while he rubbed his hands with glee, "I have seen Capponi!" All present had done so too, but till then had deemed it a sight of small account. He continued: "That man will yet prove too strong for his enemies." Such is faith, all for the first time thought so likewise.

Angus was pleased, and sometimes attracted by the sisters; but in

how different a mould was he cast to them! The tender tone did not soften his vehemence, which in the presence of these syrens seemed harsh; and not to play the admirer with women so deserving of love, he made his laugh the more festive, the more serious the attacks levelled unwittingly at his heart. For not soft enjoyments, but worldly hardships rather, were best suited to secure him happiness. In his form muscular power was daringly displayed, even during repose. His face beautiful and grand, his eye bold and impressive, there was a purpose about him which was not to be at ease.

But while Angus would turn his back upon these nymphs, as if unobservant, not only of their thrilling looks and discourse, but in some measure of politeness, perhaps to address me on some curious, but almost forgotten subject, the fair ones evidently thought him all the more agreeable, and admired his independent demeanour; such is the fascination which attaches to unaffected manners. He like themselves was to be yet numbered among undeveloped natures, his capacity not fully disclosed; nevertheless, he had traversed Europe, and was already well schooled in the world which he treated so coolly.

Another of the party, a soldier, whom I almost shrink from naming, was Marsino. He had a face which all except myself appeared sufficiently to understand; perhaps I alone tried to penetrate its classic surface. It was a face beautiful to view, which might have reflected a noble spirit, but was tenanted instead by one alive to self-gratification, and uninitiated into the pleasures of friendship: not accredited with the power to step out of its own depths and enter those of another soul. Hence the cold features—the face that bespoke no sympathy.

The Duke of Savatelli, too, had his peculiarities: he esteemed himself a great man. He was not wanting in conduct or integrity; and seemed endowed with honourable sentiments to such a degree as to have become reputed to be a man of honour, through the mere use he made of his feelings in commenting on the conduct of society. This circumstance led him to be consulted often in affairs of delicacy, which he liked; for in such matters it is expedient that high principles should find a mouthpiece trained to the task of their warm vociferation.

Such was the party which with myself enjoyed hospitality at the Villa Ferrini. We lent ourselves to pleasure, another word for love with the young. Savatelli devoted himself to Theonoe, the eldest of the Piccolomini; Marsino to Ethra, the second sister; and while Angus gave himself up with the utmost vivacity and goodnature to the amusement of all, I once more took possession of Melissa, who again came forth as fresh as the foam of the sea. We paired off through groves of orange-trees and statues, or sat on benches by the side of water-jets which sprung into minarets and domes over ponds of golden fish.

Sometimes we all met and conversed for a few moments, when it was the delight of the ladies to draw Angus into the subject of his adventures, and he took pleasure in exciting the same alarm in them by means of his vivid recitals as he had already done in the mind of their sister Giuditta, who being very young he had taken upon himself to amuse. Almost frightened by his looks as he described his encounters with the lion of the desert, he soothed them in turn with spirited accounts of the Arabian horse, whose mildness and fire he depicted with animation. And he laughed equally at the fear and wonder which his narratives appeared to excite in the women, who alone allowed themselves to betray an interest in his humorous representations.

"I am told," remarked I to Ethra, "that our families are related. Can you tell me how?"

"My own mother as well as your maternal grandmother was of the Savatelli," she replied.

"And was not the Marchioness of Ferrini a Piccolomini?"

"She is the sister of my father."

"Then we are all cousins. Has the marchioness any sisters?"

"She had two, so that like us they were three in number."

"How beautiful she is!"

"It is said they were all so, and much like each other."

"What became of the rest?"

"The youngest died early, the eldest married into Spain."

"Is the latter dead likewise?"

"She is, and was said to have had a wretched end, having perished in one of those convulsions of the soil which at intervals visit Italy."

"Does her husband survive?"

"He does; and it is now reported that he has taken up his abode in the monastery adjoining the home provided for his daughter."

During the weeks of my stay near Siena our little society might be compared to a garden on whose beds all that is beautiful had burst out in the form of flowers, whose faces looked lovingly forth from within their foliage. For not without love are developed the charms of the blossom, and its sighing odours. In our own breasts, a glow is likewise kindled; it may be, the offspring of that which inundates the atmosphere in spring, and ripens the love which symmetrically rules the inanimate, even as it thus burns in conscious symmetry in the living—in sympathy itself.

In this genial garden the plants growing in perfect harmony, their beautiful attitude was as that of a reclining nymph, seen and loved, destined not to awake, not to enjoy the rapture around her. Had she, who was thus shaped and thus entranced, unclosed her eyes, she had died of grief, to think that so many charms were beginning to sicken—that her heaven was on the ground—her future the rising and setting only of a sun! Not so the creatures of sympathy, whose love rivals immortal day.

When we love Nature, and see her after this fashion, the divine image is stamped upon her breast. And as I wandered with Melissa, the cascades, for the first time, had a voice; the grass-blades and leaves an harmonious rustle. And thus, in our long rambles through woods and along ravines, the stillness of nature woke into expression, and made the most ancient solitudes bear witness of a congenial passion.

Notwithstanding this, my filial piety enabled me to endure my love a little longer; and my father's words had warned me to resist as long as the heart could bear up against its burden. The love which I thus felt was a species of suffering. Could it be otherwise, when a look from Melissa would penetrate me as if directed by a soul superior to my own, and almost more than mortal? As I beheld her at my side I have said within myself, "Oh, let me fall at thy feet in this universal presence, nor rise until I have received thy blessing—the promise of affection!" And ready was I truly to prostrate myself before her as her glances pierced me, and her words dropped into my heart. That voice!—its merry, ringing accents made beauty a being of laughter, and announced the amusements of higher natures to be free from care. Her most serious thoughts seemed to dance with joy!

GUY FAWKES.

An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER X.

WHITE WEBBS.

TARRYING for a short time within the house after the departure of the others, Guy Fawkes lighted a lantern, and, concealing it beneath his cloak, proceeded to the cellar, to ascertain that the magazine of powder was safe. Satisfied of this, he made all secure, and was about to return to the house, when he perceived a figure approaching him. Standing aside, but keeping on his guard for fear of a surprise, he would have allowed the person to pass, but the other halted, and after a moment's scrutiny addressed him by name in the tones of Humphrey Chetham.

"You seem to haunt this spot, young sir," said Fawkes, in answer to the address. "This is the third time we have met hereabouts."

"On the last occasion," replied Chetham, "I told you Viviana was a prisoner in the Tower. I have now better news for you. She is free."

"Free!" exclaimed Fawkes, joyfully. "By Lord Mounteagle's instrumentality?—But I forget. He has only just left me."

"She has been freed by *my* instrumentality," replied the young merchant. "She escaped from the Tower a few hours ago."

"Where is she?" demanded Guy Fawkes, eagerly.

"In a boat at the stairs near the Parliament House," replied Chetham.

"Heaven and Our Lady be praised!" exclaimed Fawkes. "This is more than I hoped for. Your news is so good, young sir, that I can scarce credit it."

"Come with me to the boat, and you shall soon be satisfied of the truth of my statement," rejoined Chetham.

And, followed by Guy Fawkes, he hurried to the river side, where a wherry was moored. Within it sat Viviana, covered by the tilt.

Assisting her to land, and finding she was too much exhausted to walk, Guy Fawkes took her in his arms, and carried her to the house he had just quitted.

Humphrey Chetham followed as soon as he had dismissed the waterman. Placing his lovely burthen in a seat, Guy Fawkes instantly went in search of such restoratives as the place afforded.

Viviana was extremely faint, but after she had swallowed a glass of wine she revived, and, looking around her, inquired where she was.

"Do not ask," replied Fawkes; "let it suffice you are in safety. And now," he added, "perhaps, Humphrey Chetham will inform me in what manner he contrived your escape. I am impatient to know."

The young merchant then gave the required information, and Viviana added such particulars as were necessary to the full understanding of the story. Guy Fawkes could scarcely control himself when she related the tortures she had endured, nor was Chetham less indignant.

"You rescued me just in time," said Viviana. "I should have sunk under the next application."

"Thank Heaven, you have escaped it!" exclaimed Fawkes. "You owe much to Humphrey Chetham, Viviana."

"I do indeed," she replied.

"And can you not requite it?" he returned. "Can you not make him happy? Can you not make *me* happy?"

Viviana's pale cheek was instantly suffused with blushes, but she made no answer.

"Oh, Viviana!" cried Humphrey Chetham; "you hear what is said. If you could doubt my love before, you must be convinced of it now. A hope will make me happy. Have I that?"

"Alas! no," she answered. "It would be the height of cruelty, after your kindness, to deceive you. You have not."

The young merchant turned aside to hide his emotion.

"Not even a hope," exclaimed Guy Fawkes, "after what he has done? Viviana, I cannot understand you. Does gratitude form no part of your nature?"

"I hope so," she replied; "nay, I am sure so, for I feel the deepest gratitude towards Humphrey Chetham. But gratitude is not love, and must not be mistaken for it."

"I understand the distinction too well," returned the young merchant, sadly.

"It is more than I do," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "and I will frankly confess that I think the important services Humphrey Chetham has rendered you entitle him to your hand. It is seldom—whatever poets may feign—that love is so strongly proved as his has been; and it ought to be adequately requited."

"Say no more about it, I entreat," interposed Chetham.

"But I will deliver my opinion," rejoined Guy Fawkes, "because I am sure what I advise is for Viviana's happiness. No one can love her better than you. No one is more worthy of her. Nor is there any one to whom I so much desire to see her united."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Viviana. "This is worse than the torture."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Fawkes, in astonishment.

"She means," interposed Chetham, "that this is not the fitting season to urge the subject—that she will never marry."

"True—true," replied Viviana. "If I ever did marry—I ought to select you."

"You ought," replied Fawkes. "And I know nothing of the female heart, if it can be insensible to youth, devotion, and manly appearance like that of Humphrey Chetham."

"You *do* know nothing of it," rejoined Chetham, bitterly. "Women's fancies are unaccountable."

"Such is the received opinion," replied Fawkes; "but as I am ignorant of the sex, I can only judge from report. You are the person I should imagine she would love—nay, to be frank, whom I thought she *did* love."

"No more," said Humphrey Chetham. "It is painful both to Viviana and to me."

"This is not a time for delicacy," rejoined Guy Fawkes. "Viviana has given me the privilege of a father with her; and where her happiness is so much concerned as in the present case, I should imperfectly discharge my duty if I did not speak out. It would sincerely rejoice me, and I am sure contribute materially to her own happiness, if she would unite herself to you."

"I cannot—I cannot," she rejoined. "I will never marry."

"You hear what she says," remarked Chetham. "Do not urge the matter further."

"I admire maiden delicacy and reserve," replied Fawkes; "but when a man has acted as you have done, he deserves to be treated with frankness. I am sure Viviana loves you. Let her tell you so."

"You are mistaken," replied Chetham; "and it is time you should be undeceived. She loves another."

"Is this so?" cried Fawkes, in astonishment.

She made no answer.

"Whom do you love?" he asked.

Still no answer.

"I will tell you whom she loves—and let her contradict me if I am wrong," said Chetham.

"Oh, no!—no!—in pity spare me!" cried Viviana.

"Speak!" thundered Fawkes. "Who is it?"

"Yourself," replied Chetham.

"What!" exclaimed Fawkes, recoiling—"love *me*! I will not believe it. She loves me as a father—but nothing more, nothing more. But you were right. Let us change the subject. A more fitting season may arrive for its discussion."

After some further conversation it was agreed that Viviana should be taken to White Webbs; and, leaving her in charge of Humphrey Chetham, Guy Fawkes went in search of a conveyance to Enfield.

Traversing the Strand—every hostel in which was closed—he turned up Wych Street, immediately on the right of which there

was a large inn (still in existence), and, entering the yard, discovered a knot of carriers moving about with lanterns in their hands. To his inquiries respecting a conveyance to Enfield, one of them answered that he was about to return thither with his waggon at four o'clock—it was then two—and should be glad to take him and his friends. Overjoyed at the intelligence, and at once agreeing to the man's terms, Guy Fawkes hurried back to his companions, and, with the assistance of Humphrey Chetham, contrived to carry Viviana (for she was utterly unable to support herself) to the inn-yard, where she was immediately placed in the waggon, on a heap of fresh straw.

About an hour after this, but long before daybreak, the carrier attached his horses to the waggon and set out. Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham were seated near Viviana, but little was said during the journey, which occupied about three hours. By this time it was broad daylight; and as the carrier stopped at the door of a small inn, Guy Fawkes alighted, and inquired the distance to White Webbs.

"It is about a mile and a half off," replied the man. "If you pursue that lane, it will bring you to a small village about half a mile from this, where you are sure to find some one who will gladly guide you to the house, which is a little out of the road, on the borders of the forest."

He then assisted Viviana to alight, and, Humphrey Chetham descending at the same time, the party took the road indicated—a winding country lane with high hedges, broken by beautiful timber—and proceeding at a slow pace, they arrived in about half an hour at a little cluster of cottages, which Guy Fawkes guessed to be the village alluded to by the carrier. As they approached it, a rustic leaped a hedge, and was about to cross to another field, when Guy Fawkes, calling to him, inquired the way to White Webbs.

"I am going in that direction," replied the man. "If you desire it, I will show you the road."

"I shall feel much indebted to you, friend," returned Fawkes, "and will reward you for your trouble."

"I want no reward," returned the countryman, trudging forward.

Following their guide, after a few minutes' brisk walking they reached the borders of the forest, and took their way along a patch of greensward that skirted it. In some places their track was impeded by gigantic thorns and brushwood, while at others avenues opened upon them, affording them peeps into the heart of the wood. It was a beautiful sylvan scene. And as at length they arrived at the head of a long glade, at the farther end of which a herd of deer were seen, with their branching antlers mingling with the overhanging boughs, Viviana could not help pausing to admire it.

"King James often hunts within the forest," observed the countryman. "Indeed, I heard one of the rangers say it was not unlikely he might be here to-day. He is at Theobald's Palace now."

Indeed!" exclaimed Fawkes. "Let us proceed. We lose time. Are we far from the house?"

"Not above a quarter of a mile," was the answer. "You will see it at the next turn of the road."

As the countryman had intimated, they speedily perceived the roof and tall chimneys of an ancient house above the trees, and, as it was now impossible to mistake the road, Guy Fawkes thanked their guide for his trouble, and would have rewarded him, but he refused the gratuity, and, leaping a hedge, disappeared.

Pursuing the road, they shortly afterwards arrived at a gate leading to the house—a large building, erected probably at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign—and, entering it, they passed under an avenue of trees. On approaching the mansion they observed that many of the windows were closed, and the whole appearance of the place was melancholy and deserted. The garden was overgrown with weeds, and the door looked as if it was rarely opened.

Not discouraged by these appearances, but rather satisfied by them of the security of the asylum, Guy Fawkes proceeded to the back of the house, and entering a court, the flags and stones of which were covered with moss, while the interstices were filled with long grass, Guy Fawkes knocked against a small door, and after repeating the summons it was answered by an old woman-servant, who popped her head out of an upper window, and demanded his business.

Guy Fawkes was about to inquire for Mrs. Brooksby, when another head, which proved to be that of Catesby, appeared at the window. On seeing Fawkes and his companions, Catesby instantly descended and unfastened the door. The house proved far more comfortable within than its exterior promised; and the old female domestic having taken word to Anne Vaux that Viviana was below, the former lady, who had not yet risen, sent for her to her chamber, and provided everything for her comfort.

Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham, neither of whom had rested during the night, were glad to obtain a few hours' repose on the floor of the first room into which they were shown, and they were not disturbed until the day had considerably advanced, when Catesby thought fit to rouse them from their slumbers.

Explanations were then given on both sides. Chetham detailed the manner of Viviana's escape from the Tower, and Catesby in his turn acquainted them that Father Oldcorne was in the house, having found his way thither after his escape from the dwelling at Lambeth. Guy Fawkes was greatly rejoiced at the intelligence, and shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of meeting with the priest. At noon the whole party assembled, with the exception of Viviana, who by the advice of Anne Vaux kept her chamber, to recruit herself after the sufferings she had undergone.

Humphrey Chetham, of whom no suspicions were now entertained, and of whom Catesby no longer felt any jealousy, was in-

vited to stay in the house; and he was easily induced to pass his time near Viviana, although he might not be able to see her. Long and frequent consultations were held by the conspirators, and letters were despatched by Catesby to the elder Winter, at his seat, Huddington, in Worcestershire, entreating him to make every preparation for the crisis, as well as to Sir Everard Digby, to desire him to assemble as many friends as he could muster against the meeting of Parliament, at Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, under the plea of a grand hunting-party.

Arrangements were next made as to the steps to be taken by the different parties after the explosion. Catesby undertook with a sufficient force to seize the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James the First, who was then at the residence of the Earl of Harrington, near Coventry, and to proclaim her queen, in case the others should fail in securing the princes. It was supposed that Henry, Prince of Wales (who, it need scarcely be mentioned, died in his youth), would be present with the king, his father, in the Parliament House, and would perish with him; and in this case, as Charles, Duke of York (afterwards Charles the First), would become successor to the throne, it was resolved that he should be seized by Percy, and instantly proclaimed. Other resolutions were decided upon, and the whole time of the conspirators was spent in maturing their projects.

And thus weeks and even months stole on. Viviana had completely gained her strength, and passed a life of perfect seclusion, seldom, if ever, mixing with the others. She, however, took a kindly farewell of Humphrey Chetham before his departure for Manchester (for which place he set out about a fortnight after his arrival at White Webbs, having first sought out his servant, Martin Heydocke); but though strongly urged by Guy Fawkes, she would hold out no hopes of a change in her sentiments towards the young merchant. Meetings were occasionally held by the conspirators elsewhere, and Catesby and Fawkes had more than one interview with Tresham—but never except in places where they were secure from a surprise.

The latter end of September had now arrived, and the meeting of Parliament was still fixed for the third of October. On the last day of the month Guy Fawkes prepared to start for town, but before doing so he desired to see Viviana. They had not met for some weeks; nor, indeed, since Fawkes had discovered the secret of her heart (and perhaps of his own), had they ever met with the same freedom as heretofore. As she entered the room in which he awaited her coming, a tremor agitated his frame, but he had nerved himself for the interview, and speedily subdued the feeling.

"I am starting for London, Viviana," he said, in a voice of forced calmness. "You may guess for what purpose. But, as I may never behold you again, I would not part with you without a confession of my weakness. I will not deny that what Humphrey Chetham stated, and which you have never contradicted—namely,

that you loved me, for I must speak out—has produced a strong effect upon me. I have endeavoured to conquer it, but it will return. Till I knew you I never loved, Viviana."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed.

"Never," he replied. "The fairest had not power to move me. But I grieve to say—notwithstanding my struggles—I do not continue equally insensible."

"Ah!" she ejaculated, becoming as pale as death.

"Why should I hesitate to declare my feelings? Why should I not tell you that—though blinded to it so long—I have discovered that I do love you? Why should I hesitate to tell you that I regret this, and lament that we ever met?"

"What mean you?" cried Viviana, with a terrified look.

"I will tell you," replied Fawkes. "Till I saw you, my thoughts were removed from earth, and fixed on one object. Till I saw you, I asked not to live, but to die the death of a martyr."

"Die so still," rejoined Viviana. "Forget me—oh! forget me."

"I cannot," replied Fawkes. "I have striven against it; but your image is perpetually before me. Nay, at this very moment, when I am about to set out on the enterprise, you alone detain me."

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed Viviana, fervently. "Oh that I could prevent you—could save you!"

"Save me!" echoed Fawkes, bitterly. "You destroy me."

"How?" she asked.

"Because I am sworn to this project," he rejoined; "and if I were turned from it, I would perish by my own hand."

"Oh! say not so," replied Viviana, "but listen to me. Abandon it, and I will devote myself to you."

Guy Fawkes gazed at her for a moment passionately, and then, covering his face with his hands, appeared torn by conflicting emotions.

Viviana approached him, and, pressing his arm, asked in an entreating voice, "Are you still determined to pursue your dreadful project?"

"I am," replied Fawkes, uncovering his face, and gazing at her; "but, if I remain here a moment longer, I shall not be able to do so."

"I will detain you, then," she rejoined, "and exercise the power I possess over you for your benefit."

"No!" he replied, vehemently. "It must not be. Farewell for ever!"

And breaking from her, he rushed out of the room.

As he gained the passage, he encountered Catesby, who looked abashed at seeing him.

"I have overheard what has passed," said the latter, "and applaud your resolution. Few men, similarly circumstanced, would have acted as you have done."

"You would not," said Fawkes, coldly.

"Perhaps not," rejoined Catesby. "But that does not lessen my admiration of your conduct."

"I am devoted to one object," replied Fawkes, "and nothing shall turn me from it."

"Remove yourself instantly from temptation, then," replied Catesby. "I will meet you at the cellar beneath the Parliamen House to-morrow night."

With this, he accompanied Guy Fawkes to the door; and the latter, without hazarding a look behind him, set out for London where he arrived at nightfall.

On the following night Fawkes examined the cellar, and found it in all respects as he had left it; and, apprehensive lest some difficulty might arise, he resolved to make every preparation. He accordingly, pierced the sides of several of the barrels piled against the walls with a gimlet, and inserted in the holes small pieces of slow-burning match. Not content with this, he staved in the top of the uppermost tier, and scattered powder among them to secure their instantaneous ignition.

This done, he took a powder-horn, with which he was provided, and kneeling down, and holding his lantern so as to throw a light upon the floor, laid a train to one of the lower barrels, and brought it within a few inches of the door, intending to fire it from that point. His arrangements completed, he arose, and muttered,

"A vessel is provided for my escape in the river, and my companions advise me to use a slow match, which will allow me to get out of harm's way. But I will see the deed done, and, if the train fails, will hold a torch to the barrels myself."

At this juncture a slight tap was heard without.

Guy Fawkes instantly masked his lantern, and, cautiously opening the door, beheld Catesby.

"I am come to tell you that parliament is prorogued," said the latter. "The House does not meet till the fifth of November. We have another month to wait."

"I am sorry for it," rejoined Fawkes. "I have just laid the train. The lucky moment will pass."

And, locking the door, he proceeded with Catesby to the adjoining house.

They had scarcely been gone more than a second when two figures muffled in cloaks emerged from behind a wall.

"The train is laid," observed the foremost, "and they are going to the house. You might seize them now without danger."

"That will not answer my purpose," replied the other. "I will give them another month."

"Another month!" replied the first speaker. "Who knows what may happen in that time? They may abandon the project."

"There is no fear of that," replied the other. "But you had better go and join them."



My wife's story to me

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARRIAGE IN THE FOREST.

TRESHAM—for it will have been conjectured that he was one of the speakers mentioned in the preceding chapter—on separating from Lord Mounteagle, took the same direction as the conspirators. He hesitated for some time before venturing to knock at the garden-gate; and, when he had done so, felt half-disposed to take to his heels. But shame restrained him; and hearing footsteps approach, he gave the customary signal, and was instantly admitted by Guy Fawkes.

"What brings you here?" demanded the latter, as they entered the house, and made fast the door behind them.

"I have just heard that parliament is prorogued to the fifth of November," replied Tresham, "and came to tell you so."

"I already know it," returned Fawkes, gloomily; "and for the first time feel some misgiving as to the issue of our enterprise."

"Why so?" inquired Tresham.

"November is unlucky to me," rejoined Fawkes, "and I cannot recollect a year in my life in which some ill has not befallen me during that month, especially on the fifth day. On the last fifth of November I nearly died of a fever at Madrid. It is a strange and unfortunate coincidence that the meeting of the parliament should be appointed for that particular day."

"Shall I tell you what I think it portends?" hesitated Tresham.

"Do so," replied Fawkes, "and speak boldly. I am no child to be frightened at shadows."

"You have more than once declared your intention of perishing with our foes," rejoined Tresham. "The design, though prosperous in itself, may be fatal to you."

"You are right," replied Fawkes. "I have little doubt I shall perish on that day. You are both aware of my superstitious nature, and are not ignorant that many mysterious occurrences have combined to strengthen the feeling: such as the dying words of the prophetess, Elizabeth Orton—her warning speech when she was raised from the dead by Doctor Dee—and lastly, the vision at Saint Winifred's Well. What if I tell you the saint has again appeared to me?"

"In a dream?" inquired Catesby, in a slightly sceptical tone.

"Ay, in a dream," returned Fawkes. "But I saw her as plainly as if I had been awake. It was the same vapoury figure—the same transparent robes, the same benign countenance, only far more pitying than before—that I beheld at Holywell. I heard no sound issue from her lips, but I *felt* that she warned me to desist."

"Do you accept the warning?" asked Tresham, eagerly.

"It is needless to answer," replied Fawkes. "I have laid the train to-night."

"You have infected me with your misgivings," observed Tresham. "Would the enterprise had never been undertaken!"

"But being undertaken, it must be gone through with," rejoined Catesby, sternly. "Hark'e, Tresham. You promised us two thousand pounds in aid of the project, but have constantly deferred payment of the sum on some plea or other."

"Because I have not been able to raise it," replied Tresham, sullenly. "I have tried in vain to sell part of my estates at Rush-ton, in Northamptonshire. I cannot effect impossibilities."

"Tush!" cried Catesby, fiercely. "You well know I ask no impossibility. I will no longer be trifled with. The money must be forthcoming by the tenth of October, or you shall pay the penalty with your life."

"This is the language of a cut-throat, Mr. Catesby," replied Tresham.

"It is the only language I will hold to you," rejoined Catesby, contemptuously. "Look you disappoint me not, or take the consequences."

"I must leave for Northamptonshire at once, then," said Tresham.

"Do as you please," returned Catesby. "Play the cut-throat yourself, and ease some rich miser of his store, if you think fit. Bring us the money, and we will not ask how you came by it."

"Before we separate," said Tresham, disregarding these sneers, "I wish to be resolved on one point. Who are to be saved from destruction?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired Fawkes.

"Because I must stipulate for the lives of my brothers-in-law, the Lords Mounteagle and Stourton."

"If anything detains them from the meeting, well and good," replied Catesby. "But no warning must be given them. That would infallibly lead to a discovery of the plot."

"Some means might surely be adopted to put them on their guard without danger to ourselves?" urged Tresham.

"I know of none," replied Catesby.

"Nor I," added Fawkes. "If I did, I would warn Lord Montague, and some others whom I shall grieve to destroy."

"We are all similarly circumstanced," replied Catesby. "Keyes is anxious for the preservation of his patron and friend, Lord Mordaunt,—Percy, for the Earl of Northumberland,—I, myself, would gladly save the young Earl of Arundel. But we must sacrifice our private feeling for the general good."

"We must," acquiesced Fawkes.

"We shall not meet again till the night of the tenth of October,"

said Catesby, "when take care you are in readiness with the money."

Upon this the conversation dropped, and soon afterwards Tresham departed.

When he found himself alone, he suffered his rage to find vent in words. "Perdition seize them!" he cried; "I shall now lose two thousand pounds, in addition to what I have already advanced; and, as Mounteagle will not have the disclosure made till the beginning of November, there is no way of avoiding payment. They would not fall into the snare I laid to throw the blame of the discovery, when it takes place, upon their own indiscretion. But I must devise some other plan. The warning shall proceed from an unknown quarter. A letter, written in a feigned hand, and giving some obscure intimation of danger, shall be delivered with an air of mystery to Mounteagle. This will serve as a plea for its divulgement to the Earl of Salisbury. Well, well, they shall have the money; but they shall pay me back in other coin."

Early on the following day Catesby and Fawkes proceeded to White Webbs. Garnet was greatly surprised to see them, and could not conceal his disappointment at the cause of their return.

"This delay bodes no good," he observed. "Parliament has been so often prorogued, that I begin to think some suspicion is entertained of our design."

"Make your mind easy, then," replied Catesby. "I have made due inquiries, and find the meeting is postponed to suit the king's convenience, who wishes to prolong his stay at Royston. He may probably have some secret motive for the delay, but I am sure it in no way concerns us."

Everything being now fully arranged, the conspirators had only to wait patiently for the arrival of the expected fifth of November. Most of them decided upon passing the interval in the country. Ambrose Rookwood departed for Clopton, near Stratford-upon-Avon—a seat belonging to Lord Carew, where his family were staying; Keyes went to visit Lord Mordaunt at Turvey, in Bedfordshire; and Percy and the two Wrights set out for Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, to desire Sir Everard Digby to postpone the grand hunting party which he was to hold at Dunsmore Heath, as an excuse for mustering a strong party of Catholics, to the beginning of November. The two Winters repaired to their family mansion, Huddington, in Worcestershire; while Fawkes and Catesby, together with the two priests, remained at White Webbs. The three latter held daily conferences together, but were seldom joined by Fawkes, who passed his time in the adjoining forest, selecting its densest and most intricate parts for his rambles.

It was now the beginning of October, and, as is generally the case in the early part of this month, the weather was fine, and the air pure and bracing. The forest could scarcely have been

seen to greater advantage. The leaves had assumed their gorgeous autumnal tints, and the masses of timber, variegated in colour, presented an inexpressibly beautiful appearance. Guy Fawkes spent hours in the depths of the wood. His sole companions were the lordly stag and the timid hare, that occasionally started across his path. Since his return he had sedulously avoided Viviana, and they had met only twice, and then no speech had passed between them. One day, when he had plunged even deeper than usual into the forest, and had seated himself on the stump of a decayed tree, with his eyes fixed on a small clear rivulet welling at his feet, he saw the reflection of a female figure in the water; and, filled with the idea of the vision of Saint Winifred, at first imagined he was about to receive another warning. But a voice that thrilled to his heart's core soon undeceived him, and, turning, he beheld Viviana. She was habited in a riding-dress, and appeared prepared to set out upon a journey.

"So you have tracked me to my solitude," he observed, in a tone of forced coldness. "I thought I was secure from interruption here."

"You will forgive me, I am sure, when you know my errand," she replied. "It is to take an eternal farewell of you."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "Are you about to quit White Webbs?"

"I am," she mournfully rejoined. "I am about to set out with Father Oldcorne for Gothurst, where I shall remain till all is over."

"I entirely approve your determination," returned Fawkes, after a short pause.

"I knew you would do so, or I should have consulted you upon it," she rejoined. "And as you appear to avoid me, I would fain have departed without taking leave of you, but found it impossible to do so."

"You well know my motive for avoiding you, Viviana," rejoined Fawkes. "We are no longer what we were to each other. A fearful struggle has taken place within me, though I have preserved an unmoved exterior, between passion and the sense of my high calling. I have told you I never loved before, and fancied my heart immoveable as adamant. But I now find out my error. It is a prey to a raging and constant flame. I have shunned you," he continued, with increased excitement, "because the sight of you shakes my firmness—because I feel it sinful to think of you in preference to holier objects—and because, after I have quitted you, your image alone engrosses my thoughts. Here, in the depths of this wood, by the side of this brook, I can commune with my soul—can abstract myself from the world and the thoughts of the world—from you—yes, you, who are all the world to me now—and prepare to meet my end."

"Then you are resolved to die?" she cried.

"I shall abide the explosion, and nothing but a miracle can save me," returned Fawkes.

"And think not it will be exerted in your behalf," she replied. "Heaven does not approve your design, and you will assuredly incur its vengeance by your criminal conduct."

"Viviana," replied Guy Fawkes, rising, "man cannot read my heart, but Heaven can; and the sincerity of my purpose will be recognised above. What I am about to do is for the regeneration of our holy religion; and if the welfare of that religion is dear to the Supreme Being, our cause must prosper. If the contrary, it deserves to fail, and will fail. I have ever told you that I care not what becomes of myself. I am now more than ever indifferent to life—or rather," he added, in a sombre tone, "I am anxious to die."

"Your dreadful wish, I fear, will be accomplished," replied Viviana, sadly. "I have been constantly haunted by frightful apprehensions respecting you, and my dead father has appeared to me in my dreams. His spirit, if such it were, seemed to gaze upon me with a mournful look, and, as I thought, pronounced your name in piteous accents."

"These forebodings chime with my own," muttered Fawkes, repressing a shudder; "but nothing shall shake me. It will inflict a bitter pang upon me to part with you, Viviana—the bitterest I can ever feel—and I shall be glad when it is over."

"I echo your own wish," she returned, "and deeply lament that we ever met. But the fate that brought us together must for ever unite us."

"What mean you?" he inquired, gazing fixedly at her.

"There is one sad consolation which you can afford me, and which you owe me for the deep and lasting misery I shall endure on your account," replied Viviana; "a consolation that will enable me to bear your loss with fortitude, and to devote myself wholly to Heaven."

"Whatever I can do that will not interfere with my purpose you may command," he rejoined.

"What I have to propose will not interfere with it," she answered. "Now, hear me, and put the sole construction I deserve on my conduct. Father Garnet is at a short distance from us, behind those trees, waiting my summons. I have informed him of my design, and he approves of it. It is to unite us in marriage—solemnly unite us—that, though I may never live with you as a wife, I may mourn you as a widow. Do you consent?"

Guy Fawkes returned an affirmative, in a voice broken by emotion.

"The moment the ceremony is over," pursued Viviana, "I shall start with Father Oldcorne for Gothurst. We shall never meet again in this world."

"Unless I succeed," said Fawkes.

"You will *not* succeed," replied Viviana. "If I thought so, I

should not take this step. I look upon it as an espousal with the dead."

So saying, she hurried away, and, disappearing beneath the covert, returned in a few seconds with Garnet.

"I have a strange duty to perform for you, my son," said Garnet to Fawkes, who remained motionless and stupified; "but I am right willing to perform it, because I think it will lead to your future happiness with the fair creature who has bestowed her affections on you."

"Do not speculate on the future, father," cried Viviana. "You know *why* I asked you to perform this ceremony. You know, also, that I have made preparations for instant departure; and that I indulge no hope of seeing Guy Fawkes again."

"All this I know, dear daughter," returned Garnet; "but, in spite of your anticipations of ill, I still hope that your union may prove auspicious."

"I take you to witness, father," said Viviana, "that, in bestowing my hand upon Guy Fawkes, I bestow at the same time all my possessions upon him. He is free to use them as he thinks proper,—even in the furtherance of his design against the state, which, though I cannot approve it, seems good to him."

"This must not be," cried Fawkes.

"It *shall be*," rejoined Viviana. "Proceed with the ceremony, father."

"Let her have her own way, my son," observed Garnet, in a low tone. "Under any circumstances, her estates must now be necessarily yours."

He then took a breviary from his vest, and, placing them near each other, began to read aloud the marriage-service appointed by the Romish Church. And there, in that secluded spot, and under such extraordinary circumstances, with no other witnesses than the ancient trees around them and the brook rippling at their feet, were Guy Fawkes and Viviana united. The ceremony over, Guy Fawkes pressed his bride to his breast, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

"I have broken my faith to Heaven, to which I was first espoused," he cried.

"No," she returned; "you will now return to your first and holiest choice. Think of me only as I shall think of you—as of the dead."

With this, the party slowly and silently returned to the house, where they found a couple of steeds, with luggage strapped to the saddles, at the door.

Father Oldcorne was already mounted, and in a few minutes Viviana was by his side. Before her departure she bade Guy Fawkes a tender farewell; and at this trying juncture her firmness nearly deserted her. But, rousing herself, she sprang upon her horse, and, urging the animal into a quick pace, and followed by

Oldcorne, she speedily disappeared from view. Guy Fawkes watched her out of sight, and, shunning the regards of Catesby, who formed one of the group, struck into the forest, and was not seen again till the following day.

The tenth of October having arrived, Guy Fawkes and Catesby repaired to the place of rendezvous. But the night passed, and Tresham did not appear. Catesby was angry and disappointed, and could not conceal his apprehensions of treachery. Fawkes took a different view of the matter, and thought it not improbable that their confederate's absence might be occasioned by the difficulty he found in complying with their demands; and this opinion was confirmed the next morning by the arrival of a letter from Tresham, stating that he had been utterly unable to effect the sales he contemplated, and could not, therefore, procure the money till the end of the month.

"I will immediately go down to Rushton," said Catesby, "and, if I find him disposed to palter with us, I will call him to instant account. But Garnet informs me that Viviana has bestowed all her wealth upon you. Are you willing to devote it to the good cause?"

"No!" replied Fawkes, in a tone so decisive that his companion felt it would be useless to urge the matter further. "I give my life to the cause—that must suffice."

The subject was never renewed. At night, Catesby, having procured a powerful steed, set out upon his journey to Northamptonshire, while Fawkes returned to White Webbs.

About a fortnight passed unmarked by any event of importance. Despatches were received from Catesby, stating that he had received the money from Tresham, and had expended it in procuring horses and arms. He also added that he had raised numerous recruits on various pretences. This letter was dated from Ashby Saint Leger's, the seat of his mother, Lady Catesby; but he expressed his intention of proceeding to Coughton Hall, near Alcester, in Warwickshire, the residence of Mr. Thomas Throckmorton (a wealthy Catholic gentleman), whither Sir Everard Digby had removed with his family, to be in readiness for the grand hunting-party to be held on the fifth of November on Dunsmore Heath. Here he expected to be joined by the two Wrights, the Winters, Rookwood, Keyes, and the rest of the conspirators, and undertook to bring them all up to White Webbs on Saturday the twenty-sixth of October.

By this time Guy Fawkes had in a great degree recovered his equanimity, and, left alone with Garnet, held long and frequent religious conferences with him; it being evidently his desire to prepare himself for his expected fate. He spent the greater part of the nights in solitary vigils—fasted even more rigorously than he was enjoined to do—and prayed with such fervour and frequency, that, fearing an ill effect upon his health, and almost

upon his mind, which had become exalted to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, Garnet thought it necessary to check him. The priest did not fail to note that Viviana's name never passed his lips, and that in all their walks in the forest he carefully shunned the scene of his espousals.

And thus time flew by. On the evening of the twenty-sixth of October, in accordance with Catesby's intimation, the conspirators arrived. They were all assembled at supper, and were relating the different arrangements which had been made in anticipation of the important event, when Garnet observed, with a look of sudden uneasiness to Catesby, "You said in one of your letters that you would bring Tresham with you, my son. Why do I not see him?"

"He sent a message to Coughton to state that, having been attacked by a sudden illness, he was unable to join us," replied Catesby, "but as soon as he could leave his bed he would hasten to London. This may be a subterfuge, but I shall speedily ascertain the truth, for I have sent my servant Bates to Rushton to investigate the matter. I ought to tell you," he added, "that he has given substantial proof of his devotion to the cause by sending another thousand pounds, to be expended in the purchase of arms and horses."

"I hope it is not dust thrown into our eyes," returned Garnet. "I have always feared Tresham would deceive us at the last."

"This sudden illness looks suspicious, I must own," said Catesby. "Has aught been heard of Lord Mounteagle?"

"Guy Fawkes heard that he was at his residence at Southwark yesterday," returned Garnet.

"So far good," replied Catesby. "Did you visit the cellar where the powder is deposited?" he added, turning to Fawkes.

"I did," replied the other, "and found all secure. The powder is in excellent preservation. Before quitting the spot I placed certain private marks against the door, by which I can tell whether it is opened during our absence."

"A wise precaution," returned Catesby. "And now, gentlemen," he added, filling a goblet with wine, "success to our enterprise! Everything is prepared," he continued, as the pledge was enthusiastically drunk. "I have got together a company of above two hundred men, all well armed and appointed, who will follow me wherever I choose to lead them. They will be stationed near Dunsmore Heath on the fifth of next month, and as soon as the event of the explosion is known I shall ride thither as fast as I can, and, hurrying with my troops to Coventry, seize the Princess Elizabeth; Percy and Keyes will secure the person of the Duke of York, and proclaim him king; while upon the rest will devolve the arduous duty of rousing our Catholic brethren in London to rise to arms."

"Trust to us to rouse them," shouted several voices.

"Let each man swear not to swerve from the fulfilment of his task," cried Catesby. "Swear it upon this cup of wine, in which we will all mix our blood."

And as he spoke he pricked his arm with the point of his sword, and suffered a few drops of blood to fall into the goblet, while the others, roused to a state of frenzied enthusiasm, imitated his example, and afterwards raised the horrible mixture to their lips, pronouncing at the same time the oath.

Guy Fawkes was the last to take the pledge, and, crying in a loud voice, "I swear not to quit my post till the explosion is over," he drained the cup.

After this they adjourned to a room in another wing of the house, fitted up as a chapel, where mass was performed by Garnet, and the sacrament administered to the whole assemblage. They were about to retire for the night, when a sudden knocking was heard at the door. Reconnoitring the intruder through an upper window overlooking the court, Catesby perceived it was Bates, who was holding a smoking and mud-bespattered steed by the bridle.

"Well, what news do you bring?" cried Catesby, as he admitted him. "Have you seen Tresham?"

"No," replied Bates. "His illness was a mere pretence. He has left Rushton secretly for London."

"I knew it," cried Garnet. "He has again betrayed us."

"He shall die," said Catesby.

And the determination was echoed by all the other conspirators.

Instead of retiring to rest, they passed the night in anxious deliberation, and it was at last proposed that Guy Fawkes should proceed without loss of time to Southwark, to keep watch near the house of Lord Mounteagle, and if possible ascertain whether Tresham had visited it.

To this he readily agreed; but, before setting out, he took Catesby aside for a moment, and asked, "Did you see Viviana at Coughton?"

"Only for a moment, and that just before I left the place," was the answer. "She desired to be remembered to you, and said you were never absent from her thoughts or prayers."

Guy Fawkes turned away to hide his emotion, and, mounting one of the horses brought by the conspirators, rode off towards London.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

ON the same day as the occurrences last related, Lord Mounteagle, who was then staying at Southwark, suddenly intimated his intention of passing the night at his country mansion at Hoxton; a change of place which, trivial as it seemed at the moment, after-

wards assumed an importance, from the circumstances that arose out of it. At the latter part of the day he accordingly proceeded to Hoxton, accompanied by his customary attendants, and all appeared to pass on as usual, until, just as supper was over, one of his pages arrived from town, and desired to see his lordship immediately.

Affecting to treat the matter with indifference, Lord Mounteagle carelessly ordered the youth to be ushered into his presence; and when he appeared, he demanded his business. The page replied, that he brought a letter for his lordship, which had been delivered under circumstances of great mystery.

"I had left the house just as it grew dusk," he said, "on an errand of little importance, when a man, muffled in a cloak, suddenly issued from behind a corner, and demanded whether I was one of your lordship's servants? On my replying in the affirmative, he produced this letter, and enjoined me, as I valued my life and your lordship's safety, to deliver it into your own hands without delay."

So saying, he delivered the letter to his lord, who, gazing at its address, which was, "To the Right Honourable the Lord Mounteagle," observed, "There is nothing very formidable in its appearance. What can it mean?"

Without even breaking the seal, which was secured with a silken thread, he gave it to one of his gentlemen, named Ward, who was standing near him.

"Read it aloud, sir," said the earl, with a slight smile. "I have no doubt it is some vapouring effusion, which will afford us occasion for laughter. Before I hear what the writer has to say, I can promise him he shall not intimidate me."

Thus exhorted, Ward broke open the letter, and read as follows:—

"My lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift from your attendance at this parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. Think not slightly of this advice, but retire into the country, where you may expect the event in safety; for, though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not know who hurts them. This council is not to be condemned. It may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is passed as soon as you have burned the letter. God, I hope, will give you grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you."

"A singular letter!" exclaimed Mounteagle, as soon as Ward had finished. "What is your opinion of it?"

"I think it hints at some dangerous plot, my lord," replied Ward, who had received his instructions; "some treason against the state. With submission, I would advise your lordship instantly to take it to the Earl of Salisbury."

"I see nothing in it," replied the earl. "What is your opinion, Mervyn?" he added, turning to another of his gentlemen, to whom he had likewise given his lesson.

"I am of the same mind as Ward," replied the attendant. "Your lordship will hardly hold yourself excused, if you neglect to give due warning, should aught occur hereafter."

"Say you so, sirs?" cried Lord Mounteagle. "Let me hear it once more."

The letter was accordingly read again by Ward, and the earl feigned to weigh over each passage.

"I am advised not to attend the parliament," he said, "'for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time.' That is too vague to be regarded. Then I am urged to retire into the country. The recommendation must proceed from some discontented Catholic, who does not wish me to be present at the opening of the house. This is not the first time I have been so adjured. 'They shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet shall not know who hurts them.' That is mysterious enough, but it may mean nothing—any more than what follows, namely, 'the danger is passed as soon as you have burnt the letter.'"

"I do not think so, my lord," replied Ward; "and though I cannot explain the riddle, I am sure it means mischief."

"Well," said Lord Mounteagle, "since you are of this mind, I must lose no time in communicating the letter to the Secretary of State. It is better to err on the safe side."

Accordingly, after some further consultation, he set out at that late hour for Whitehall, where he roused the Earl of Salisbury, and showed him the letter. It is almost needless to state that the whole was a preconcerted scheme between these two crafty statesmen; but as the interview took place in the presence of their attendants, the utmost caution was observed.

Salisbury pretended to be greatly alarmed at the communication, and coupling it, he said, with previous intelligence which he had received, he could not help fearing, to adopt the words of the writer of the mysterious letter, that the parliament was indeed threatened with some "terrible blow." Acting, apparently, upon this supposition, he caused such of the lords of the privy council as lodged at Whitehall to be summoned, and submitting the letter to them, they all concurred in the opinion that it referred to some dangerous plot, though none could give a guess at its precise nature.

"It is clearly some Popish project," said Salisbury, "or Lord Mounteagle would not have been the party warned. We must keep a look-out upon the disaffected of his faith."

"As I have been the means of revealing the plot to your lordship—if plot it be—I must pray you to deal gently with them," rejoined Mounteagle.

"I will be as lenient as I can," returned Salisbury; "but in a

matter of this kind little favour can be shown. If your lordship will enable me to discover the principal actors in this affair, I will take care that no innocent party suffers."

"You ask an impossibility," replied Mounteagle. "I know nothing beyond what can be gathered from that letter. But I pray your lordship not to make it a means of exercising unnecessary severity towards the members of my religion."

"On that you may rely," returned the earl. "His majesty will not return from the hunting expedition on which he is engaged at Royston till Thursday next, the 30th. I think it scarcely worth while (considering his naturally timid nature, with which your lordships are well acquainted) to inform him of the threatened danger until his arrival at the palace. It will then be time enough to take any needful steps, as parliament will not meet for four or five days afterwards."

In the policy of this course the privy councillors agreed, and it was arranged that the matter should be kept perfectly secret until the king's opinion had been taken upon the letter. The assemblage then broke up, it being previously arranged that, for fear of some attempt upon his life, Lord Mounteagle should remain within the palace till full inquiries had been instituted into the affair.

When the two confederate nobles were left alone, Salisbury observed, with a slight laugh, to his companion,

"Thus far we have proceeded well, and without suspicion, and, rely upon it, none shall fall on you. As soon as all is over, the most important post the king has to bestow shall be yours."

"But what of Tresham?" asked Mounteagle. "He was the deliverer of this letter, and I have little faith in him."

"Hum!" said Salisbury, after a moment's reflection; "if you think it desirable, we can remove him to the Tower, where he can be easily silenced."

"It will be better so," replied Mounteagle. "He may else babble hereafter. I gave him a thousand pounds to send in his own name to the conspirators the other day to lure them into our nets."

"It shall be repaid you a hundred-fold," replied Salisbury. "But we are observed, and must therefore separate."

So saying, he withdrew to his own chamber, while Lord Mounteagle was ushered to the apartments allotted to him.

To return to Guy Fawkes. Arriving at Southwark, he stationed himself near Lord Mounteagle's residence. But he observed nothing to awaken his suspicions, until early in the morning he perceived a page approaching the mansion, whom, from his livery, he knew to be one of Lord Mounteagle's household (it was, in fact, the very youth who had delivered the mysterious letter), and from him he ascertained all that had occurred. Filled with alarm, and scarcely knowing what to do, he crossed the river, and proceeding to the cellar, examined the marks at the door, and finding all precisely

as he had left it, felt certain that, whatever discovery had been made, the magazine had not been visited.

He next repaired to the house, of which he possessed the key, and was satisfied that no one had been there. Somewhat relieved by this, he yet determined to keep watch during the day, and, concealing himself near the cellar, remained on the look-out till night. But no one came; nor did anything occur to excite his suspicions. He would not, however, quit his post till about six o'clock on the following evening, when, thinking further delay might be attended with danger, he set out to White Webbs, to give his companions intelligence of the letter.

His news was received by all with the greatest alarm, and not one except Catesby, who strove to put a bold face upon the matter, though he was full of inward misgiving, but confessed that he thought all chance of success was at an end. While deliberating upon what should be done in this fearful emergency, they were greatly alarmed by a sudden knocking without. All the conspirators concealed themselves, except Guy Fawkes, who opening the door, found, to his infinite surprise, that the summons proceeded from Tresham. He said nothing till the other had entered the house, and then, suddenly drawing his dagger, held it to his throat.

"Make your shrift quickly, traitor," he cried in a furious tone, "for your last hour is arrived. What ho!" he shouted to the others, who instantly issued from their hiding-places, "the fox has ventured into the lion's den."

"You distrust me wrongfully," rejoined Tresham, with more confidence than he usually exhibited in time of danger; "I am come to warn you, not betray you. Is this the return you make me for the service?"

"Villain!" cried Catesby, rushing up to him, and holding his drawn sword to his breast; "you have conveyed the letter to Lord Mounteagle."

"It is false," replied Tresham; "I have only just heard of it; and in spite of the risk I knew I should run from your suspicions, I came to tell you what had happened."

"Why did you feign illness, and depart secretly for town, instead of joining us at Coughton?" demanded Catesby.

"I will instantly explain my motive, which, though it may not be satisfactory to you on one point, will be so on another," replied Tresham unhesitatingly, and with apparent frankness. "I was fearful you would make a further tool of me, and resolved not to join you again till a few days before the outbreak of the plot. To this determination I should have adhered had I not learnt to-night that a letter had been transmitted by some one to Lord Mounteagle, which he had conveyed to the Earl of Salisbury. It may not convey any notion of the plot, but it is certain to occasion alarm, and I thought it my duty, in spite of every personal consi-

deration to give you warning. If you design to escape, there is yet time. A vessel lies in the river, in which we can all embark for Flanders."

"Can he be innocent?" said Catesby in a whisper to Garnet.

"If I had betrayed you," continued Tresham, "I should not have come hither. And I have no motive for such baseness, for I am in equal danger with yourselves. But though the alarm has been given, I do not think any discovery will be made. They are evidently on the wrong scent."

"I hope so," replied Catesby; "but I fear the contrary."

"Shall I put him to death?" demanded Fawkes of Garnet.

"Do not sully your hands with his blood, my son," returned Garnet. "If he has betrayed us, he will reap the traitor's reward here and hereafter. If he has not, it would be to take away a life unjustly. Let him depart. We shall feel more secure without him."

"Will it be safe to set him free, father?" cried Fawkes.

"I think so," replied Garnet. "We will not admit him to our further conferences; but let us act mercifully."

The major part of the conspirators concurring in this opinion, though Fawkes and Catesby were opposed to it, Tresham was suffered to depart. As soon as he was gone, Garnet avowed that the further prosecution of the design appeared so hazardous, that it ought to be abandoned, and that, in his opinion, each of the conspirators had better consult his own safety by flight. He added, that at some future period the design might be resumed, or another planned, which might be more securely carried out.

After much discussion, all seemed disposed to acquiesce in the proposal except Fawkes, who adhered doggedly to his purpose, and treated the danger so slightly, that he gradually brought the others round to his views. At length it was resolved that Garnet should set out immediately for Coughton Hall and place himself under the protection of Sir Everard Digby, and there await the result of the attempt, while the other conspirators decided upon remaining in town, in some secure places of concealment, until the event was known. Unmoved as ever, Guy Fawkes declared his intention of watching over the magazine of powder.

"If anything happens to me," he said, "you will take care of yourselves. You well know nothing will be wrung from me."

Catesby and the others, aware of his resolute nature, affected to remonstrate with him, but they willingly suffered him to take his own course. Attended by Bates, Garnet then set out for Warwickshire, and the rest of the conspirators proceeded to London, where they dispersed, after appointing Lincoln's Inn Walks as their place of midnight rendezvous. Each then made preparations for sudden flight in case it should be necessary, and Rookwood provided relays of horses all the way to Dunchurch.

Guy Fawkes alone remained at his post. He took up his abode

in the cellar, resolved to blow up himself, together with his foes, in case of a surprise.

On Thursday, the thirty-first of October, the king returned to Whitehall, and the mysterious letter was laid before him in the presence of the privy council by the Earl of Salisbury. James perused it carefully, but could scarcely hide his perplexity.

"Your majesty will not fail to remark the expressions, 'a terrible blow' to the parliament, and 'that the danger will be past as soon as you have burnt the letter,' evidently referring to combustion," observed the earl.

"You are right, Salisbury," said James, snatching at the suggestion. "I should not wonder if these michievous Papists mean to blow us all up with gunpowder."

"Your majesty has received a divine illumination," returned the earl. "Such an idea never occurred to me; but it must be as you intimate."

"Undoubtedly—undoubtedly," replied the monarch, pleased with the compliment to his sagacity, though alarmed by the danger; "but what desperate traitors they must be to imagine such a deed. Blow us up! God's mercy, that were a dreadful death! And yet that must evidently be the meaning of the passage. How else can it be construed, except by reference to the suddenness of the act, which might be as quickly performed as that paper would take to be consumed in the fire?"

"Your majesty's penetration has discovered the truth," replied Salisbury, "and by the help of your wisdom I will fully develop this dark design. Where think you the powder may lie hidden?"

"Are there any vaults beneath the parliament house?" demanded James, trembling. "Heaven save us! We have often walked there—perhaps over a secret mine."

"There are," replied Salisbury; "and I am again indebted to your majesty for a most important suggestion. Not a corner in the vaults shall be left unsearched. But perhaps you will think with me, that, in order to catch these traitors in their own trap, it will be well to defer the search till the very night before the meeting of parliament."

"I was about to recommend such a course myself, Salisbury," replied James.

"I was sure you would think so," returned the earl; "and now I must entreat you to dismiss the subject from your thoughts, and to sleep securely; for you may rely upon it (after your majesty's discovery) that the plot shall be fully unravelled."

The significant tone in which the earl uttered the latter part of this speech convinced the king that he knew more of the matter than he cared to confess; and he contented himself with saying, "Well, let it be so. I trust all to you. But I at once divined their purpose—I at once divined it."

The council then broke up, and James laughed and chuckled to himself at the discernment he had displayed. Nor was he less

pleased with his minister for the credit given him in the affair. But he took care not to enter the parliament house.

On the afternoon of Monday, the fourth of November, the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Lords Salisbury and Mounteagle, visited the cellars and vaults beneath the parliament house. For some time they discovered nothing to excite suspicion. At length, probably at the suggestion of Lord Mounteagle, who, as will be recollected, was acquainted with the situation of the magazine, they proceeded to the cellar, where they found the store of powder; but not meeting with any of the conspirators, as they expected, they disturbed nothing, and went away, reporting the result of their search to the king.

By the recommendation of the Earl of Salisbury, James advised that a guard should be placed near the cellar during the whole of the night, consisting of Topcliffe and a certain number of attendants, and headed by Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, upon whose courage and discretion full reliance could be placed. Lord Mounteagle also requested permission to keep guard with them to witness the result of the affair. To this the king assented, and as soon as it grew dark, the party secretly took up their position at a point commanding the entrance of the magazine.

Fawkes, who chanced to be absent at the time the search was made, returned a few minutes afterwards, and remained within the cellar, seated upon a barrel of gunpowder, the head of which he had staved with a lantern in one hand, and petronel in the other, till past midnight.

The fifth of November was now at hand, and the clock of the adjoining abbey had scarcely ceased tolling the hour that proclaimed its arrival, when Fawkes, somewhat wearied with his solitary watching, determined to repair, for a short space, to the adjoining house. He accordingly quitted the cellar, leaving his lantern lighted within it in one corner.

Opening the door, he gazed cautiously around, but perceiving nothing, after waiting a few seconds, he proceeded to lock the door. While thus employed, he thought he heard a noise behind him, and turning suddenly, he beheld through the gloom several persons rushing towards him, evidently with hostile intent. His first impulse was to draw a petronel and grasp his sword; but before he could effect his purpose, his arms were pinioned by a powerful grasp from behind, while the light of a lantern thrown full in his face revealed the barrel of a petronel levelled at his head, and an authoritative voice commanded him in the king's name to surrender.



Gay Buckles arrested by the French Consul, 1847

CHURCH-GOERS AND CHARITABLE INDIVIDUALS.

BY E. P. ROWSELL, ESQ.

THERE would be something very ludicrous, if there were not something very lamentable, in the behaviour of ordinary individuals when in church. It would certainly be interesting if, at a given moment, we could ascertain precisely whither tended the thoughts of each party supposed to be wholly engrossed in devotional exercise. What a startling exposure there would be!—what a tremendous discovery of hypocrisy and fraud! That venerable old lady, with her demure look and saintly aspect, would, most assuredly, be convicted (while feebly mumbling the responses) of anxiously contemplating the subject of a new bonnet—a question probably given rise to by the appearance in one of some friend, which exactly meets her approval. The portly gentleman, sitting frowning in the well-cushioned pew, is thinking of the rascally conduct of Jones yesterday on the Stock Exchange; his daughter by his side is marvelling why the Smiths have not given their customary ball this season; the good-natured-looking tradesman's wife in the free-seats is absorbed in the consideration of the one o'clock dinner, to which the whole of her relations have been invited that day; while her two boys near her are furtively engaged at "odd and even" with marbles, desisting, however, at the approach of the beadle.

It is amusing to see Mrs. Brown lean across to Mrs. Robinson directly she has entered the church and taken her seat, and draw her attention to the fact that Mr. Black is absent; and then to notice the animated conversation that will ensue between the two ladies, as to the probable causes of such absence. They talk and even laugh with much energy until the clergyman makes his appearance in the reading-desk, and then there is such a change! Their countenances visibly lengthen; they look immediately as though they had just received tidings of some dreadful calamity, under which they would eventually sink, and their behaviour is the very essence of decorum.

Some people, however, are not so particular. That merry-looking gentleman is apparently fancying himself at a cheerful gathering; in fact, his mind (like the tradesman's wife's) is occupied in anticipating a very social afternoon with sundry relatives who are to dine with him. To do him justice, he tries, but unsuccessfully, to get rid of the subject; there is, consequently, a strange jumbling within him of the carnal and the spiritual. Thus, he begins the response, "Good Lord deliver," then whispers to his wife, "I *do* hope Mary won't spoil the mock turtle."

It is very distressing when one's mind lights suddenly upon some comical matter while one is in church. If we have been to see Buckstone at the Haymarket the night before, there will sometimes quite unexpectedly rise up the recollection of a rich expression of that gentleman, and we find ourselves straightway, irresistibly (though horrified all the while), absolutely on the broad grin at the very moment, perhaps, when our countenance ought to wear a peculiarly penitential aspect, and the clergyman's eye falling upon us discovers us, when we are supposed to be deeply bewailing our manifold transgressions, apparently on the eve of breaking forth into a loud guffaw.

This is also very distressing—to be dreadfully sleepy in a warm church in an evening. The inclination to slumber is occasionally overpowering; every endeavour to rouse and think religiously is only a miserable failure; the clergyman's voice falls faintly and more faintly on the ear, the lamps

appear to grow dim and dimmer, and for the moment we are asleep—only, however, for the moment—for directly afterwards we are awakened, and, starting up aghast, we strive to appear earnestly attentive, and look fiercely round, as though anxious to inquire whether anybody had dared to fancy us at all somnolent.

What a bustle there always is when service is concluded. It is a grievous fact, that most people look exceedingly relieved when they have risen from their knees and are arranging their attire prior to leaving the pew. Friends whisper freely to one another upon different matters. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Robinson discard their woe-begone aspect and smile cheerfully; the old lady speaks her mind now fully to the friend beside her about the bonnet before alluded to, and the tradesman's wife bustles off, glancing at the clock, and wishing there were an act of parliament against long sermons.

There are certain circumstances always to be noticed in connexion with charity sermons. Divers seats are invariably empty. Mrs. Brown has always a cold upon such occasions, and is confined to the house. There is a dissatisfied air about sundry people, who remark, after church, that they object on principle to charity sermons generally; while others observe, that the particular charity for which this sermon has been preached does not meet their approval; and therefore, careless of the odium they had incurred thereby, they had not contributed to the plate.

A bishop is a great attraction; and it is a very hard case indeed if a good congregation be not obtained when the announcement has been carefully spread that a bishop is to preach a charity sermon. Certain old ladies have a great notion of a bishop, and survey him with much reverence. They believe that no man can read or preach like a bishop, and you cannot persuade them otherwise. Generally speaking, a bishop is much more successful in obtaining a liberal collection than any lower dignitary of the church.

It must be confessed that it is rather difficult to obey all the injunctions one receives. I hear a sermon to-day in behalf of a dispensary, and I am told that this charity is peculiarly deserving of my assistance, and sad consequences are hinted at if that assistance be withheld. In a few Sundays I shall listen to an appeal in behalf of the schools, and am exhorted to a liberal contribution towards *their* support; again, a few Sundays on, and a reverend missionary comes down upon me with awful force touching the state of his flock out in India somewhere. By-and-by I am reminded there is a great lack of spiritual food nearer home, and it is incumbent on me to help to furnish more. When to these appeals are added exhortations in behalf of hospitals, visiting societies, church building societies, pastoral aid societies, &c., and I am admonished that to each and all I must lend a helping hand, and that there is no telling what will ensue if I don't,—I say it is highly puzzling to a poor man, and I am well nigh in despair.

It is a pleasant thing if you go to a strange church and share a hymn-book (oh, what a nuisance it is, that at almost every church and chapel a different hymn-book is required!) with some obliging personage, to find that that individual sings in a manner which draws upon you both the indignant observation of all around. And how delightful it is to stand twenty minutes waiting for a seat (although you see plenty unoccupied), the pew-opener hoping that when quite tired you will present her with a pair of spectacles, enabling her to perceive that you require to be inducted into a pew.

We do not wish to be disrespectful to the clergy, but we must say, that

if generally they *could* oblige us by throwing a little more animation into their style of reading and preaching, it would be a great boon. With regard to preaching especially, we believe a minister cannot take too much pains. Let him be as calm and as quiet as he pleases, so long as he bears in mind that he is preaching to produce an effect, and that he is bound to adopt that style which is most likely with the majority of individuals to create such effect. There is no merit in any manner, except in so far as it is suited to produce an impression. There is a cold, lifeless style of preaching prevalent in the present day, which we do most earnestly deprecate. It is forgotten that there is all the difference between dignity and inanimation. In avoiding a rant, clergymen are too apt to fall into the opposite error of preaching in a measured, monotonous strain, totally ineffective, and therefore highly objectionable.

But having said a word rather against the clergy—or, at all events, a portion of them—let us make a remark in their support. Certain people in the present day keep up a perpetual railing against the church; the business-man, with his thousand or so a-year, thinks a few hundreds quite enough for any clergyman. An individual holding half-a-dozen offices goes into ecstasies of rage upon hearing of a clergyman being desirous of obtaining a second. It is in this way turned against clergyman, that they have adopted the noblest and loftiest profession. Our payment is commonly regulated by the value of what we receive; but some people will not recognise this rule in the recompensing of the clergy for their labours. This is what they would say:—

“Never mind that they perform duties than which there are no higher; never mind that they confer a benefit than which there is no greater; fling it in their teeth, that they ought not to care for worldly goods; make it an injury to them, in a worldly point of view, that they have chosen the very loftiest profession,—and while granting the value of what you receive, grudge rendering for it more than a most inadequate and insignificant return.”

But we ought not to have touched on this matter here, and we apologise. Oh, there is a perpetual preaching of charity in the present day; but there is a woful deficiency in its practice. Not but what we have an abundance of hospitals, and dispensaries, and schools, and other charitable institutions; but there is a charitable feeling the existence of which is not proved by the giving money, and this does *not* abound. I may be moved to give ten guineas to an infirmary, but I am not consequently charitable. My name may be blazoned in every charity-book, but I may be a tyrant to those around me—a careless, inconsiderate, selfish man; if I am an employer, I may be a miser in my dealings with the employed; and while giving away my money freely on all sides, because I seek the reputation of a charitable man, I may be one who presses heavily on the honest labourer, and deals meanly with him in the matter of recompense for his toil.

We hardly hope any one will read these observations. We know they will appear exceedingly uninviting amongst the lighter materials of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. But if any one should peruse them, we are desirous it should be understood that the gist of what we have written is, that the *cant* and the *fraud* of the present day are abominable in our eyes. Do let us strive to get back *honesty* amongst us. And if by the side of honesty, we are enabled to range true religion and real kindly feeling one towards another, oh, whither will have fled the clouds that now darken this mortal existence!

CAMBRIAN TALES.

("CYMRÙ DROS BYTH!"*)

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

Ere How d'ye do has tuned each tongue
 'To Hope's delightful measure,
 Goodbye in Friendship's ear has rung
 The knell of parting pleasure.

HON. W. R. SPENCER.

On the second succeeding evening, Lady Jeffreys looked around upon her domesticated guests with peculiar benevolence, for it was fixed to be the last of their visit.

"See," said Miss Fitzaymon to her cousin, exhibiting a paper; "here is a keepsake, which was given to me by Miss Tudor, while you were otherwise interested at the Plâs this morning. These verses are in unison with the scenery of yesterday's expedition; and give a notion how sentimental people, wanting social resources, contrive to entertain themselves with romantic ideas of insignificant things:—

Beauteous in early spring, in summer's glow,
 In autumn's glory and in winter's snow,
 Fair Wye, I love thee! not like those who roam;
 To me thy name's synonymous with home:
 No casual liking mine, no tourist's pride,
 For many a year a dweller by thy side!
 With thee associate thoughts and feelings glow,
 And memory's waves with thine commingling flow.
 Blessed be the tranquil hours, too swiftly fled,
 And blessed the memory of the righteous dead,
 With whom I strayed thy beauties to explore,
 And daily learned to love thee more and more!

From rude Plynlimmon I have tracked thy source,
 Through rocks and vales pursued thy devious course,
 And pleased, through different counties passed with thee,
 Far on thy journey towards the Severn sea.
 By thee I've watched the struggling gleams of dawn,
 And seen the summer sun's triumphant morn:
 By thee, his setting glories oft surveyed,
 In lustrous gold and crimson pomp arrayed.
 Watched, one by one, the glittering stars arise,
 Till sparkling myriads filled the glowing skies;
 And seen the moon come forth, our sight to bless,
 And touch thy waves with peerless loveliness!

I've seen, while on Wye's placid waters shone
 The stilling radiance of a summer's sun,
 Across the river's width, from brim to brim,
 Resplendent kingfishers in glory skim,
 Dive far below, or hover high in air,
 Or choose some shrub, and perch observant there:

* Wales for ever!

In the soft bank explored its caverned rest,
 And all the secrets of the halcyon's nest.
 On Wye's broad surface, calmed by summer skies,
 Green tangled isles of floating crowfoot rise,
 Broad-lobed the leaves above, while those below
 In linear shreds adaptive changes show;
 High stand the crowding flowers, all white to view,
 Each hidden centre gleams with yellow hue;
 Shining in olive green, with shielded head,
 Conspicuous, like the cuisse, in brilliant red,
 Firm-treading galinules, with fringed feet,
 Run o'er those quivering isles in movement fleet.

When clear and placid Wye's pure waters flow,
 And sunbeams light the weedy beds below,
 Forth from that shelter of less smiling hours,
 With rapid fin, a playful myriad pours;
 Now upward spring, then turn and quickly glance
 In figures graceful as some mazy dance,
 Their colours glitter with reflected light,
 Their movements make the circling waters bright,
 As full of life and joy they sportive play,
 Or leaping seize the fly, their destined prey:
 While restless wagtails, near the margin low,
 In ceaseless haste run nimbly to and fro.

Oft motionless and still, on Llyfni's shore,
 Just ere his tribute swells Wye's watery store,
 The watchful heron's melancholy mien,
 His crest wide wavering to the breeze, is seen,
 And oft from airy heights, his frequent cry
 Betrays his soaring path across the sky.
 There too the lively peewit may be seen,
 With curving crest and wings of purpled green,
 With eyes of hazel clear, and sable breast,
 On earth, or air, or water, ne'er at rest.

In equinoctial hours the sudden gale
 Roars from the hills, careers along the vale,
 Rudely it sweeps the quivering blades of grass,
 And daisies bend as these wild tempests pass;
 The bowing shrubs with fluttering foliage sigh,
 And sturdy woods in hollow groans reply.
 The storm-wrought river, with unwonted force,
 All raging life, hurls on its hurrying course,
 In swelling billows now the banks it laves,
 Then, foaming, thunders down like ocean's waves.
 Long rolls the blast, and, ere its peal is o'er,
 Renewing strength, peals louder than before;
 While snowy racks flit o'er an azure sky,
 And cast their hasty shadows as they fly.
 When copious rains had drench'd the mountain source,
 And brooks, with redden'd waves and added force,
 Paid double tribute to Wye's stately tide,
 And swell'd his stream, and madden'd him with pride,
 Roaring and ravaging along, he bore
 Full many a trophy from the suffering shore;
 Indignant tossed it on his mighty wave,
 And then to distant lands the fragments gave.

Oft, in the wayward autumn of the year,
 The wide-wing'd sea-gulls find a refuge here;

And while we pleas'd survey their vigorous forms,
 Our fears anticipate pursuing storms.
 Yearly I see the swallows congregate,
 Till neighbouring alders bend beneath their weight,
 Whether some long migration prove the theme,
 Or great consult where they shall lie and dream !

Amidst the jagged ice, if some faint ray
 Of glimmering sunshine cheer the winter's day,
 The didappers, in chestnut livery clad,
 Come forth to sport and dive with antics glad ;
 Their tiny forms require no earthly rest.
 They pierced their shells within a watery nest,
 And in its ample range and swampy floor
 First learn'd the depths of waters to explore.
 The pencill'd mallards, too, of rich array,
 Their varied hues in glossy pride display.
 Alas ! unwary of the risks they run,
 Too soon the victims of the sportsman's gun.
 Diving alert, the shag his aim evades,
 Until, deluded by some neighbouring shades,
 She stands secure, her glossy plumes outspread,
 And flaps her moisten'd wings, and shakes her glittering head.
 Here the red-breasted merganser is found,
 Widgeon, and teal, and crested grebes abound.
 Assembling here, when Winter reigns supreme,
 To shun his gathering storms and cold extreme,
 The wild swans, halting from majestic flight,
 With graceful wing on Wye's broad stream alight ;
 In fleets their plumage, dazzling white, display,
 And proudly dash the forming ice away ;
 And sail in varied attitudes around,
 While from the banks their clarion notes resound.

Fair Wye ! No sweeter theme might bard desire
 Who tunes for native scenes a British lyre ;
 Fern from thy rocks, and flow'rets from thy meads,
 Where frequent barrows tell of ancient deeds ;
 The sweet bird-concerts on thy varying shore,
 The brilliant flies that sport thy surface o'er ;
 The lovely scenes which decorate thy side ;
 Thy fishers' toils, and craft diversified ;—
 All these, and more, which dearer charms impart,
 Expand one cherish'd wish within this heart,
 To earn an oaken garland near thy wave,
 And find, not far from thence, a rural grave !”

“ I confess,” remarked Mr. Willoughby, “ that I not only sympathise with these expressions of delight in natural objects, but I do very heartily participate in all the simple and ordinary interests of rural life. An early walk this morning afforded me several pleasant pictures. Leaving the shrubbery which flanks the grounds, I turned through a gate into an orchard. On the trees stood bright red apples, gleaming through golden foliage : women and children were stooping in the rough, dewy grass, picking up the fallen fruit, putting them carefully into wiskets, and carrying them to pile up the large, yellow cider-heap in the corner. Passing through the orchard into a meadow, I saw a little flock of sheep running about in consternation, chased by a sleek black dog, with long waved hair, a curled tail, shrewd ears, and tan legs. His operations were regulated by a man with a long cord in his hand, whose abrupt commands produced the effect of driving all the sheep into

a corner, and penning them there in terror of their watchful sentinel. The dog looked round and up for further orders. They were issued, and in an instant he singled out a certain wether, and routed him towards the angle, where the shepherd sprang upon him, put the rope round his leg, drew the noose, and led him off. Apart from this scene, a languid procession of turkeys stepped along, uttering low and plaintive gobbling sounds. After this, crossing a piece of arable ground, which oxen were ploughing, I heard at short intervals the querulous call of the corncrake, and saw a flock of snowy geese returning from stubble enjoyments. Clambering thence over a five-barred gate into the road, I went by several pretty cottages, where scarcely a window was destitute of geraniums in flower-pots. Near a farmhouse I watched a high waggon-load of late-ripened oats, trembling as its steady team turned a sharp corner into the rick-yard; where a man on a ladder, having skilfully placed a pyramid of glossy thatch over a huge globular wheat-stack, was surmounting it, by way of ornament, with a rustic weather-vane. In front of the farmhouse I witnessed a milking scene—cows, girls, and three-legged stools complete. Then I noticed a woman with her mob-cap flying, and with looks of exultation bearing homeward in her apron, upraised and sustained by her hand, some eggs, just discovered in a hen's hidden nest. The host of village matrons, too, and girls carrying water amused and pleased me, for they were upright and graceful as Caryatides, and worthy of association with the attendants at Callirhœ's spring. I paused to admire the picturesque waterfall, formed by the diverted mountain stream which turns the village corn-mill. Another little rill is still applied to the uses of a fulling-mill and local factory. The cheerful whirr of the spinning-wheel sounded from many a hearth, and the stroke of the loom from some high-pitched attics; while knitting-needles glittered along the roadside, as the housewife, frugal of time, hastened to complete the red socks for her boy, or the grey hose for her spouse. Arriving at the turnpike, a man in a shoemaker's apron darted out of the neat little house, to throw open the widest of the two gates for me. Welsh courtesy is kindness itself, and not its imitation. Up one of the diverging bridle-roads travelled a lass, who was going, by way of variety, a milking expedition on horseback. She had neither saddle, nor bridle, nor guiding-rod; the pail balanced well upon her lap, the old mare trotted steadily, and a foal trotted in the rear. Further on I saw the village church, with its tall dark tower, and embattled crown of white; and the green grave-mounds, overshadowed by magnificent yew-trees."

"I think," said Mrs. Brown, "that the call we made to-day at Y Persondy was the most amusing of all our visits. Mrs. Evans told me many anecdotes of Welsh life in the Vale of Towy, and the extraordinary customs that still prevail there: great burials, as she termed them, where all the relations, friends, and acquaintances assemble and form a very long and solemn procession; and those very strange things, marriage biddings! The bidder, she informed me, does not often now go about, dressed up gaily, and carrying a long pole with flowers on it, from house to house, to invite guests to the wedding, though that is still done in some places; and the bridegroom and his men scarcely ever run the *gwyntyn*, as she called it, on horseback, or recite verses and play the harp to charm the bride's housedoor open; nor do her friends often now pursue the

married pair and their party when returning from church, and attempt, in sport, to rescue the bride, as they did, she declares, in imitation of the Romans and Sabines ; but they still keep up some old practices, such as singing in companies to the harp, and dancing Welsh jigs. To save the trouble of writing, these invitations are generally printed, and it is considered most complimentary to have them in English, whether the people understand it or not. Half-a-crown or a shilling is the ordinary donation from each person attending, and the guests, it seems, are frequently so very numerous, that a large sum of money is collected towards buying furniture and beginning to keep house. Mrs. Evans described it as a most charming sight to behold such a wedding, with a hundred or more bright looking girls walking two and two together, and as many young men in similar order, all sprucely attired, and wearing neat gloves and riband favours. She became quite animated on the subject, and gave me a specimen of a bidding. Here it is :—

“Caermarthen, November 13, 1845.

“As we intend to enter the MATRIMONIAL STATE, on TUESDAY, the 2d Day of DECEMBER next, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a BIDDING on the occasion, the same day, at the Young Woman's Father's House, called and known by the Sign of the PELICAN, in Lammas-street; when and where the favour of your good company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid, whenever called for on a similar occasion,

“By your most obedient servants,

“WILLIAM THOMAS,

(Stone-Mason.)

“MARGARET JONES.

. The Young Man's Father and Mother (John and Margaret Thomas, of Picton Terrace), together with his Cousins (David and Mary Rees, Lammas-street), also his Cousin (Elizabeth Evans), desire that all gifts of the above nature, due to them, be returned to the Young Man on the above day, and will be thankful for all favours granted.

. Also, the Young Woman with her Father and Mother (Henry and Mary Jones), her Brother (Thomas Jones), her Sister (Mary Jones), her Uncle and Aunt (Henry and Elizabeth Jones, Wood's Row), her Uncle and Aunt (David and Hannah Jones, Penlan Ystrad), and her Uncle and Aunt (Samuel and Elizabeth Harris, Danyralit, Alltynap), desire that all gifts of the above nature, due to them, be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful, together with her Uncle and Aunt (William and Mary Jones, Llangain), for all favours granted.”

“I love every part of poor Wales so well,” said Lady Jeffreys, “that had it ever been my duty to dwell elsewhere I must have carried away with me a load of its earth to be buried in, as Cadog tells me pilgrims sometimes did from Jerusalem. During my occasional visits to England, years ago, I always loved to feel a wind that blew from Wales, and learned to appreciate the tenderness of Gray's fine lines :—

I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth
To breathe a second spring.*

* Ode “On a distant Prospect of Eton College.”

By-the-by, I think it not at all unlikely that Gray either caught that pleasant thought from a Welsh bard, or was led to form it by studying our Cambrian poetry. Give us your English paraphrase, my dear Cadog, of David ab Gwilym's invocation to the wind, which was composed before Gower and Chaucer first shaped English into verse."

Cadog Trevor immediately recited the following lines:—

Ethereal wind! thou dost rejoice
With rapid flight and mighty voice
To range at will, around, afar:
In terrors is thy being known,
When issuing forth, unseen, alone,
From secret chambers of the sky,
No foot, no wing, no whirling car,
Above the mountain summits high,
Shrieking, in wildest ecstasy,
Defiance to the world!

Unresting friend! when urging fast
Thy journey with the northern blast,
My message bear along the vale!
Arise, oh friend, with clearest note,
Where Aëron's lustrous waters float,
Nor wait to whisper with its wave:
Pause not to hear my rival rail;
My country, with each bliss it gave,
Enthralled me now a wretched slave,
Who cannot fly with thee!

Within thy vast, void resting place,
Thy form no eye could ever trace;
A thousand listening ears attend,
When rushing with the rain-clouds forth,
Thou pour'st God's bounties o'er the earth.
Through the oaks' feathery tops elate,
Roaring dost thou wear and rend;
Loudly thy shouts reverberate,
Bidding the chaff-heaps dissipate,
Warder on high, at dawning day!

Thou com'st in tempest o'er the sea
That rested in serenity:
Wayward as any child at play
Upon its sandy shore or beach,
Ever persuasive, dost thou teach
Trust in enticing treachery;
Then scattering in wild wreck away,
Dost heap the spoils of ruin high,
Oh, ruthless tyrant of the sky,
That fliest o'er earth and sea!

When thou at scattering leaves dost play,
Soon dost thou strip the quivering spray:
No sentry e'er thy passage stays,
Nor hosts in martial pomp arrayed,
Nor champion with his azure blade;
Nor land-floods stop, nor rains impede:
Nor chance can slightest hindrance raise,
To stay thy course, or stint thy speed,
For dearest wish, or direst need,
Of any mortal man!

Oh, wind! no fire can ever burn thee—
 No guileful art can ever turn thee,
 Nor depths unknown can drown;
 Thou hast no members to ensnare,
 Nor needest thou swift steed to bear,
 Nor boat, nor bridge across the stream.
 The mightiest clan, or meanest clown,
 Alike might impotently dream
 To stop thee, going forth supreme,
 On thy triumphant way!

Storm of the mountain, rise to night
 To aid a wretched love-lorn wight;
 For ah! my fond affections rest
 On Morfudd, gentle, glorious fair,
 Whose bonds I own, and joy to bear.
 Oh, speed to her paternal home—
 Besiege her door, resistless guest,
 Ere swiftest messenger can come,
 And entering find her 'midst the gloom,
 And utter there my sigh!

Thou that dost through the zodiac run,
 Hail thus my generous, faithful one:
 "Oh, think of him who thinks of thee!
 Thy constant lover's fondest vow,
 Oh, bright-haired maid, is breathing now."
 Speed thy lofty flight to meet her,
 Friendly gale, across the sky;
 Stooping bend thy course to greet her,
 Hasten back with sweet reply:
 All my love, my sorrows tell,
 Gale auspicious, fare thee well.*

"Caerdigan," resumed Lady Jeffreys, "is not my native county; but I confess that for many reasons I entertain a peculiar reverence for it. The purest of all the Welsh dialects is spoken there. It was the native kingdom of the great Caradoc ab Bran (Caractacus). It contains that hallowed spot, Llandewi Brefi, where early in the sixth century the celebrated synod was held, in which St. David refuted and suppressed the Pelagian heresy. There are the ruins of Strata Florida, which was for ages the Westminster Abbey of Wales; and there is bright Aberystwith, the most cheerful of watering places. There is the tomb of Taliesin; and there are abundant Druidical remains, and stones, and coins, which have been touched by the heroes of ancient times. The inhabitants of that county too are remarkably acute and apt in learning, and bear a high character in all respects. The wheat harvests of Herefordshire, and of the lower part of Brecknockshire, are chiefly reaped by Cardiganshire men. Many of these are farmers' sons, and their conduct is exemplary. Their own grain ripens late, so they generally get back again in time to reap it; if not, the women go out in gangs and do the work themselves. These women look like Amazons, for every one wears a short light jacket, with a dark petticoat girdled over it, having at the bottom a broad red hem: a handkerchief is bound round the head, and each bears a sickle under her arm. Cheerful, temperate, and diligent, the Cardies come down in bands, each man with his neat knapsack, and his sickle outside

* For a literal translation, *vide* Jones's "Bardic Museum," vol. ii., pp. 54, 55.

of it, strapped upon his back. Sometimes there is a pony in the party, upon which each man rides in turn as he gets tired. Perhaps you may have met with some of them on the road, near Castell Rhys. They resort to the several farms, where their services are usually bespoken from year to year. Social among themselves, while shy of others, they faithfully do their duty, and quietly depart. To meet such armed bands upon the road might seem formidable to a stranger, but those who know the character of the people would rather regard their presence as protective. Sometimes, when requiring further employment, they repair to the old market-place in the city of Hereford, and wait there to be hired. A friend told me that one Sunday several parties had taken up their quarters in the space below that old town-hall, and lay listlessly lounging and chatting, or sleeping there. A Dissenting minister passing by felt sorry to see the poor Cardies thus wasting the Sabbath, and with the zealous promptitude which is said to belong to the Cymry, he addressed them at once in their native tongue. Gaining courage from the attention of his audience, he soon found ready powers of expression in a language which he had long disused, and proceeded to give them a religious exhortation. That being done, he raised the tune of a Welsh hymn for them, and after a while left the whole assembly still earnestly engaged in psalmody. Oh! how sweet and solemn is our Welsh sacred music."

"I perceive with joy," added Cadog Trevor, "that our friends have already learned to love Wales. No one in any country can calmly look forth upon the earth and sky without receiving, from the crowd of indefinite emotions simultaneously excited by their magnificence, a general impression of nature's vastness and of Omnipresent Power. But thus to look abroad into the illimitable regions of space, reflecting the while upon oneself, as a member of the world's vast family and as a spiritual sojourner in this material universe, brings the beholder at once under the benign and elevating influences of the great Creator's manifested wisdom, power, and love. The contemplation of the immense unity of nature, serenely, yet ceaselessly, working in its infinite courses, composes while it awes the human spirit. It enlarges and exalts the faculties, it leads the affections into contact with all pure and lovely things; it gives them, through creation, communion with the Creator; it takes away the loneliness of life, by enforcing relation and fellowship with the whole universe; and it sanctions our blissful appropriation of all the treasures of divine beneficence.

"There are few natural scenes, perhaps, in any land, which considered from certain points of sight, are wholly destitute of power to engage and to reward attention. If ever I have failed in detecting beauties in a landscape, I have felt myself to be in fault. For want of daily training to a just appreciation of nature's less obvious beauties, our perceptions become dull and our judgments partial. A thousand agreeable objects are consequently excluded from our enjoyment, merely because they happen to contrast, or to lose by comparison with the series of images which chance or choice has established as favourites of our fancy. We ought to proceed to the view of new prospects with hearts laid fairly open to their influences, and ready to submit to their power; making partiality for local landscapes, like love for particular friends, a centre of emanation to congenial feelings. Heartily and practically I acknowledge

all this; suffer me then to expatiate unreprieved on the delights of my own land.

"Its characteristics are remarkably definite. Its atmosphere, the tinctures of its sky, the shapes of its clouds, the outline of its mountains, and the tints of its verdure, fix themselves with lively distinctness on the memory. Our sea has the deep clear hues of azure and emerald green, the brilliant light, and the majestic swell peculiar to western coasts in the British Isles. Our rocky shores are set with bold headlands, and abound with noble bays, inlets, and estuaries, which, penetrating far among our Cambrian alps, add effective breadth and grandeur, and impart depth and richness of colouring to the scenery. Springs and rivers run from the rugged heights, tracing out highways of nature by wooded hills and through luxuriant valleys; rush in wild cascades, or loiter in dreary lakes, amid scenes sufficiently modified to harmonise with every mood of mind. Human hearts claim affinity with all natural objects; for mine, the multitudinous tribes of vegetable existence, overspreading inorganic matter, forge links of attachment to the very substance of this earth. Vast, yet minute,—frail, yet everlasting,—waxing old, while possessed of inherent powers of renovation,—they remain always beautiful, lovely, and poetic in every form and phase of their being. The physical sciences, like trees drawing each other up towards their perfection, thrive in association. May success and honour crown their laborious students! Be it ours to acquire from the results of their investigations rich treasures of poetic thought! Among plants, though ranged in classes and orders, in genera and species, each individual is, in truth, dissimilar in some points to all, while each and all are attractive severally and collectively in their endless diversities. Their perfect symmetry of structure, in the curve of leaves, and in every part,—their graceful grouping together, and their apparent sensibility,—add inexpressible charms to scenery.

"The melancholy crags and prisms of our igneous rocks are not only strewn with crystal gems, but enlivened by lichens, which enamel even the rigid granite. These curious families of plants may be traced in Wales covering the crags of Snowdon, uniting incoherent particles of sand upon our coasts, tessellating all Nature's pavements, painting her cliffs, working mosaic in her rocks, and inlaying her woods with brilliant metallic lustre and fresh dyes of green, clear orange and vermilion; mellowing disintegrated soil, and everywhere slowly working out the transmutation of the sterile stone into the fertile mould. Their cups, some wrought with minute tracery in materials brighter than gold; some like pellucid horn enamelled with scarlet and olive; others resembling with strange exactness the brown antlers of the stag and elk, all filled with nectareous dews, appear like drinking vessels for the tiniest fairies. Their delicate substance assumes ten thousand elegant patterns, and is often woven into fantastic tapestries in rivalry of hoarfrost.

"Then there are the liverworts, bearing leaves that sprout with buds, haunting and grouping wherever there is abundant and abiding moisture; and the multitudinous fungi, which set the pillared circles of miniature temples for the Druidic spirits of tradition; crowding upon each other and upon all things, displaying, among their uncounted varieties, some of the most admirable forms, the most delicate tints, and the softest and

most exquisite textures that ever afforded gratification to human perceptions. The grit rocks wrapped in vestures of rich brown and purple heather, the shale in its robe of blueish grey sedge, and the limestone with its richly verdant clothing, and its primeval woods, those old landmarks of property, those witnesses of history, those types of human aspiration which whisper to us incessantly like voices of the past; all add to the diversified charms of our lovely land.

"You have seen the rock-fronted hills of the mountain limestone beside the Wye, which artists admire so devoutly. You have felt the grandeur and solemnity of the old red sandstone ranges among the passes of the Mynydd Du, and in view of the pyramidal summits of our Beacons. The undulating hills of the carboniferous regions, full of wild beauty and interspersed with wooded glades, preserve among their subterranean stores the castes of many extinct species of terrestrial plants, arborescent and herbaceous ferns, fir-trees, cacti, equiseti, and reeds. Our coasts afford numerous species of sea-weed. Among our freshwater plants are the glassworts, always submerged, covering the bottoms of ponds, forming favourite haunts of the trout and carp, and, productive nurseries of insects, they furnish attractive objects of study to the physiologist, who watches in their translucent tubes the mysterious circulation of their sap. All the secrets of structural development may here be pleasurably investigated. System becomes easy in the presence of harmonious influences, and description spontaneous, when undisturbed tranquillity concentrates attention to receive imaginative impressions.

"Our peat bogs are replete with amphibious mosses; our rocky recesses, feudal ruins, and woods, are thickly set with their delicate foliage and fringed capsules. Mosses,—beautiful mosses,—are the sheltering home, the containing world of myriads of insect races;—finely-organised animal beings, who are invisibly working out, among these miniature forests, the little purposes appointed for them by Providence. The very rare prostrate-feather moss grows upon the inclined faces of detached rocks at Beddgelert. The remarkable alternate-leaved earth-moss grows upon the site of our native sovereigns' ancient palace at Aberffraw. The Lapland beardless moss lurks in the crevices of Snowdon; the Welsh grimmia, a moss peculiar to the British isles, with constant, though embrowned verdure, adorns at all seasons our rocks near the sea.

"Our coasts produce sea-rushes of various kinds, and the sea-stock gilliflower with sinuated leaves. The vernal squill also lurks there, and springs from the sacred sod of Bardsey and other islands. Buglos and sea-lavender decorate our marine cliffs. Our lakes are overspread with the white and the yellow waterlilies. The rocks and ridges, the rills and pools of Snowdon and Cader Idris, afford the rare mountain sorrel, the mountain chickweed, the least bistort, the Cambrian poppy, the mountain bugle, the water avens, the rosewort, several species of stoncrop, the white maidenhair, and many very elegant ferns. Our upland meadows yield the globe-flower, that rich golden cup of abundant petals, which, wherever it blooms, becomes a rustic symbol of festivity. Our woods still cherish the lily of the valley and the yellow cistus. Our vales are hung with the graceful wood vetch, and fragrant with the aromatic and the white-musk orchis and the emphatically sweet gale. The pallid toothwort shrouds itself among fallen leaves in the deserted

courts of Conway. The turf which lines the concentric trenches of our circular British camps, or covers our sacred mounds and tumuli, is set with curious herbs, whose peculiar properties rendered them precious in the estimation of the observant Druids. The calendars and watches and barometers of Flora may be traced here in a thousand lovely forms and brilliant hues. On the straight lines and wide areas of those Roman camps, which, formed on one plan, and divided into quarters on a similar principle in every land, were always entered by their hosts with the same confidence and precision as the streets of a familiar city; the naturalised aquilegia yet retains possession of the soil which eighteen hundred years ago the eagle standards won.

"The Cambrian Dinas and Capel in ruined heaps, the Norman castles and abbeys in dilapidated piles, the sites of British dwellings, the remains of Druidical temples with their several cromlechs, the cairn, the cist faen, the maenhir, and the common graves of our forefathers, occurring amid the most magnificent and lovely natural objects, are strewn in endless diversity with flowers.

"'Nid llyseuwraig ond gafr'—'No herbalist like the goat'—is a Cambrian proverb. Browsing unfettered upon local supplies, among the old homes of our heroes and haunts of our bards, that animal offers at once an example of attachment to his birthplace, and a type of the Cymro's contented poverty; while, turning vegetable poisons into nutriment, he instructs the moralist in the proper use to be made of all circumstances.

"Nor are we only soothed in our meditations by the murmuring ripple of waters, the light movements of wind among leaves, the gentle stir of living things, or the cheerful songs of birds; the harps of our minstrels, those harps which in the Augustan age of Diodorus soothed the wayworn British traveller, and breathed the sweet welcome of hospitality, still utter the joys and soothe the griefs of our land.

"I have said nothing yet of this country's cultivated productions, but our wheat-fields still supply that same red kind which Pliny records to have been deemed by the ancient Celts best adapted to our British soil and climate, when, with skill unknown to the Romans, they enriched their arable lands with marl, and managed them with implements of husbandry far exceeding in convenience and utility the tools of Roman hands.

"Objects of interest to the students of physical science, to the lovers of the fine arts, to the antiquary, the historian, the philosopher, and the poet, not only abound in Wales, but they occur here so happily blended or contrasted with each other, so enhanced by association and beset with such enchanting accompaniments of scenery, that an unspeakable charm is diffused over all. Thus, encompassed with beauty and grandeur, we rest in soft shades, or breathe the inspiring air of lofty altitudes, looking forth as our ancient astronomers did from the summits of Snowdon and Cader, into expansive and glorious depths of nature and of thought. While freely delivering himself up to these Cambrian influences, the love of truth, enlightening the intelligence and cheering the heart, becomes to the observer a magic medium, suitable alike to objects of every shape and colour, and showing each in its proper bearing and liveliest glow. Any art, any science might furnish illustrations of my meaning, and I

have selected botany, merely because the love of flowers is innate in almost every human breast: where it is not, there dwells neither music nor poetry.

"I have often delighted in marking the descriptive allusions made to flowers in the works of the greatest poets. Dante beautifully describes the earthly Paradise as still existing, and furnishing the 'voyaging breeze' with the seeds of many a flower which springs up without apparent cause in our lower earth. To a mind which exuberates in beautiful images, nothing is so painful as the conviction of declension and decay in lovely things. The sentiment may be derided, but it is natural, and like other common feelings of humanity, existing in their quintessence in the poet's heart, its expression must ever evolve accordant sympathies. Who has not experienced aversion in reading Ovid's story of the once brilliant Sibyl withering out her thousand years of life? Who does not love Homer the better for having invested the matchless beauty of his heroine with the celestial charms of perpetual youth and immortality? Nature still enduring in serene grandeur amidst the incessant and multifarious transmutations of component parts; Nature, in all the freshness of her beauty, in all the loveliness of her majesty, bright and glorious alike to our delighted gaze in infancy, and to our expiring glance in age; bright and glorious for ever, from generation to generation, from century to century, from creation till to-day: Nature, sublimely constant in her perpetual changes, ever revealing to man the propelling and sustaining hand of ЖЕHOBAH, consoles the Christian's longing spirit with a type of infinite goodness, of unfading glory, and of the fruition of all joy!

Had I no friends whose kindly tones
Might any land or clime endear,
Nor memory of departed ones
To fix my chosen dwelling here;

Had I not read of patriots old,
Whose glorious deeds their foes relate,
And never of their graves been told,
Nor learned their race to venerate;

Had I ne'er heard the harp and song
Of minstrel, bard or poet true,
Nor traced my ancestors among
The ancient chiefs these valleys knew:

Poetic teachers, lovely land,
Thy mountain forms have proved to me,
They bade life's early tastes expand,—
That charm enchains my heart to thee!"

THE COUNTESS DE RUDOLSTADT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

BY MATILDA M. HAYS.

CHAPTER XL.

As she returned to consciousness, Consuelo found herself seated upon a purple carpet, which covered the white marble steps of an elegant Corinthian peristyle. Two masked men, whom she recognised by the colour of their cloaks for Liverani and him whom she had reasonably supposed to be Marcus, held her in their arms, and were doing their utmost to revive her. Forty other persons, cloaked and masked, the same whom she had seen around the bier of Jesus, were ranged in two files along the steps, and sang in chorus a solemn hymn in an unknown tongue, waving at the same time chaplets of roses and palm, and branches of flowers. The columns were ornamented with garlands, which were crossed in festoons, so as to form a triumphal arch above Consuelo before the closed door of the temple. The full moon, shining with all its brilliancy, alone lighted this white building, while on the outside, around this sanctuary, ancient yews, cypresses, and pines, formed an impenetrable thicket, a sacred grove as it were, beneath which murmured a mysterious stream, bright as silver.

"My sister," said Marcus, assisting Consuelo to rise, "you have issued from your trials victorious. Do not blush because you have suffered and physically yielded to the weight of your griefs. Your generous heart was broken with indignation and pity in presence of those palpable evidences of the crimes and evils of humanity. Had you arrived here undaunted and without assistance, we should have felt less respect for you than we did whilst carrying you in fainting and overwhelmed. You have seen the crypts of a lordly *château*, not purposely selected, nor distinguished from others by the crimes of which it has been the theatre, but, like all the rest whose ruins cover a large part of Europe, frightful remains of that vast network by whose aid, for so many centuries, feudal power enveloped the civilised world, oppressing men with the crimes of its ferocious dominion and the horror of civil wars. These hideous abodes—these savage fortresses—have necessarily served as dens for all the crimes which humanity was obliged to witness, before arriving, by religious wars, by the labour of emancipating sects, and by the martyrdom of the chosen among men, at the notion of truth. Go through Germany, France, Italy, England, Spain, the Slavonic countries, you will find no valley, you will ascend no mountain, without perceiving above you the imposing ruins of some terrible manor-house, or, at least, without discovering at your feet, among the grass, some remains of fortifications. These are the bloody traces of the right of conquest, exercised by the patricians over the enslaved classes; and were you to explore these ruins, were you to raise the soil which has closed over them, and which unceasingly labours to efface their traces, you would find, in all, the vestiges of what you have just seen here; a dungeon, a cave for the too

numerous dead, narrow and fœtid cells for prisoners of importance, a corner for noiseless assassination; and at the summit of some old tower, or in the depths of some subterranean construction, an instrument of torture for rebellious serfs or refractory soldiers, a gallows for deserters, and cauldrons for heretics. How many have perished in boiling pitch?—how many have disappeared beneath the waves?—how many have been buried alive within the ruins? Oh! if the walls of the *châteaux*—if the waves of the lakes and rivers—if the caves of the rocks could speak, and relate all that they have seen and concealed of iniquitous deeds, the number would be too great for history to register the detail!

“But it was not the nobles alone, it was not the patrician race exclusively, which stained the earth with so much innocent blood. Kings and priests, thrones and the church—here are the great sources of iniquity, here the fountain-head of destruction. An austere care, a gloomy but strong thought, has gathered together, in one of the apartments of our ancient manor-house, a portion of the instruments of torture invented by the hatred of the strong for the weak. Description would not have been believed; sight can scarcely comprehend them; thought refuses to admit them. And yet these hideous machines have been used for centuries, in royal *châteaux* as in the citadels of smaller princes, but especially in the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition. What do I say? They are still used, though more rarely. The Inquisition, with its tortures, still exists; and in France, the most civilised of all countries, there are yet provincial parliaments which burn pretended sorcerers. Moreover, is tyranny yet overthrown? Do kings and princes no longer ravage the earth? Does not war carry desolation into opulent cities, as well as into the cottage of the peasant, at the least caprice of the smallest sovereign? Does not serfdom yet flourish over the half of Europe? Are not the troops almost everywhere subjected to the *régime* of the cane and lash? The finest and bravest soldiers in the world, the Prussian soldiers, are they not drilled, like animals, by the blow of a whip? Are not the serfs of Russia governed by the knout? Are not the negroes worse treated in America than the dogs and horses? If the fortresses of the old barons are dismantled and converted into inoffensive dwellings, are not those of kings still standing? Do they not oftener serve as prisons for the innocent than for the guilty? And you, my sister, you the most gentle and noble of women, have you not been a captive at Spandau? We know you are generous; we rely upon your sense of justice and charity; but seeing you at the same time destined, like some of those now present, to return to the world, to frequent its courts, to approach the persons of its sovereigns, to be, in your case more particularly, the object of their seductions, we have thought it our duty to put you on your guard against the intoxication of this life of dazzling dangers; we have thought it our duty not to spare you even the most terrible teachings. We have spoken to your mind in the solitude to which we condemned you, and by the books we placed in your hands; we have spoken to your heart by words of paternal exhortation, by turns severe and tender; we have spoken to your eyes by trials more grievous and more profound than those of the ancient mysteries. Now, if you persist in receiving the initiation, you can fearlessly present yourself before those incorruptible but paternal judges, whom you already know, and who are waiting to crown you, or to restore you the liberty of quitting us for ever.”

As he spoke thus, Marcus, raising his arm, showed Consuelo the door of the temple, above which the three sacramental words—*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*—were written in letters of fire.

Consuelo, physically weakened and overcome, lived no longer but in spirit. She had been unable to listen, standing, to the discourse of Marcus: obliged to seat herself on the shaft of a column, she leaned on Liverani, but without seeing, without thinking of him. Nevertheless, she had not lost a single word of the initiator. Pale as a spectre, her eyes fixed, her voice feeble, she had not that bewildered air which succeeds a nervous crisis. A concentrated enthusiasm filled her breast, whose feeble breathing was no longer perceptible to Liverani. Her black eyes, which fatigue and suffering had somewhat deepened, burned with a dark fire. A slight frown on the brow betrayed an immovable resolution, the first of her life. Her beauty at that moment filled those assistants with terror who had hitherto seen her invariably gentle and benevolent. Liverani trembled like the jasmine-leaf which the night air agitated on the brow of his beloved. She rose with greater strength than he could have expected; but her knees quickly failed her, and, to ascend the steps, she allowed herself to be almost carried by him, without the pressure of his arms, which once had so moved her, or the contact of his heart with hers, distracting her for a moment from her inward meditation. He placed between his hand and that of Consuelo the silver cross, that talisman which invested him with rights over her, and which served to make him known. But Consuelo appeared neither to recognise the gage nor the hand which presented it. Hers was contracted by suffering; its pressure was mechanical, as when one seizes a branch to save oneself upon the brink of an abyss; but the heart's blood did not reach that frozen hand.

"Marcus!" said Liverani, in a low voice, as the latter was passing him to knock at the door of the temple, "do not leave us. The trial has been too great: I am terrified."

"She loves you," replied Marcus.

"Yes; but she may perhaps die!" returned Liverani, shuddering.

Marcus struck three times on the door, which opened, and shut again as soon as he had entered with Consuelo and Liverani. The rest of the brethren remained beneath the peristyle, waiting to be introduced for the ceremony of the initiation; for, between this initiation and the final trials, there was always a private conversation between the invisible chiefs and the candidate.

The interior of the pavilion, which served as a temple on the occasion of these initiations, in the *Château de * * **, was magnificently ornamented, and decorated between each column with statues of the greatest friends of humanity: that of Jesus Christ was placed in the midst of the amphitheatre, between those of Pythagoras and Plato; Apollonius Thyaneus was by the side of St. John; Abelard by that of St. Bernard; John Huss and Jerome of Prague by the side of St. Catherine and Joan of Arc. But Consuelo did not pause to consider exterior objects. Wholly engrossed with herself, she saw without surprise or emotion those same judges who had so deeply sounded her heart. She no longer felt any trouble in the presence of those men, whoever they might be, and awaited their sentence with apparent calmness.

The eighth personage, who, seated below the seven judges, always

spoke for them, now said to Marcus, "Brother Introducer, what person is it you bring hither? What is her name?"

"Consuelo Porporina," replied Marcus.

"That is not what you are asked, my brother," replied Consuelo. "Do you not see that I am here in the dress of a bride, and not of a widow? Announce the Countess Albert de Rudolstadt."

"My daughter," said the brother-orator, "I speak to you in the name of the council. You no longer bear the name you have invoked; your marriage with the Count de Rudolstadt is broken."

"By what right, and in virtue of what authority?" asked Consuelo, in a strong abrupt voice, like that of a person in fever. "I recognise no theocratic power. You have yourselves taught me to recognise no other rights than those I freely accord you, and to submit myself only to a paternal authority. Yours will not be such if you break my marriage without the consent of my husband and myself. This right neither he nor I have given you."

"You are deceived," my daughter. "Albert has given us the right to dispose of your fate and his; you also have given us this right by opening to us your heart, and confessing your love for another."

"I have confessed nothing to you," replied Consuelo; "and I deny the confession you would extract from me."

"Introduce the sibyl," said the orator to Marcus.

A woman of tall stature, clothed in white, with her face concealed beneath a veil, entered, and seated herself in the centre of the half circle formed by the judges.

By her nervous trembling, Consuelo recognised Wanda.

"Speak, Priestess of Truth!" said the orator; "speak, interpreter and revealer of the most private secrets, of the most delicate emotions of the heart. Is this woman the wife of Albert de Rudolstadt?"

"She is his true and faithful wife," replied Wanda; "but at this moment you ought to pronounce her divorce. You see by whom she is conducted hither; you see that he of our children whose hand she holds is the man whom she loves and to whom she ought to belong, in virtue of the imprescriptible right of love, in marriage."

Consuelo turned with surprise towards Liverani, and looked at her own hand, which lay, as it were stiff and dead, in his. She appeared to be under the influence of a dream, and making efforts to awake. At last she withdrew herself energetically from this clasp, and, looking at the palm of her hand, saw the impression of her mother's cross.

"This, then, is the man whom I have loved!" said she, with the melancholy smile of a holy ingenuousness. Yes! I have loved him tenderly, madly; but it was a dream! I thought that Albert was no more, and you told me that this man was worthy of my esteem and confidence. Then I saw Albert; and I thought I understood, from his language, that he no longer desired to be my husband, and I did not defend myself from loving this unknown, whose letters and cares intoxicated me. But they tell me that Albert has always loved me, and that he renounced me from virtue and generosity. And why, then, did Albert persuade himself that I should yield to him in devotion? Of what criminal action have I hitherto been guilty, that I should be believed capable of breaking his heart by accepting a selfish happiness? No; I will never sully

myself with such a crime. If Albert deems me unworthy of him because I have cherished another love in my heart; if he scruples to break this love, and does not desire to inspire a nobler, I will submit to his decree; I will accept this sentence of divorce, against which my heart and conscience nevertheless revolt; but I will neither be the wife nor the lover of another. Adieu, Liverani, or whoever you may be, to whom I confided the cross of my mother in a day of abandonment, which leaves me neither shame nor remorse. Restore me this pledge, that there may be nothing between us but a remembrance of mutual esteem, and the consciousness of a duty accomplished without effort or bitterness."

"We do not recognise such a morality, you know this," returned the sibyl. "We do not accept such sacrifices; we would consecrate and sanctify love, lost and profaned in the world, the free choice of the heart, the holy and voluntary union of two mutually loving beings; we have over our children the right of correcting their consciences, of remitting their faults, of assorting their sympathies, of breaking the shackles of society. You have not then the right to dispose of your being for a sacrifice; you cannot stifle love in your bosom and deny the truth of your confession, without being authorised so to do by us."

"Why speak to me of liberty?—why speak of love and happiness?" cried Consuelo, making a step towards the judges, with a burst of enthusiasm and a sublime expression of face. "Have you not just caused me to pass through trials which should leave on the brow an eternal paleness, and in the soul an invincible austerity? For what an insensible and cowardly creature do you take me, if you judge me still capable of dreaming of and seeking for personal satisfaction after what I have seen, after what I have understood, after what I know henceforth of the life of man, and of my own duties in this world? No, no! no more of love—no more of marriage—no more of liberty, happiness, glory, art for me, if I must cause the humblest of my fellow-beings to suffer. And is it not proved that all joy is purchased in this world at the price of the joy of some one else? Is there not something better to be done than to seek self-content? Does not Albert think thus; and have not I the right to think like him? Does he not hope to find, even in his sacrifice, the strength to labour for humanity with more ardour and intelligence than ever? Let me be as great as Albert: let me fly from the false and criminal illusion of happiness. Give me work, fatigue, grief, enthusiasm! I no longer understand joy but in suffering; I thirst for martyrdom, since you have imprudently caused me to see the trophies of torture. Oh! shame to those who have understood duty, and who yet care to partake of happiness or repose upon earth! Oh, Liverani! if you love me with passion after having endured the trials which have brought me hither, you are mad; you are but a child, unworthy of the name of man—unworthy, certainly, that I should sacrifice to you the heroic affection of Albert. And you, Albert, if you are here—if you hear me, you ought not, at least, to refuse to call me your sister, to stretch out your hand to me, and assist me to walk in the rough path which is leading you to God."

The enthusiasm of Consuelo was at its height: words no longer sufficed for expression. A sort of vertigo seized her; and, as the Pythonesses of old, in the paroxysm of their divine crises, gave way to cries and strange

furies, so was she led to manifest the emotion which overwhelmed her by the expression most natural to her. She commenced singing in a loud voice, and in a transport at least equal to that she had experienced while singing the same air at Venice, in public for the first time in her life, and in the presence of Marcello and Porpora:—

*I cieli immensi narrano
Del grande iddio la gloria!*

This song came to her lips, because it is perhaps the most artless and thrilling expression which music has ever given to religious enthusiasm. But Consuelo was not sufficiently calm to restrain and direct her voice. After these two verses the intonation became a stifled sob, and, bursting into tears, she fell on her knees. The Invisibles, electrified by her fervour, had risen simultaneously, as if to hear, standing in an attitude of respect, this inspired song. But as they saw her fall beneath her emotion, they all descended and approached her, while Wanda, seizing her in her arms, and throwing her into those of Liverani, cried,—

“Look at him, then, and know that God accords you the power of reconciling love and virtue, happiness and duty.”

Consuelo, for a moment deaf, and as it were rapt into another world, looked at last on Liverani, whose mask Marcus had just removed. She uttered a piercing cry, and fell fainting on his breast, as she recognised Albert. Albert and Liverani were the same.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHAMBER.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

“No?” said the man with the napless hat.

“No, sir,” said I; “I don’t believe a single word. It’s all stuff—nonsense.”

“Don’t be too sure about that, old fellow,” said my companion.

“Sir!” said I, indignantly, “you will oblige me by leaving that epithet out. I am neither old nor a fellow; and when I am addressed by a stranger, I expect that it will be with becoming respect.”

“Ha! ha! ha! I assure you, Mr. Bladdersnip, I have the utmost respect for you. It’s only a silly way I have of addressing people.”

“I am satisfied,” I said. “But to resume the subject.”

“I don’t see any use in recurring to it. If I talk with you till to-morrow at this time you will be as dogmatical as ever. I can only repeat that I firmly believe in supernatural visitations; and that I have conversed with several well-informed persons upon the subject, and they were precisely of my own opinion.”

“You cannot demonstrate to me, sir, the probability—the possibility of such appearances. It’s ridiculous, sir—absurd. Ghosts and omens went out with bagwigs, farthingales, and high-heeled shoes.”

“I shall drop the subject,” said my companion; and he took a pipe from the table, and proceeded to fill it with tobacco—an example which I afterwards followed myself.

"You haven't an inch to stand upon," said I; "not an inch."

"You are the most bigoted individual I ever conversed with."

"Bigoted!—not at all. I am open to conviction."

"Pshaw!—say no more about it."

"Oh! this is the way you get over the difficulty, is it?"

"I'm tired of the subject."

"Tired indeed you may be, for you have the worst side of the argument."

I was satisfied to allow the matter to rest here, seeing that my opponent was becoming irritable, and unable to make anything of the side he had espoused.

Some years ago business occasioned me to visit Edinburgh. It was in the month of October, and already dark when I arrived there. It had rained incessantly from about nine o'clock in the morning. I was much mortified to find that I could not be accommodated with a bed at the inn at which the coach stopped, the house being already filled with visitors. I was, therefore, compelled to seek lodgings elsewhere. It was not a very suitable night for that purpose; and, consequently, I determined to make use of the first house I came to. Seven o'clock was just striking as I entered an old-fashioned, singularly-built hotel, called the Hat and Feather. The rain was falling in torrents. I was conducted into a little room close to the bar, where I partook of some tea. I afterwards made inquiry as to the kind of accommodation they could afford me for the night, and was much disappointed to hear that they had but one room at liberty, and which had hitherto been used as a ball or exhibition-room, but that a bed could be put into it if I could reconcile myself to such an arrangement. There seemed to be no alternative; and I therefore intimated that I had no objection to the proposal, provided that the bed was comfortable. The chambermaid informed me that there would be no occasion for complaint on that ground. The matter being so disposed of, I ordered a glass of their best whisky.

I sat some time alone, when a person at length entered the room. He was a little, merry, pert-looking fellow, with a ruddy countenance, a twinkling eye, and a snub nose. He was dressed in a pair of drab trousers, black coat and waistcoat, and his hat, which had come from the hands of the manufacturer without any nap, was stuck jauntily upon his head, and which imparted to him a shrewd and cunning appearance, which seemed to indicate that he was always on the alert. He was a dapper little fellow, but it was difficult to say what his calling or profession might be. He wore a ring on each hand, and his linen, I observed, was uncommonly fine and clean. On his upper lip there was an incipient moustache, which, however, did not add the least ferocity to his countenance.

My companion was evidently communicative, and I at once entered into a conversation with him, as much with the view of eliciting from him what his pursuits in life were (for I was really curious on that head) as for the purpose of passing an hour away agreeably. The rain I distinctly heard continued to pour down with unabated vehemence.

By some means our conversation turned upon apparitions and witchcraft, and, at the commencement of this veritable narrative, I have recorded a few of the observations that were made on the occasion.

When my companion had lit his pipe, a silence of some minutes' dura-

tion ensued, which neither of us appeared anxious to break. For my own part I felt fatigued, and the weather for some days past had been of that gloomy, heavy, and unwholesome character, which always has the effect of depriving me of that cheerfulness of disposition which is natural to me under more favourable circumstances.

At length my companion drew from his pocket a gold watch with the view of ascertaining the hour.

"What time may it be, sir?" I inquired.

"Half-past ten."

"Is it so late?"

"Yes. I must bid you good night, for I have to rise early in the morning."

And with these words he departed. I do not think that he went to bed immediately, for I fancied I heard his merry laugh a few minutes afterwards in a neighbouring room, which seemed to be occupied by some genial companions and gentlemen of a convivial disposition.

Fatigued as I was, I seemed quite indisposed to retire to rest, and this partly arose from its being a strange bed and a strange room to which I was to be consigned—two things to which I have always entertained the most unconquerable antipathy.

I filled my pipe again, and ordered another glass of whisky, of which I had really become enamoured. I drew my chair closer to the fire, for the night was cold, and involuntarily fell into a reflective mood. I began to weigh in my own mind all the various arguments I had heard adduced in favour of the reappearance of persons after their decease, and I honestly confess that some of them appeared to me exceedingly good, and not easily to be refuted. Besides, a number of persons whose characters were not to be impugned, and whose intelligence and strength of mind were universally recognised, have, to my own knowledge, avowed their belief in supernatural phenomena, and declared that they did so only after the most minute investigation, and from their own personal experience. This fact ought, at all events, to carry some weight with it.

Although upon this subject I am very sceptical, yet there are times when I am more disposed to listen to argument and to yield to the secret impulses of my nature. The age we live in is, fortunately or unfortunately (as the case may be), so enlightened, that to admit of any of these exploded tenets is tantamount to proclaiming one's own ignorance and folly, and this circumstance, without doubt, exercises considerable influence over the minds of certain individuals. I cannot, however, say that it has had any effect upon my own opinion. My unbelief, perhaps, may partly be attributed to the fact, that no peripatetic spirit has ever come under my own observation, and that anything in the shape of an omen has never obtruded itself upon me during my passage through life.

I am not naturally a person of much nerve, and very often the most trifling things will alarm me. On the night in question I was not in the most comfortable state of mind. The rain was evidently falling as fast as ever, and the wind, which hitherto had been silent, was beginning to search into every nook and cranny of the old house. Its fearful bellowings made me apprehensive that some of the chimneys might be blown down, and perhaps the lives of some of the inmates of the house sacrificed.

I continued to sit opposite the fire, with my feet resting upon the fender. I looked earnestly at it, and began to form innumerable fantastic figures

out of the burning embers. Some of them assumed remarkably odd and eccentric appearances, whilst others were wild, hideous, and demouiical. I employed myself in this way for some time, till hearing a neighbouring clock strike the hour of midnight, I conceived it time to go to bed.

I lit the chamber candlestick and proceeded to my room. I ascended the oaken steps of the stairs, which were low and exceedingly broad. The banisters were also of oak, and very substantial. I reached at length my room, which I entered. It certainly did not inspire me with the most cheerful and enviable emotions. The very sight of it almost froze the blood in my veins. It was a large, uncomfortable-looking place. The walls were lined with dark oaken panels, upon which were hung, at irregular intervals, some very odd and repulsive-looking portraits. An air of strangeness and mystery pervaded the whole place, and a prostrating depression of spirits crept over me as I contemplated the quaint and singular-looking objects with which I was surrounded. I condemned the flexibility of my disposition, in consenting to put up with such accommodation; and if the hour had not been already so late I should indubitably have aroused the landlady, and apprised her that I had not been accustomed to be so unceremoniously dealt with, and to be thrust into strange and interminable-looking rooms, whose appearance in such a season of the year caused one to shudder and creep together.

The storm had in no degree abated. The rain beat furiously against the windows, and the wind was making a terrific noise in the chimneys. I heard occasionally lime, slates and tiles, falling from the houses, and I could not help thinking it was fortunate so few persons were in the streets.

My imagination is uncommonly active, and it forthwith began to indulge in the most preposterous and hideous conceptions. When I looked at the room I was sure that it was a place where, at some time, a diabolical murder had been perpetrated. There were stains on the floor—it was the blood of the murdered man—there were marks upon the oaken panels, they indicated the struggle with the assassin—there was a broken chair, no doubt it had been used as a means of defence. Thus did the objects around assist the imagination in picturing a scene which in reality might never have occurred.

The enormous length of the room prevented me with a *coup d'œil* from seeing all that it contained. I therefore took up the candle, and advanced with tremulous and agitated limbs for the purpose of inspecting it more closely. I had not proceeded many paces before the candle dropped from my hand. I was in total darkness! I stood aghast! The perspiration streamed from my face. I was unable to move, or render myself the least assistance. The occasion of my sudden alarm was the withered careworn features of an old man, whom I fancied I had discovered seated in a chair in the corner of the room! Where was my scepticism now? Where the confidence and air of bravado with which a few hours before I had denied the existence of all supernatural phenomena? I became a proselyte. My former heroism and daring sunk into the most abject cowardice. What I had seen I deemed a fitting judgment upon me for my profane and iniquitous obstinacy. My limbs were unable to support me, and I sank to the ground. Some minutes elapsed before I gained strength sufficient to rise. I picked up the

candle, and luckily succeeded in finding a match upon the table, with which I immediately obtained a light. At first I was afraid to look in the direction in which the old man sat, but at last I ventured to turn my eyes towards him. Gracious Heavens! he was still there—fixed—statue-like as ever! His features preserved the same inflexible and careworn expression. Whence had he come? Had he a substantial and tangible corporeity, such as I possessed, or was he a shadow—fleeting and evanescent? Suspense was intolerable. With a recklessness which was not courage I advanced towards the apparition. It was undaunted, and retained its old position. Its pertinacity alarmed me. I paused before I ventured to go nearer. A few seconds sufficed to enable me to proceed. I went steadily forward. The nearer I approached the more confident I grew. Fool—idiot! My alarm had been completely groundless. The error into which I had fallen was only what others might have done in the same situation. A mask, representing the features of an old man, was placed purposely, in my opinion, upon some male habiliments, and, at a distance, the combination assumed the appearance of the human figure.

Heartily ashamed of my weakness, I commenced to inspect the articles that this singular chamber contained. The chairs were all of oak, made after a very quaint fashion. Hideous figures were carved upon the backs, and the heads of savage animals were displayed upon the legs and arms. At one end of the room stood a very fine old cabinet, beautifully carved with all kinds of grotesque faces. It was evidently an article of undoubted antiquity, and of great value. The style of the tables was coeval with that of the chairs and cabinet. The bed partook of the character of the rest of the furniture, and was hung with dark-faded curtains. What, however, surprised me most of all, was a time-piece placed against the wall. The hands were in motion, and pointed correctly at the hour, but there were no works in connexion with it. I examined it very carefully, and convinced myself thoroughly of the fact. Was the place enchanted, or was I myself under some inexplicable spell? I determined to institute further inquiry in the morning. I was weary and fatigued, and resolved to go to bed whatever might befall me during the night. I fully anticipated to be disturbed, and was just in that state of mind when the least commotion alarms one.

Hark! what noise was that! I listened—drew in my breath. All was still. I attributed the noise to the present unhealthy state of my nervous system. It was no delusion—no chimera of the imagination. The sounds were repeated. They were the sounds of the human voice, and they appeared to move from place to place. Now they appeared to issue from the floor—now from the walls—anon from the ceiling. What could they portend? The sounds were low and plaintive, and seemed to indicate sorrow and infliction. Was the place really haunted, or did the noise arise from some natural cause with which I was unacquainted? I sank into a chair, completely overpowered with fear. The strange and mysterious sounds were still audible. They could not be occasioned by natural causes, for attics were above the room I was in, in which nobody slept, and the room beneath was occupied by the landlady, whose snoring at intervals I distinctly heard. I remained in the chair for at least a quarter of an hour, and the awful sounds at length gradually died away. I placed the candle upon a curiously-formed table that stood at the further end of the room, and began to undress. I took my eyes for

a moment from the candle, but on again looking at it I fancied that it had moved at least six inches from the spot on which I had placed it! Could it be the effects of my overwrought imagination, or my previous alarm? It was neither. I felt assured it had actually moved. I fixed my eyes intently upon it. I awaited the issue with breathless anxiety. Gracious Heavens! I plainly discerned it move—my eyes were still riveted upon it—again and again did it move. Unable to support myself any longer, and quite overcome with weariness, I contrived to throw myself upon the bed, and immediately sank into a kind of swoon.

The light was streaming into the windows of my chamber when I again returned to consciousness. I had passed a feverish night, and had been oppressed with the most horrible dreams. I cast my eyes round the room. It wore the same appearance it had done before. The clock was still placed against the wall, and the hands in motion. The candlestick was upon the table, but the candle had burnt into the socket.

I quickly descended to breakfast, and seeing the landlady, who was a native of England, said to her,

"What kind of a room was that you put me into last night?"

"Room—why, the best in the house, sir."

"It's haunted," I said.

"Haunted!"

"Haunted, ma'am, as sure as you and I have our sins to answer for."

"God forbid, sir!"

I then related to her the singular things that had come under my notice, and she appeared much surprised at my marvellous recital.

"The clock," she said, "belongs to a person who arrived at my house yesterday, but I was unacquainted with its mysterious properties."

My inquiries called forth no satisfactory elucidation, and as the landlady looked very incredulous, I conceived it possible that she might take me for a fool or a madman, so I said no more upon the subject. I left the hotel, however, that day.

A few days afterwards, whilst walking through the streets of Edinburgh, I observed some large placards stuck against the walls, headed, "*Ventriloquism and Natural Magic.*" I perused them, and found that an entertainment was to be given by a professional ventriloquist and magician at a certain hotel on the evening in question. I happened to be disengaged that night, so I resolved to go.

In due time I walked towards the place where the entertainment was to take place. When I arrived at the inn, I found, to my great surprise, it was the same at which I had stayed on the night of my arrival in Edinburgh. The chamber in which I had slept was the place in which the ventriloquist and magician exercised his wonderful vocations.

When I entered the room I was at first a little agitated, but soon recovered my usual fortitude. The room, I perceived, had been made even larger than it was when I occupied it, by the removal of a partition. The entertainment had already begun, but I can convey no adequate idea of my astonishment when I discovered in the ventriloquist and magician the little man of the napless hat!

I left Edinburgh early the next morning. I came, however, to the conclusion, that my friend of the napless beaver was in some way connected with the strange occurrences that had befallen me in THE MYSTERIOUS CHAMBER.

JACOB VAN DER NEESS.

A ROMANCE.

BY MADAME PAALZOW.

CHAPTER XII.

HAVING accepted the invitation to the city banquet, Queen Henrietta pleaded this as an excuse for keeping quiet during that day; but she employed the leisure thus acquired in the pursuit of the real object of her visit, which was to negotiate loans, procure ammunition, and obtain promises of continued subsidies from the wealthy city of Amsterdam. The assistance the Prince Stadtholder was enabled to give proved insufficient, as he could command only his private fortune, of which he required a large part for his own purposes.

As Queen Henrietta dispensed with the attendance of her suite during these morning hours, Urica determined to employ the time thus gained in a personal interview with the individuals who claimed the title of her relations.

Madame van Marseeven wished to exclude Jacob van der Néess from this first meeting, as she foresaw the unfavourable impression he would produce. But her plan met with resolute opposition, as well from the countess as from Néess. The latter, with vulgar assurance, desired to enforce his claims at once, as well as to watch over Angela, and perhaps guide her answers.

While the countess, still cherishing the idea that an imposture had been practised on her friends, determined to see Jacob van der Néess in the hope of unmasking a deceiver, Madame van Marseeven had communicated all the circumstances to the Countess Comenes during the morning. The idea of any connexion between such low individuals and her young countess was highly offensive to the old lady. At first she thought it impossible, then deemed every step allowable for the suppression of such claims. Armed with aristocratic prejudices, she spoke in harsh terms of the duty of avoiding the blemish of such a connexion; and Urica, who was so far superior in mind, and would have despised such narrow views had they been in opposition to her wishes, now listened with a species of approbation. Though she did not intend to act up to this advice, she loved to be reminded of what was due to her station.

The Countess Comenes at first offered to take the settlement of this affair into her own hands; but this Urica decidedly refused, though she readily admitted of her co-operation, as a counterbalance to the extreme gentleness of Madame van Marseeven.

Jacob van der Néess and his wife consequently received a summons to repair at an early hour of the day to the apartments of the Countess Urica, in the palace of Prince's Court. Although Angela had now in a great measure regained her strength, she felt exceedingly nervous at the sudden approach of the event to which she had so long looked forward. Néess, who did not feel much more courageous, sought to disguise his uneasiness beneath an air of boisterous merriment, and assumed a species of baneful pride, which he determined to display in presence of his wife's high relations. He ridiculed poor Angela's oppressed air, and

told her a number of falsehoods, to prove that he had often been in a similar situation, and of course always had the advantage over the high-born gentry he had met. Alas! Angela was no longer a laughing, credulous listener to these tales, and Jacob van der Néess felt this with the bitterest mortification.

When they were at length equipped, Angela once more hastened to the court of pleasure, where the poor maniac was playing with her cat; she knelt down beside her, pressed those shrivelled hands respectfully to her lips, and then set out with Jacob on this melancholy expedition.

The antechamber that led to the Countess van Casambort's apartments was occupied by her servants, who were attired in liveries of scarlet cloth, embroidered all over with silver; a stately old person in black velvet with a white staff in his hand stood in the midst of them. Two pages loitered near the door which led into the inner apartment, and the two waiting women were seated in the recess of a window.

As ill-luck would have it, Jacob van der Néess fancied himself "*au sein de la famille*" when he entered this apartment with Angela. He took the whole party, who bore a very respectable appearance, for courtiers—the gentleman in black for a relation of the family, and the two lady's maids for the Countess van Casambort and some cousin or companion of hers.

Under this impression he began to smirk and bow to the best of his ability as soon as he approached the door, and gave Angela a concerted sign for her awkward attempts at curtsying.

Jacob van der Néess' whole appearance was so strikingly low and vulgar, that the domestics took him for a mountebank or juggler, or some person of a yet lower description, and would undoubtedly have refused him admittance as well as his companion, who unfortunately was not more prepossessing in her appearance, had it not been for the old gentleman in black. He was the major-domo, and had that morning been informed by the Countess Comenes that two persons of low rank would probably make their appearance, and that the Countess van Casambort might perhaps vouchsafe them a hearing. He therefore advanced with a dignified air towards Néess, who was still bowing and scraping with all his might at the door, and demanded what he wished.

"Ah, my lord!" said Jacob van der Néess, now advancing a few steps, "you are very kind, and I shall hereafter feel much pleasure in your acquaintance. But the first duty of Jacob van der Néess and his wife, the noble Angela van Gröneveldt, is respectfully to kiss the hand of their lady aunt."

The grimaces and vulgar contortions of legs and arms with which Néess accompanied this speech, which he considered exceedingly successful, were so extremely ridiculous that it required all the gravity of the major-domo to restrain the domestics, who were almost choking with laughter. Néess then seized hold of Angela, and, crossing the room with a couple of gigantic strides, stopped with evident satisfaction near the window at which the two lady's maids were seated; their rich dresses confirmed him in his mistake. He began a second series of bows so excessively ludicrous, that the maids nearly screamed with laughing. At length they arose, and replied to his civilities by a number of equally ridiculous curtsies to him and Angela. The latter sought to return these as well as she was able, but could not avoid thinking what a difference

there was between this aunt, whichever of the two she might be, and the noble Madame van Marseeven.

"Well," cried Jacob van der Néess, who had quite recovered his courage, "I am delighted to find our dear lady aunt in such good health and spirits, and to see that she is such a young and good-looking person—in capital good humour too—well, that's right!" he continued, while loud laughing was heard on all sides. "Did I not always tell you, my dear little wife, when once we came to meet our good aunt in person, the devil must be in it if she did not acknowledge us. But now, which of these little gay round things is it we are to salute as our dear lady aunt?"

"Oh, decidedly I am the one." "No, no, it is I," cried both at the same moment, for they were now fully persuaded that Néess was a buffoon, come to play some amusing tricks; and even the old major-domo could not repress a grave smile, for he had dismissed all thoughts of these being the individuals alluded to by the Countess Comenes.

"Well, that's what I call a gay reception, my little Angela," cried Néess, laughing loudly; "these are the grand folks to get on with. Why, here I feel I am among my relations—here's none of the stiffness and airs of the Marseeven set." Thus saying, he made some ridiculous gestures by way of aping Madame van Marseeven, which excited loud laughter and applause.

"But enough of laughing," continued he. "Let us get at the truth—tell us which is our dear lady aunt, that we may kiss her hand. By-and-by we will laugh the more."

"I—I, sir nephew," cried the elder of the maids, while the other drew back to see what would follow. Néess seized her hand and kissed it, and then drew forward Angela, who timidly followed his example. "And now, lady aunt," exclaimed Jacob van der Néess, in a familiar tone, "a kiss of reconciliation—embrace my Angela, and then I will say that you are a capital aunt, who listens to reason."

The person addressed hereupon gravely embraced Angela, to the infinite diversion of the rest. But as she drew the latter forward into the light, her eye fell on the rich jewels and pearls on her neck, and she saw a prayer-book in Angela's hand similar to that of her mistress.

She exchanged looks with her companion, and a suspicion of the true signification of this strange scene flashed across their minds, though Angela's plain red face and her awkward manners ill justified the pretensions made by her attire.

Meanwhile, the merriment in the antechamber, which had become somewhat too boisterous, was suddenly checked by the opening of the door that led to the inner apartments; one of the pages was called away and presently returned with a demand for the major-domo, who disappeared by this door. The stern Countess Comenes had heard something of the commotion in the antechamber, and been told by the page it was occasioned by a juggler, who was playing tricks there: she consequently summoned the major-domo to reprove him, since she judged the admission of such persons highly indecorous.

The major-domo sought to excuse himself for having suffered the loud mirth of the servants; he confessed that a coarse ugly fellow had intruded among them, but owned he had himself been thrown off his guard by the ludicrous pranks played by this fellow, who had kissed the hands of

the maids, insisting that one of them must be his own and his wife's aunt; treated all the servants, and even himself, the major-domo, as relations, and at length obliged Ulla to embrace the poor foolish thing his wife.

Urica, who had sat musing in her window seat without taking any part in the admonitions of the countess, to whom she generally left the office of finding fault, suddenly started up, and cried, "Heavens! what can this be?" At that moment the door was thrown open: Madame van Marseeven entered pale and agitated, and without any preface exclaimed, in a reproachful tone, "Urica, Urica! what a dreadful situation you have placed poor Angela in! There she stands in the antechamber, in the midst of your domestics, annoyed by their familiarity, while her husband treats them as his equals, and thinks he is already dealing with you; and one of your waiting-maids has taken upon herself to represent you, and is amusing herself at his expense."

"Then," cried Urica, with a deep sigh, "then she really is so coarse and vulgar as to serve for a laughing-stock to my servants. Oh! cousin, this is hard—too hard to bear. It is impossible she should really belong to me! Oh, I implore you, save me from this humiliation. Only think how dreadful to call these people into my presence, who have just played the part of vulgar buffoons for the amusement of my domestics—remember that they have thereby sunk yet a step lower."

"Countess Urica," said Madame Marseeven, in a grave and offended tone, "do as you think proper: my husband and I have faithfully served you in this affair. Remember that we have no personal interest in the unfortunate individuals, who announce themselves as candidates for the difficult situation of your relationship, and act according to your own conscience, and your ideas of duty. Only do not require *my* assistance in proceeding against these persons—for that is against *my* conscience."

"You are seriously angry," cried Urica, "yet do not be offended if I persist in making this affair personal to you. I assure you, cousin, those persons should never cross my threshold, were it not that I fear to anger you, and," she added, "that I hope still to have the power of convincing you of your error."

Thus saying she called to the major-domo, who had withdrawn towards the door during this whispered conversation, desired him to show in the strangers, and inform them they were only now to be introduced to the Countess van Casambort, and also to make the servants apologise for their jocose familiarity.

Jacob van der Néess was struck dumb with shame and confusion, when he heard that he had thus demeaned himself towards these servants of the countess, whom he had previously intended to treat in a rude and haughty manner, conceiving that to be genteel behaviour.

He had imagined that all his difficulties were overcome, and now, in addition to the unparalleled humiliation of having kissed the chamber-maid's hand, and entreated her to embrace his highborn wife, this dreaded meeting with the true aunt was yet to come; and if these were only her servants, what must she herself be! He turned pale, trembled violently, and felt half inclined to make his escape, and leave Angela to her fate. But his thoughts were so confused that he could not come to any determination.

Poor Angela! what was the effect of all this upon her? Her husband

had lost his last faint hold on her confidence, a feeling of apathy and utter desolation arose in her heart, and she felt as if she were standing on the brink of the grave.

But the major-domo did not leave them much time to collect themselves; he reminded them that they were keeping the ladies waiting, and Jacob thus urged, wholly deprived of his self-possession, and incapable of forming any plan of action, rushed at once towards the door, followed by poor Angela in an equally disconsolate state, and thus they both appeared before their severe judge in the most unfavourable light imaginable.

"Are you the man who calls himself Jacob Néess?" said a stern hollow voice. Néess was in such consternation that he did not hear this address.

He looked terribly ungainly; his clothes, put on awkwardly, hung on his short square-built figure as if there were not a single piece that fitted him. His coat was of cherry-coloured cloth trimmed with silver lace, and turned up with pea-green facings; his mantle was of scarlet silk lined with yellow; he wore a yellow feather in his hat, and yellow silk stockings, cherry-coloured inexpressibles, and orange bows on his shoes. Angela had been equally unfortunate in a choice of colours. She wore a gaudy dress with large sprigs in it, her cap was ill made and worse put on; and, wholly ignorant of the proper use of her ornaments, she wore many of them in the wrong place.

After a momentary pause, which afforded time for a survey that must have been highly disadvantageous to them both, the voice repeated more sternly than before, "Are you the man who calls himself Jacob Néess?"

Néess had by this time sufficiently recovered himself to be conscious of what passed around him; he was fully convinced that he now saw this stern aunt Van Casambort before him—and certainly the lady who had addressed him looked stern enough—for it was the Countess Comenes who, seated in a large armchair in the middle of the room, had undertaken to lead the examination. She had the power of assuming an air of extreme haughtiness and pride, and on this occasion her indignant contempt for Van der Néess, and her superb attire, contributed so much to increase its effect, that Jacob felt half choked by its influence.

She wore a magnificent robe of black velvet embroidered in gold over a rich dress of gold-coloured satin, similarly embroidered, a cap of gold tissue, and a long flowing black veil. Her countenance was stern and regular, but perfectly colourless, and her thin lips were scarcely seen to move when she spoke.

"Yes, indeed, my lady," faltered Van der Néess, at length, "we are those of whom you are in search—perdition seize me if I lie. This is me, please your ladyship—Jacob van der Néess—and this is Angela, my wife, the real and legitimate daughter of Renier van Gröneveldt, consequently your niece. She is descended from the Casamborts—your niece, gracious lady aunt. Please your ladyship, we are those whom you sought."

"Nobody sought you," said the Countess Comenes; "and if this person be your wife, and you can prove that she is also the long-lost daughter of Renier van Gröneveldt, her relations will not be thankful for finding you as an addition."

Van der Néess had recovered his self-confidence after he had delivered himself of his answer, which as usual he considered very judicious ; the first alarm was over, and he returned to his old conviction, that all he had to do was to keep a good heart, and to maintain his cignity on this occasion. He now ventured to look around the room, and saw Madame van Marseeven leaning on the back of the chair occupied by the lady to whom he had spoken, and his old repulsive smile passed over his countenance as he caught sight of Urica's lovely head leaning on Madame van Marseeven's arm, and saw the eyes of the young countess fixed on him with a sad and mournful expression.

"Have not you read all the papers?" said he, in a voice of sufficient assurance. "What more would you have? What more could you desire? Do you think I am the man to impose on you? That would be good, indeed! Just tell me what in the world can it matter to me, Jacob van der Néess, burgher of Amsterdam, matriculated merchant, possessed of a fortune that exceeds all the Gröneveldt trumpery—what can it matter to me, I say, whether she, there, be of high or low degree?"

At this moment Angela made a faltering movement towards her husband ; and Madame van Marseeven called out from her place behind the Countess Comenes, "Néess, fetch a chair for your wife."

Néess bustled about with vulgar officiousness, and brought forward a heavy armchair, which he placed awkwardly behind Angela, and pushed her into it. "Sit down, Angela, my little wife. Sit down, you poor little weak thing. Our gracious lady aunt will give you leave."

"Now, Madame Néess, it is your turn to speak," said the stern voice of the Countess Comenes. "Answer me truly and fearlessly. Is there no concerted plan between you and your husband to practise an imposition on the relatives of the noble Renier van Gröneveldt?"

Angela raised her drooping head ; the melancholy expression of her countenance, as she fixed it on the speaker, would have been a sufficient answer, but she faltered, "No—no ; I have never deceived any one in my life."

"And," continued the inexorable countess, "are you sure you are the daughter of the noble Gröneveldt, and his wife, Brigitta van Casambort?"

"I was not aware of this till a short time ago," replied Angela ; "but Van der Néess says it is so ; and when I was going to marry him, an old woman servant of my mother's confided this circumstance to me, because she wished to prevent my marriage, to which she was averse."

"And when you knew all this, how was it possible you could marry a person so far beneath you in rank?"

"I did not know the difference was so great," replied Angela ; "neither did Néess."

"Are you sure you have not been imposed on by this man?" demanded the countess, sternly. "Are you quite certain he has not deceived you?"

Angela was silent, for she could not simply refute the countess's suspicions by expressing her convictions that Van der Néess had dealt fairly by her. Ever since she had discovered he had heard the proclamation of the Countess van Casambort before their marriage, she knew that he had deceived her.

Van der Néess, terrified by her silence, fidgetted about uneasily, clenched his hand, and pressed it to his mouth.

"She is so shy my lady—so very shy," he stammered. "Look up, my little wife—my little Angela—speak out and own how much you love me; tell them how faithfully and uprightly Van der Néess has acted towards you and your poor mother—how he sheltered you in danger, and shared the little he had with you. Speak out," he continued, forgetting that he was observed, in his increasing wrath at Angela's silence. "Speak, Angela—speak! I command you—speak, or you shall repent of it." His whole frame shook with rage. Angela shuddered.

"Silence!" cried the countess in a voice of thunder, that made Van der Néess tremble; "retire, and leave your wife to herself." Néess rushed back towards the wall, while Angela buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

"There," cried Néess, perfectly beside himself with rage; "only look at the fool. To think of her beginning to sob and whimper, when she ought to maintain her dignity in the presence of her great relations! Oh, madam—your ladyship—a man of my consequence in the city and on 'Change, is much to be pitied when he feels himself qualified—when he wishes to assert his rights—if he is thus shackled by a weak-minded person; only weak persons lose their heads, when the occasion demands dignified behaviour, and thus are the cause of misfortune. Be silent!—Answer!—Cease your noise!" Van der Néess was no longer conscious of what he said; he began to dance about the room, his fears that Angela would either remain silent, or reply in the negative to this critical question, drove him to desperation.

The Countess Comenes was about to interfere a second time, when Urica, who was still behind her chair, uttered a faint scream, and cried, "Merciful God!—it is she!"

The countess looked round in astonishment. Urica had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was trembling so violently that Madame van Marseeven was obliged to support her.

The Countess Comenes hastily arose, and assisted Madame van Marseeven in leading Urica to a sofa, for she seemed on the point of fainting.

Meanwhile, Néess had not understood the Countess Urica's exclamation, and imagined this commotion among the ladies prejudicial to his interests. Fancying himself unobserved, he rushed up to Angela, pulled away her hands from her face, and cried, with a furious gesture, "Answer! answer! say you have no wicked suspicions of me, or I will cast you off—I will murder you!"

"No, Néess," said Angela, sadly, "I cannot say that, for I cannot utter a falsehood."

Van der Néess started back as if he had been shot. These simple words contained a fearful accusation; and he felt it the more deeply, as he had never believed Angela possessed of sufficient judgment and understanding to find cause for reproaching him. He felt he must henceforth adopt a new course with her, but could not tell which to pursue.

"For Heaven's sake," cried Urica, who was beginning to recover herself, "send that clamorous fellow out of the room—the sight of him quite frightens me; but let her stay—she must remain here, for I am now convinced that she is indeed a Casambort."

"Do you really believe that? What makes you think so?" inquired the Countess Comenes. "You must be mistaken, my dear. Only look at this woman; why, she is positively vulgar in her appearance."

"Oh, spare me!" replied Urica; "spare me, for she is my long-lost niece—she is indeed!—only, for mercy's sake, away with that man!"

The countess returned to her seat. Van der Néess was running to and fro, clenching his fist and looking like a madman, while Angela sat with her head sank on her bosom, the picture of resignation.

"Jacob Néess," said the countess sternly, "retire and wait in the antechamber till you are called."

Néess did not stir. A rude reply rose to his lips, but the Countess Comenes was not a person to be disobeyed. Without being in the least disturbed by the opposition she saw portrayed on her adversary's countenance, she simply waved her hand towards the door with a haughty and commanding air.

Jacob shook himself wildly, and, murmuring angrily, obeyed this mute command, and the door closed upon him.

"Now, countess," said the old lady, returning towards Urica, "we are alone with this poor young woman. Yet let me intreat you once more, consider well before you act; do nothing hastily; remember that you take a most important step in acknowledging her—one that it would be very difficult to recall."

"Countess Comenes, and you my dear Flavia, listen to me," said Urica, in a tremulous voice. "I will not trust to my own judgment; you shall decide, and tell me whether I am mistaken or no. You, Flavia, reminded me yesterday of a peculiarity in our family—that all the females of the house of Casambort have but two joints to their little fingers. This peculiarity, which has existed since time immemorial, has been accounted for by an old legend, supported by the evidence of a gold ring. It was your allusion to this circumstance which made me determine on seeing these persons, for I felt, that if I discovered this distinguishing mark in addition to the proofs I already possessed, my doubts would be removed. But I must own, I was so overcome by the dreadful appearance and coarse behaviour of this man; so shocked at that horrid scene in the antechamber, which has stamped them for ever as a laughing-stock for my servants, that I utterly forgot my intention of seeking for the peculiar mark of the Casamborts, and my heart turned with repugnance from both of them. At length you asked this unfortunate woman whether she suspected her husband of having deceived her. Her honourable silence excited my interest, for there could be no doubt she knew she had been imposed on. Influenced by this feeling, I fixed my eyes upon her at the moment when she raised her hands to hide her weeping countenance, and I saw at once that those hands, though so coarse and neglected, bore the mark of the females of the Casambort family."

Urica paused, and sank back exhausted in her seat. After a few minutes she resumed, turning to the countess and Madame van Marseeven, who stood by silent and thoughtful. "And now, I intreat you, my dear friends, do something for this unhappy creature. First give her a few of these strengthening drops diluted in water, for she requires support; and then attentively examine her neglected hands, and you will see the evidence of her descent."

The ladies mechanically obeyed this injunction. The tone and man-

ner of the Countess Comenes, as she addressed Angela, had undergone so complete a change, that the latter ventured to raise her tearful eyes, and fixed them sadly on the speaker, while she thankfully accepted the reviving draught that was so kindly offered to her.

The two ladies returned to the other end of the room, where Urica was sitting, her bosom heaving with agitation. Madame van Marseeven, with great emotion, took one of Urica's beautiful hands in hers, and nodded significantly as she pointed to the little finger.

"There is no doubt of the fact," said the Countess Comenes. "This poor woman's hands, although disfigured by the effects of hard labour, are delicately formed, and destitute of the third joint of the little finger."

The Countess Urica then arose with a courageous effort, and resolutely advanced towards Angela.

The latter, on seeing her approach, rose from her seat, and, falling at her feet, exclaimed in sorrowful accents, "Oh, my noble aunt, forgive me the wrongs of which I have unconsciously been guilty towards you and my family."

"How!" cried Urica, greatly agitated; "do you know me? Why then did not you discover yourself to me before?"

"Alas!" replied Angela, "I was afraid of offending your feelings by doing so in the presence of Van der Néess."

"Gracious Heavens!" cried Urica, turning to the ladies, "do you hear her? Say, is she not worthy of being my relation? But tell me," she added, looking at Angela, "how could you tell who was your aunt, since only this lady addresses you?"

"I have a mother," exclaimed Angela, "an angel, but one whose soul is no longer on earth. The only feeling of which she is still conscious is that of affection for me and for a little picture which she wears next her heart. Whilst caressing me, she often draws it forth, and kisses and smiles kindly on it. Susa, her maid, told me this beautiful portrait was the likeness of her mother; at the back is painted the miniature of my father. The resemblance between you and this portrait is so perfect, that when I saw you, I knew at once you were my aunt, and felt it was only from contempt to us you suffered the other lady to speak. Then I resolved to be silent, though my heart should burst."

At this moment she felt herself clasped in the arms of her aunt, and warmly pressed to that proud heart which had so long held out. Urica's tears flowed freely, and she exclaimed, "Yes, indeed, you are my niece! You are a true Casambort! That is the delicacy, the noble pride of my race. Oh, how I rejoice to be able to recognise you even by your sentiments!"

Angela was silent. It was the happiest, the proudest moment of her life: the kind and respectful manner in which her aunt had recognised her rights seemed indeed to raise this poor oppressed creature to a higher rank; for self-esteem, that most noble and elevating principle of human nature, awoke in her heart.

With affectionate modesty, she returned the caresses of her beautiful aunt. The two ladies looked on with interest at this affecting scene; yet the feelings it inspired them with were widely different, as may be imagined from the disparity of their characters. Madame van Marseeven tenderly embraced Urica, who threw herself into her arms, with sincere

thanks and prayers for forgiveness, while the countess began to reflect on the course henceforward to be adopted in public.

It was not easy, indeed, to decide on the steps to be taken, for justice demanded an action painfully repugnant to pride, and it seemed by no means clear that this action would be truly productive of advantage to those concerned.

The Countess Comenes was roused from her reverie by hearing Urica say to her niece, "And is it thus you repulse me, Angela? Is this to be our connexion in future? Do not you feel that I have a right to you now?"

"But what would you do with Van der Néess?" inquired Angela, simply; "you will never be able to overcome your aversion to him, and I feel it would be death to me to witness again what I have seen take place this day."

"Angela," said Urica, "do not dissemble with me. Tell me truly, are not you convinced now that Van der Néess has imposed on you, since he heard my first proclamation, and yet kept it secret from you in order to decoy you into a marriage that would secure your fortune to him?"

"Alas!" replied Angela, sincerely, "nothing can be more certain; but forgive me if you can for this marriage, which must mortify you so deeply; remember, that I had no acquaintance except the pastor's family and the baker's wife; each of these proposed to me a marriage with a relative of theirs. I knew nothing of the difference of rank and station and all I have now learnt. For though we common people do see the nobles and rich burghers at church, and admire their magnificent dresses and genteel manners, so different from ours, yet all this has no influence on our situation; it does not affect us, for it is too high and too distant from us."

Urica was pierced to the heart by this humble speech of poor Angela's. All her old indignation was kindled afresh.

"Angela," she cried, "you have been made the victim of a shameful deception; but I shall not suffer you to continue thus. The law will protect the right; I shall have recourse to it to deliver you from this impostor."

"Do you mean Van der Néess, aunt?" cried Angela, quickly; "Van der Néess, my wedded husband?"

How much was expressed in these simple words! What a light they threw upon the case.

Urica felt this and shuddered. "But consider, Angela," said she at length, "that a separation is no unheard-of occurrence: our religion does not forbid it. The law in this country would favour you, would set you at liberty, and restore you to your family."

"The pastor said nothing of this when he married us," replied Angela, innocently; "he said what God hath united, let no man separate. See aunt," she continued, "since all this has occurred, I have thought more than in all the previous years of my life. These words of the pastor's have saved both Néess and me, for a feeling was arising against Néess in my heart, and if it had prevailed, I should never again have risen from my bed; it would have been my death. But whenever I was at the worst, I thought of the pastor's address on the day of my marriage, and then I knew it was the will of God I should submit, and felt I could endure all for His sake."

"But," said Urica, struggling with her own conviction, "what shall

we do with your husband? I could not possibly acknowledge Van der Néess as a relation?"

"No, no, you could not do that," returned Angela; "nor could I bear to see him together with you often, it would kill me here," said she, laying her hand on her heart. "You must remain what you have been hitherto, and so must I. No one ever heard of me before, and no one will care for me further, if I return to my old home." Angela paused, for sobs choked her utterance.

Urica rose, and rung her hands in the deepest distress. "Help me, advise me!" she cried, bursting into tears, as she threw herself into Madame van Marseeven's arms.

"Alas, my dear cousin," said Madame van Marseeven, sadly, "what can be done? No assistance can avail in this case. Remember that another duty devolves on Angela, that of tending her poor insane mother. What would become of her? What place would you assign to both of them in the world, if you took them out of their wonted situation?"

"I must see her," cried Urica. "Oh, my poor unhappy sister, is it thus I am to find you after years of anxious longing and disappointed hopes? But I will delay no longer; I must see her to-day—now—immediately."

"I fear there is no time to-day," said the Countess Comenes, "for it is near the hour when we have to accompany the queen to the banquet."

"You see," said Urica impatiently, as she turned to Angela, "I am not my own mistress; I must submit to the duty imposed on me; yet I may be able to fulfil my intention for all that. Only contrive a plan for my seeing your mother without being annoyed by the sight of Van der Néess."

Angela was silent; and Urica resumed, after a few minutes' reflection, "I shall be able to manage it. Listen to me, Angela. When I send a page to you with this little pink feather, tell him exactly in what manner I may secretly enter your house and see your mother. And now farewell! Heaven protect you till we meet again."

The Countess Comenes accompanied Angela through the antechamber to the head of the staircase with marked attention, but did not take the slightest notice of Van der Néess, who, having waited in vain for an invitation to accompany them, saw that nothing was left but to follow in the train of his highly honoured wife.

Muttering some imprecations to himself, he therefore ran after her. The countess took leave of Angela with every demonstration of respect; but Van der Néess could not succeed in drawing her attention to even a single one of his numerous and profound bows, for the countess possessed the art of entirely overlooking those she did not choose to see, and never vouchsafed even a glance to Van der Néess.

SCHARZFIELD CASTLE.

SCHARZFIELD CASTLE formerly stood among the Harz Mountains. In the eleventh century, under the reign of Henry IV., it was in the possession of a knight of the name of Helden, Count of Scharzfield. He was inspector of the mines in that neighbourhood; a post of considerable responsibility, as the produce of them formed the principal item of the king's revenue, and was more than equivalent to what is now called a *Berghauptman*, or captain of mines in the mining districts of Germany. Helden had a beautiful wife, who was devotedly attached to him; but she had the misfortune to please the Emperor, Henry IV., then in his youth—a wanton and seductive prince, from whose fangs no woman was safe that happened to attract his attention.

The emperor lived at Goslar (a few miles from Scharzfield), which at that period was the favourite residence of the kings of Germany—probably from being so near to the principal source of their revenue; and, as the count and his wife were constantly in the habit of visiting Goslar and the court, Henry became enamoured of her charms. His plans were soon formed for the possession of them. He despatched her husband on an important commission, which, whilst it would keep Helden away from home a considerable time, would enable him (the emperor) to bring his schemes to execution. Henry, like all his predecessors, was passionately fond of hunting; and, after the count's departure from Scharzfield, he daily indulged in that sport in the immediate vicinity of the castle, waiting for an opportunity which would give him a pretext for appearing before its lovely and lonely mistress. A tempest soon afforded the emperor this opportunity: wet and fatigued, he rode up late in the day to the castle-gates, and announcing himself, entreated the hostess to give him shelter till the storm was over. It may be easily supposed that the mistress of Scharzfield Castle was too humane to refuse, even to a beggar, what her husband's sovereign craved; and the cunning and seductive Henry was quickly ushered into the presence of the beautiful and unsuspecting countess. But, as the night advanced, the storm increased; and Henry feeling averse to depart, she saw herself compelled to offer an asylum for the night to her royal visitor; which, of course, was eagerly accepted. What followed—what arts Henry employed, what subterfuges he had recourse to, to triumph over the virtue of his hostess—the old chronicler of those times, Zeiler, leaves us to surmise:

Was nun die Liebenden, in jener Höhle, thaten,
Das lässt uns, Zeiler, nur errathen.

The morning disclosed how far the emperor had succeeded in his base designs; and that, amongst his other titles, he had claim to that of being *Invincible*, at least in the eyes of the frail and fallen countess. The emperor, however, had not acted alone: powerful as he was, he found himself compelled to employ a monk, of the neighbouring cloister of Pohlde, to appeal in his behalf to his fair object, who had religious as well as domestic scruples to overcome, and which this crafty priest alone

could remove, as he was her confessor, and a constant inmate of the house. But the infamous conduct of this accomplice to Henry's wicked plan is said, by the writers of the day, to have tended more to awaken the dormant spirit of the *Ahnherr* of the Castle of Scharzfield than the seduction committed by the king himself. This phantom, as is well known in Germany, only appears when danger is about to threaten any member of the family, or when the mischief is already done. The *Ahnherr* of the Scharzfield Castle had not been seen for many years, although it was believed he confined his wanderings to a remote part of the castle, called the Round Tower, which was isolated and removed from the rest of the buildings. Some nights after Henry's departure the roof of the Round Tower gave way, and fell with a dreadful crash. The *Ahnherr* rushed from his place of concealment, flew through the apartments of the castle, and arresting his steps beside the fatal couch where Henry had abused the hospitality of the countess, began to howl in a most terrific manner. The turrets of the castle reeled, the whole edifice was shaken to its foundation; and, in a peal of thunder, the *Ahnherr* took his flight, and never again appeared at the Burg. The wretched countess, stung with remorse, wandered in a frantic manner about the castle: the attendants, terrified, crossed themselves for protection against the wrath of the Evil One, and fearfully awaited the result.

At the end of a few weeks the injured count returned, and found his wife in an agony of despair, and inconsolable for the wrong she had done herself and husband. In the excess of his rage he went off to Goslar, with the intention of seeking personal revenge on the emperor himself, who had sullied his honour and destroyed his peace. But care was taken that he should not approach the person of his monarch; and, for his audacity in attempting it, he was removed from his situation as *Berg-hauptman*, and ordered to quit Goslar immediately. Insult being thus heaped on injury, he became more furious than ever, and, retiring to the seat of his power, summoned the miners before him, told them the tale of his wrongs, and so excited their indignation, that they all declared they would leave their occupation, and follow their chief to a distant part of Germany. Thus he avenged himself upon his sovereign; for the mines were neglected, and remained unworked for a considerable length of time, and Henry was deprived of their produce—an immense loss for an extravagant monarch like Henry IV. In return for the count's behaviour, he laid siege to the Burg, took it (for there was no one there to defend it—even the countess herself had taken flight), and gave it to *Wittekind von Wolfenbüttel*, one of his favourite captains. Scharzfield Castle is now a mass of untenanted and unfrequented ruins.

THE CONFEDERATES ; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF
PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER III.

THE 10th of September, 1549, the day on which Prince Philip and his imperial father were to make their entry into the city of Antwerp, dawned as brightly as its anxious population could have desired.

The emperor had preceded his son ; and about twelve o'clock the latter arrived at Berchem, a small place at no great distance from the town. Here, on a plain extending towards the Leper House, were drawn up, in stately array, a chosen and well-appointed band of the Burgher guard in what was then termed a "battle." This consisted of 4000 men bearing upon their shoulders lances, which, owing to their extraordinary length, were generally known under the name of *longbois*. Formed into regular squares, and flanked by a line of *haquebutiers* three men deep, their colours floated with difficulty through the dense mass of poles which clustered thickly together ; and their lances' heads, brought thus into close contact, gleamed like one sheet of steel. Fifers and drummers performed their duty in their front ; whilst the leaders, selected from amongst the aristocracy of the town, and mounted on nobly-caparisoned steeds, rode forwards and backwards issuing their various commands.

The men, though not all habited alike, were most richly decked out ; the prevailing costume consisting of white velvet doublets, and crimson cloth trunk-hose, slashed on the right thigh with yellow and on the left with red silk. Some wore crimson silk barrets ; others, salads or steel caps, adorned all alike with parti-coloured feathers ; whilst the numerous breastplates, cuissards, and brassards, many of pure silver, and others of highly-polished steel, receiving and reflecting in full the ardent rays of a mid-day sun, formed a sight so dazzling to the eye that it could scarcely rest upon it.

The Deputy Marquis of Antwerp advanced towards the prince with due reverence, and escorted him to the front of the "battle." Philip, however, perhaps for the reason we have mentioned, did not seem willing to indulge himself with too close a scrutiny of their braveries, but desired the marquis to proceed with the business of the day. This might be a natural, but certainly was not a very gracious proceeding, and caused no slight disappointment amongst the vain birds whose gay plumage was thus carelessly overlooked. The prince was next conducted through a large arch—which, owing to the brevity of the time for preparation, had not been quite completed—towards a small circular chapel erected close by the Leper House. Here he was met by all the patricians and officials of the town, and a great number of representatives of the different religious orders established therein, who did him homage with extreme pomp and ceremony.

The keys of the town, laid upon a purple velvet cushion, having been offered to him on bent knee, Philip of Spain, afterwards so justly denominated The Cruel, was solemnly invested with the marquisate of Antwerp and the jurisdiction of that fair and flourishing city, together with all its dependencies. Could those who so freely and joyously tendered him this power have read in his dark breast all the stores of evil

that lay there yet dormant, for lack of that very power whose foretaste could not even bring the warm blood of life to his pale cheek, how would their hearts have quailed, and all their bright hopes have been changed to agonising apprehensions! It is a wise dispensation that veils the future, with its many unavoidable sufferings, from the sight of men.

Prince Philip, although Spanish by birth, had inherited the fair hair and blue eyes of the houses of Austria and Burgundy, without, however, possessing the advantage of their fresh colour and open brows. There was no trace in his countenance of the frank audacity of his illustrious ancestor, Charles the Bold—of the calm wisdom that distinguished Maximilian of Austria—nor even of the haughty comeliness of his father. His eyes, his hair, and complexion, might each and all have been denominated pale. His forehead bulged out considerably; his chin and lips protruded in as marked a manner, and gave a peculiarly heavy, unintelligent, and at the same time ill-tempered expression to his countenance. It was impossible not to perceive at a glance that his was a saturnine, joyless temperament; that his smile was forced, and that his frown—when, in spite of all his efforts, habit, stronger than will, resumed its sway—was natural. His figure, though slight, was utterly devoid of grace and dignity; he seemed shy and embarrassed in every look and movement; not, however, with the amiable bashfulness of youth, whose blushes plead its most graceful excuse, but rather with that of one obliged to go through a part that fatigues and annoys him, and in which his inward man takes no share.

What might in some degree palliate these feelings—if, indeed, he entertained them to the extent that his countenance seemed to betray—was his miserable deficiency as a linguist. To come as a sovereign and receive homage from beings his eye never rested on before—to mingle in customs and pleasures most strange, and therefore distasteful—to wander amongst a variety of objects, not one of which was familiar, or rendered interesting by any connecting link with the past—a new world everywhere around him—how could his heart sympathise with those who shared no prejudice, no habit, no idea in common with him; with whom he could not interchange, except through the medium of a third party, the merest expressions of common courtesy? Brought up in the strict etiquette of a court more pompous and formal in outward bearing, less cheerful and communicative, than any other in Europe, he naturally felt shocked by the frank, easy deportment of the Flemish citizens; and, consequently, often took offence where none was meant.

Now that intervening centuries permit a calm and dispassionate investigation of that most extraordinary period, and the leading characters who prepared or caused its disasters, we cannot clearly understand what feeling or purpose could have influenced Charles V. in having kept his son so many years absent from the countries over which his birthright called him to rule, and in having permitted him to grow up to manhood in utter ignorance of their usages and tongues. It seems unworthy in so great a man, so successful in all he wished to accomplish, to have dreaded any rival, especially in a son, even had he been the most distinguished; and yet how can we otherwise account for the prince's education having been neglected on so important a point? Whatever was the motive which induced the emperor to adopt this plan—and that it was a deep-laid one must be evident to all who take for one moment into con-

sideration the crafty policy that ruled every action of his life, his own natural taste for intellectual cultivation, and his often-repeated assertion that "so many languages as a man spoke, so many times was he a man,"—by whatever motive, we repeat, influenced, he pursued in that respect a most unjustifiable and cruel measure, so far as it affected the interests of the country he professed to love, and one most unfavourable to his son's comfort and tranquillity.

The ceremonial of investiture being over, there poured from the city, in unceasing flow, a stream of nobles and gentles, authorities of the town, distinguished merchants, and foreigners of note, headed by their own consuls, each taking precedence according to the place assigned him. The procession passed slowly in front of the temple where the prince was seated. He coolly eyed the horsemen as they rode by, bending in humble obeisance before him; but, contrary to the expectation of those by whom he was surrounded, he made neither inquiry nor remark, and gave no other outward token of satisfaction or attention than an occasional grave inclination of his head. When the body of Spanish merchants met his gaze, for the first time his features relaxed into a smile. Perhaps those swarthy features appeared to him more kindly; but all eyes were upon him, and the Flemings were but little flattered by this solitary mark of approbation, bestowed in a quarter which they, unfortunately, regarded with the strongest sentiments of jealousy and distrust. Having defiled thus before the prince, the different companies returned in the same order towards the city, whither we shall take the liberty to precede them.

The people swarmed in the streets and squares, more especially in those through which the procession was expected to pass. Every window and doorway was filled with eager faces, and the crowd literally lined every accessible thoroughfare.

From the gate of the Kaiser-poort, through which the prince was to enter, extended on either side the way an unbroken line of square pilasters, ten feet apart from each other, with horizontal shafts running across their capitals, between which hung festoons of leaves. Above each alternate column, fixed in a golden socket, flared a large lighted taper, whilst the intermediate ones bore above their summits portraits and escutcheons of various members of the Imperial family, encircled with wreaths of evergreen.

Paul van Meeren, who had decided to take no active part whatever in the proceedings of the day, clung obstinately to his predetermination. Cornelius had, on the contrary, solicited to make one of the procession, more as a matter of policy than taste; and left his wife to his brother's care, who, in spite of his prejudices, was too vivacious not to take some degree of interest in what was going forward. He had, consequently, set out at an early hour with his fair charge, to secure a convenient situation at one of the windows close by St. George's, from which advantageous position they would not only command a view of the procession as it passed the gate of the town, but also as it wound its way up the Dryhoeck, along which it was to proceed in the direction of the Meer-Brugge.

They had occupied their station somewhat above three hours, every minute of which had been counted by the impatient Mrs. Van Meeren, when the bells of our Lady's church warned her that the cavalcade had

returned, and was about to enter the gates. Eagerly did she gaze, as, two by two, mounted on strong grey steeds of the famous Flemish breed—habited in crimson velvet robes, the drooping sleeves of which descended below their knees, their black velvet bonnets adorned with twists of gold—the company of the merchants of the city slowly passed beneath. Her bosom glowed with honest pride at the brave show of her townsmen; a feeling greatly increased by beholding amongst them her good husband Master Cornelius, who seemed in some degree repaid for his morning ride under a burning sun, by the smiles that greeted him from the window.

Next, riding in close order, sixteen in number, and followed by forty attendants most richly apparelled—their close-fitting doublets, saie, or loose outer vestment, short Spanish cloak, and jewelled caps, all of purple velvet—the merchants of Lucca filed through the gate.

To these succeeded the Milanese, moving with a stately gravity well suited to their handsome persons. Their costume was in all points similar to those of Lucca, with the exception of their caps, from which depended long ostrich feathers, as well as numberless tresses and medals of pure gold. Then, bestriding horses of a fine British breed, headed by their consul, Master John Sturgeon, who, in consequence of his advanced age and high character, was the most honoured of all the foreign residents in Antwerp, the English company passed before the eyes of the delighted Mary van Meeren. Their short violet-coloured cloaks, and trunk-hose of like material, were trimmed with silver lace in an undulating form, meant to represent the waving of water. Their bonnets were ornamented, besides the customary golden medals, with white and pale-green plumes, in honour of the sea; and their horses' heads bore a profusion of similarly coloured feathers. Each merchant was attended by two pages, whose tight white silk dresses slashed with sea-green sarcenet, and barrets of white velvet with drooping plumes of green, contrasted well with their masters' dark velvet robes.

After these, more sumptuous than the foregoing, came the Spaniards, fifty in number; their beautiful jennets covered with long housings of black-and-crimson velvet, and some of cloth of gold—their short purple cloaks of Spanish cut, lined with cloth of silver, and trimmed with a deep fringe of silver lace—their vests of purple velvet slashed with white satin, looped up in divers places with pearls and precious stones—their white velvet *haut-de-chausses* and tight scarlet hose displaying to advantage their well-formed limbs—they formed a sight that drew acclamations even from the Flemings. A long train of lacqueys brought up their rear, who, with the exception of a breastplate of white morocco leather curiously embossed, were clothed from head to foot in close-fitting white velvet.

These gave place to the Genoese, who were preceded by their consul, supported on either hand by two councillors, on milk-white palfreys, whose housings of purple velvet trimmed with gold fringes literally swept the ground. Their upper garment was a long mantle of purple velvet, made after the French fashion, with falling collar and open sleeves, fastened at intervals with gold buttons, displaying in the interstices a rich lining of cloth of gold; all, however, except those of the consul and councillors, being looped up to the shoulder. Their upper jerkin of crimson, closed at the throat with a gold tie, was, nevertheless,

suffered to open on the breast in such a manner as to show the doublet of cloth of gold beneath.

The Germans, who followed next in the procession, were distinguished from the rest by their large slouched hats covered with medals and drooping feathers. Mounted on powerful geldings, well adapted to their large frames, they maintained on that day their reputation for wealth and magnificence. They were preceded by twelve trumpeters, who bore triumphantly the imperial banner depending from their instruments, and two drummers on horseback; a prerogative granted them in right of being the more immediate subjects of the emperor.

Now approached the far-renowned Florentines. First of their train, ushered by four lacqueys dressed in purple from head to foot, came twelve pages—children selected from amongst the loveliest of their age, which did not exceed twelve years. Each wore, after the fashion of the Moors, a turban of cloth of silver twisted round his head, surmounted by a drapery of cloth of gold, and adorned with a red plume. There were habited in crimson and white, with buskins of cloth of silver nearly reaching the knee, clasped at the top with a lion's head in solid gold. These rode by amidst the shouts of the multitude, guiding with reins of floss silk their palfreys of diminutive size and high blood, on whose housings of white satin and snow-white hoods were brodered in red silk the lilies of Florence. Then followed the merchants themselves, clothed in the same sumptuous manner as those of the other nations, displaying but slight variations in the fashions of their garments, followed by their retainers decked out in yellow and violet.

Lastly, and far more gorgeously arrayed than any of the preceding—mounted on barbs of great beauty, the hilts of their daggers and swords, their very stirrups and spurs of pure gold, their doublets of crimson silk, slashed with cloth of gold, decorated with gold buttons and numberless rubies of immense size and value, their crimson velvet barrets covered with costly diamonds—the Portuguese wended through the Kaiser-poort, followed by their numerous retinue.

Then came a long train of city officers of higher and lower degree, who held their appointments of the emperor—the high justiciaries, burgomasters, and the sixteen eschevins, secretaries, masters of the rolls, pensioners, treasurers, all well mounted and gaily attired in robes appropriate to their offices. They formed so long a line that Mary van Meeren, whose eyes had been sated with the splendid monotony on which they had feasted, withdrew fatigued from the window. Scarcely had she done so, however, when the cry of "The court! the court!" brought her immediately back to her former position, but which her impatience would not long permit her to retain; for, despite the persuasions of Paul, she persisted in hurrying down to the street in the hope of obtaining a nearer and better view of the prince.

The Deputy Marquis of Antwerp holding in his hand, according to an ancient custom, a branch of thorns to represent the rod of justice, advanced in front of the prince, who followed with his plumed bonnet forced deep over his brow. Paul and Mary van Meeren had succeeded in placing themselves close to the cortège, and the stern grey eye of the former rested in bold scrutiny upon the countenance of Philip, from beneath whose drooping eyelids he imagined himself unperceived; but it happened almost at the instant that the doubtful shy glance of the prince fell

full upon the frank gaze of the burgher. What he read there must have displeased him; for he knit his brow, and for a moment an expression of anger gave to his features almost an aspect of ferocity; it faded, however, so instantaneously, that it was observed by none but him upon whom it fell, whose own face grew darker with something very like defiance.

A philosophical mind might have gathered from this trifling incident some clue to the awful future then impending over the devoted land. Subjects full of the spirit of independence, unwilling to quail before pomp or power, subjected to a prince so proud, with heart so cold, and will so strong, were calculated to draw out, and throw in strong relief, the fiercer and worse passions of either. It is contrasts like these, so often discovered in the tomes of history, that have caused so many of its pages to be written in blood.

Then swept by a long suite of nobles. Nearest to the person of the prince were two whom he distinguished above all others—the celebrated Granvella, Bishop of Arras afterwards cardinal, who kept his favour to the latest day, and the hated Duke of Alba, whose designs against Ghent, whither he had accompanied the emperor in his expedition against that rebellious city, were never to be forgotten by the Flemings. As the latter rode past some exclamations of dislike could not be wholly suppressed by the crowd, and though unheard or unheeded by the prince, they reached the ears of him who had excited them. He gazed around him with a look of such withering contempt that all shrank back except Paul, who, his nature appreciating everything that was strong and powerful in the human character, bent with more willing courtesy to him than he had done to his future sovereign. Most of the nobles were Spaniards, and their beautiful jennets, costly ornaments, and personal grace, excited general admiration; the women especially, in spite of national prejudice, as firmly rooted in their bosoms as in the most patriotic of the other sex, gazed on them with well-pleased eyes.

“You say more evil of them,” said Mary van Meeren, turning to her brother-in-law, “than I can believe; if one may judge from appearances they certainly are a noble race.”

“I never said they were deficient in courage, courtesy, and many noble qualities,” answered Paul; “personal dislike could not blind me so far. I merely asserted, and will ever do so, that it is an unnatural, forced, and most unhappy alliance that thus draws together nations whom it has been Heaven’s will to divide by half a continent, and whose peculiarities are as different as the climates which they enjoy.”

Whilst he was speaking, a few more eager than the rest pushed him and his sister aside, and unceremoniously took possession of the places they had occupied. But seeing, by the incessant efforts of Mary, that, in spite of all his representations, she would force herself through the foremost rank, Paul, by dint of main strength, procured her the advantage she so much desired, in time to stand at no great distance from the emperor.

“God bless Queen Mary!”—“the good Queen Mary is coming!” was heard on all sides. The women held up their little children, saying, “Look well at Queen Mary, my darling, the guardian angel of this land, that when you grow up you may say that you have seen her.”

“Which of the two ladies that ride on either hand of the emperor is the queen?” inquired Mary.

“That on the right,” replied Paul, “with dark bonnet and white shawl.”

"She is neither so young nor so good-looking as I had somehow or other imagined."

"You forget, Mary, she has long been a widow, and for more than nineteen years regent of the Low Countries; but there is no lady in the land of beauty so rare but a Fleming would rather gaze on this wise and truly generous princess. When one thinks how eloquently and successfully those mild eyes have pleaded the cause of her country—what effusion of blood she has spared—how many lives preserved, it is no wonder she is so dear to all hearts. How many now sit in happiness and content beside their peaceful hearths, faithful and devoted subjects, ready to sacrifice property and life in the defence and honour of a respected sovereign, who, but for her, would now, perhaps, be standing in arms in open rebellion. Pale and delicate as she looks, at the prayer and request of a mourning people, she braved every difficulty, endured the anger of her haughty brother, whom she sought in his imperial city of Ausgburg, knelt at his feet, and did not rise until she had obtained the boon that checked a thousand woes."

Queen Eleanor of France was much more gaily attired, and though long past the age of beauty, having once been very handsome, it was evident she still thought herself so; which as it was not an impression many shared with her, seemed to awaken very little sympathy in the bystanders. As the emperor rode forward at the very slowest pace which he could force his magnificent charger to keep, that he might gratify his subjects with a full view of his person, and distribute among them at his leisure the smiles and courteous greetings, of which, like most master spirits, he understood the use and value, all eyes became riveted on this most extraordinarily gifted and successful of monarchs. The people, as he passed by, seemed involuntarily to feel the presence of a superior being; and there rose an irrepressible enthusiasm among them as their great sovereign and beloved protectress kindly answered their shouts of rapture. The cheek of Queen Mary was now and then suffused with a warmer glow; but the calm smile of the emperor showed him either not quite so impressionable, or more conscious of his own high claims upon public favour.

"It is strange!" said Paul, as he looked after the emperor, until the waving plumes of the nobles, pressing in his train, intervened between his eye and the rich golden folds of his mantle, "his presence works like a spell. When looking on his manly, open brow, I could almost forgive, though I may never forget the past; and yet his name recalls all the bitter feelings which his smile dispels."

"Forget, oh! forget, dear Paul," said Mary, in the soft pleading accents of woman's sympathy; "permit the wound that has bled for so many years to heal at last. For every joy we lose by the hand of time, or that of fate, a fresh one may spring up in our path, if we are but wise enough to seize it. I trust," she added, looking up affectionately in his face, "you may one day be as happy as ——"

She perceived her brother's brow over-clouding, and an intuitive feeling of delicacy induced her to pause. He repressed, however, the bitter words which mounted to his lips, and contented himself with replying,

"In you and Cornelius, my dear sister, must henceforth be centred all my joys, I will not say affections, because my country has long been, and will, I trust, ever remain, the primary object of my devoted attachment."

"You must find some place in your affections for our expected little one," said Mary, with the beaming smile of approaching maternity.

Paul, whose mind was pre-occupied, was not immediately aware that they had too closely, and boldly, intruded on the cavalcade of the nobles who swelled the train of the emperor, whilst the rest of the crowd had, respectfully, given way on either side, that their movements might be quite free. He now perceived, with extreme alarm, a gallant young cavalier, who probably had dropped behind from his station in the procession, riding up at a rapid pace, his horse's head nearly touching that of Mary, whose attention was attracted in another direction. The exclamation of Paul, on seeing her danger, warned the young nobleman of the obstacle which stood in his way. He checked his horse so suddenly as nearly to throw him on his haunches; and whilst Paul was withdrawing his sister-in-law from her perilous situation, with a display of perfect horsemanship, that excited universal applause, he held back his impatient steed with a scarcely tightened rein. Seeing that Mary van Meeren, although now in safety, was yet pale with fear, he raised his barret with graceful courtesy, and rapidly continued his course. Scarcely had he disappeared, when the eye of Mary was attracted towards something glittering on the ground a few paces from her. She pointed it out to Paul, who, to humour her rather than from any curiosity of his own, picked it up and presented it to her. It proved to be a ring of great value, which had probably fallen from the hand of the cavalier as he was in the act of lowering his barret.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, whilst many voices around her were repeating with encomiums the name of Egmont. "Who is he?—where is he?" and, her curiosity getting the better of her fears, she was again pressing forward, when Paul detained her by a strong grasp.

"I understand, from what the people are saying, it is the Count of Egmont, who nearly rode over you. Everybody is praising his skill in horsemanship, his good looks, and his courtesy."

"Then this ring must be his," said Mary, examining the costly gem it enclosed, at the back of which was engraved a count's coronet, together with some characters in an unknown tongue. "Doubtless it is an amulet of great power—perhaps against the ague;" and again she looked at it more closely.

"Let me see it," said Paul; adding, in a bantering tone, "Well, that you may not perplex yourself with conjectures, I shall at once determine it to be a very good omen that so noble a lord should fling a coronet at your feet. Who can tell what it may foretel to our young heir."

"It had not struck me in that light," answered Mary; "but it is a very remarkable coincidence, now I think of it; and—and—we must return it, I suppose?"

"Of course," said Paul, with some emphasis, as he read in his sister's conscious cheek her secret wishes. These he determined to frustrate, by proceeding as fast as he could towards the first triumphal arch, at which he thought the royal party would of necessity make a halt, where he hoped to have an opportunity of returning the trinket to its owner.

He found his object more easy to effect than he had anticipated, for the people crowded towards the Kaiser-poort to see the return of "the battle" that had gone forth to meet the prince, and was now closing, in endless files, the superb pageant with which they had been gratified.

The edifice of which Paul was in quest was not far from the St. George's burial-ground; but when he and his sister-in-law approached it, the royal party had already passed through. Mary, in spite of Paul's desire to proceed immediately, insisted on examining this arch, which was above a hundred feet in height, and coloured to imitate white marble, offering an appearance of solidity simple in effect though rich in details. Whilst they were thus engaged a gay voice was heard behind them, and Van Diest's self-satisfied, rubicund countenance obtruded itself.

"You saw the prince, eh?—the emperor? How grand, wasn't?—How very grand!"

The features of Master van Diest wore an habitual smile, of which it would have been difficult to say whether there lay beneath it some dry sarcastic meaning, or whether it were merely the effect of some peculiar formation of muscle. His voice, however, was good nature itself; and a voice has expression as well as features.

"Don't you think this likeness most striking?" continued he, pointing to the figure of Prince Philip, sitting on a throne, surrounded by a group of kneeling females, decorating the front of the arch. "That lady with the tower, you, of course, recognise? It is the personification of our dear town. I do think the painter has happily expressed in that face and figure the peculiar beauty of our countrywomen. Some might, perhaps, object to the fulness of the person and the depth of the complexion; but it is an ingenious allegory to express our prosperity, and the superfluity of all the good things of this world which we enjoy. Then, notice the Lady Clementia, with her lilies. God grant the prince may take this painted lesson to heart, and always seek the advice of the snowy lady, and abide by her gentle laws in his dealings with us!"

"And that kneeling female with the little white dog in her arms?" asked Mary.

"That is another of our emblems. Nothing, you know, is more faithful than a dog; and white is the colour of candour. That other one with the ring —"

"We must proceed," said Paul, whose impatience increased under the infliction of Van Diest. He determined to turn up the Driehoeck, and take, if not a more direct, at least a less incumbered road to the Meer Brugge, where he hoped either to meet the owner of the ring, or to persuade Mary to rest some time at her own house, in order that his movements might be more free. But Van Diest prevented his putting this plan into execution.

"Nay, nay—you must see the arch of the Spaniards; it is the next; quite close at hand, and so proudly imagined! It cost them no little trouble and money, I can tell you."

"How do you manage to ascertain all these things, Mynherr van Diest?" asked Paul, impatiently.

"Why, my dear fellow, for the last eight days I have scarcely been out of the street, except when I occasionally took my rest at the sculptors', painters', and wits', that were employed on these great undertakings. I visited each and all in turn, till I got everything out of them that I could. Some have written down for me the exact breadth and height of the arches; others have given me their original sketches, when no longer needed, I verily believe to get rid of me."

"I'll be sworn," muttered Paul, but too inaudibly to reach Van Diest's ear.

"In short, I have been incredibly busy, and have made a batch of new acquaintances, even among the foreigners. I have even spoken to some of the retainers of the court. When a man is courteous, ready to give now and then a little help, and hazard a remark, though unasked—in short, to push himself a little, it is inconceivable what he may learn."

"At least the opportunity is not thrown away," said Paul.

"I improve it to the best of my power," replied Van Diest. "But here we are before the Spanish arch. I'll only warn you to keep all your admiration for that of the Florentines, and the *Prémontrés* at the abbey; don't suffer yourselves to be dazzled at the outset. You'll observe, however, this is very fine both for size and conception;" and whilst Van Diest was explaining the exact cost of the whole to a farthing, they examined its details.

On either side the street stood a column of extreme altitude, coloured to represent porphyry, whose Corinthian capitals were surmounted by huge imperial crowns. On the middle of each was an azure shield, one bearing, emblazoned in gold letters, "*Plus*," the other "*Ultra*," whilst on the base was twice repeated the word "*España*." Beyond these, but not immediately touching them, were strong bulwarks containing soldiers, who fired volleys as the emperor and his train passed by. From these extended on either hand a long row of columns, between each of which, on the right, stood gilded statues of the kings of Spain, ancestors of Philip; and on the left impersonifications of those virtues which could, with some semblance of truth, be attributed to each. These pillars communicated with the principal building, consisting of three arched gateways, the middle one being set off with two gigantic figures in bas relief, supposed to be supporting upon their shoulders a temple, representing that of Janus, which, flanked at each corner by a lofty gilded obelisk, formed the summit of the edifice.

Whilst gazing on this, the attention of Van Diest was disturbed by the greeting of a friend, and Paul would have turned this circumstance to advantage; but Van Diest being an especial favourite of his brother and Mary, the latter was not willing that he should be left behind thus unceremoniously. The next moment the voice of his tormentor was again in his ear.

"I have just heard that when the prince passed by there was a great hubbub, the guns were fired from the bulwarks, to which of course the shouts of the populace were added. Then, as he went through the gateway, a heavenly, though unseen harmony of instruments charmed all ears. Had we been but a few minutes earlier we might yet have enjoyed it, for it lasted some time after the prince had proceeded through."

As Mary lamented her ill-luck, Paul took this opportunity to represent to her that they would lose the best of the show if they did not cut through some by-streets and endeavour to overtake the imperial party.

"You are wrong," said Van Diest, "for if the arch of the Spaniards is beautified with columns and statues, that of the Genoese, near the Driehoek is not less adorned with fine paintings and tapestry."

But Mary felt her strength would not be adequate to her taste for sight seeing; and like a *gourmand*, whose delicate appetite curtails his enjoyment, she found herself forced to a discriminating selection. Van Diest promised to rejoin them at the Meerbrugge, or perhaps a little higher up, and darted off in another direction.

On their way thither they came unexpectedly upon the Florentine arch,

which for a time riveted their attention. It consisted of a long gallery of Corinthian columns, and a frontispiece at either end of the same order. Above the middle of the first was emblazoned in an azure shield—"To the great Philip the Florentines give welcome." Over the door on the right, between two of the four pillars which ornamented the face, stood in an azure recess two statues, representing St. Zenobius and St. Antonius, once bishops of Florence, afterwards exalted to the honours of the calendar; and beneath them, in a like recess, one of silver, personifying "Religion," at whose feet was seen the inscription "*Hæc ex hominibus divos facit.*" Between the opposite columns, in similar niches, were two gilded effigies, one of Giovanni di Medici, the other of Philipppo Spane Scolary, beneath whom were the words "*Duo Fulmina Belli,*" having below them a silver figure of Fortitude bearing the motto "*Ego Heroas Creo.*" Above the architrave of the centre appeared a statue of Cosmo di Medici in golden armour, bestriding a horse of silver. Over the architraves of the side doors were two silver statues in a recumbent posture, in the act of pouring the silver tide from out of vases of the same metal—one representing "Arnus," the other "Munius." Upon the extreme point above the centre stood the gilded figure of St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of Florence, flanked, a little lower on either hand, by two silver lions, one holding the banner of Florence, the other that of the Medici.

The pillars which formed the sides of the gallery stood considerably apart from each other, and between them was suspended, according to the taste of the time, tapestry representing appropriate subjects, and cloth of gold and silver; whilst above the capital of each column stood a silver statue, typical of the different towns that owed allegiance to Florence.

As on the one front the Florentines had illustrated their piety and their valour; so on the other they paid a grateful tribute to the genius that had shed an immortal glory on the country of which they were so justly proud. Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, had beneath them a female figure representing Poetry; whilst Giotti and Michel Angelo Buonarrotti stood triumphant above their motto that expressed their superiority over Zeuxes and Appelles. The feeling which the Florentines had displayed for those who had so truly ennobled their city, was understood and appreciated by the people of Antwerp; for they, too, united love of the arts and pride of national illustration with the desire of bringing their country and themselves to the highest pitch of prosperity.

Paul, whose impatience was subdued by the contemplation of this piece of art, entered into the smallest details to amuse the curiosity of his sister-in-law; for, besides the kindness he invariably displayed towards her, it was one of those subjects that warmed him to enthusiasm; and if Mary, not naturally vivacious, could not follow him through all the flights of his imagination, she derived amusement from what she could understand.

"Now, Mary, you had better go home and rest awhile, and entrust me with the ring."

"Yes, yes,—let us go home, Paul," answered Mary, evasively; "and when I am rested we'll see how we shall proceed."

Having seen Mary back to her house on the Meerbrugge, Paul, after some gentle persuasion, succeeded in possessing himself of the trinket, to which his sister seemed to attach much importance. She gazed longingly after it as, holding it triumphantly in his hand, he left the room; but an involuntary sigh having escaped her, she reverted to her

more usual cares; and whilst indulging her frame with necessary repose, she began to reflect upon the creature comforts which her husband would expect on his return home after so fatiguing a day.

Paul, in the mean time, flew from arch to arch. That on the St. Catherine's bridge, the Wingaert bridge, the Coepoortbrugge, all were in turn sought by him, but in vain; he could not meet again with the Count of Egmont. True to his promise, he returned to Mary, and encountering Van Diest by the way, they entered the house together, when, having refreshed themselves, and Mary having recovered from her fatigue, they soon resumed their perambulations.

We shall not pause to describe the many beautiful edifices everywhere erected, not even that of the English, although there might be seen bluff King Hal in gilded effigy embracing Charles V., and Edward with his arms amicably entwined round the neck of Philip; it is enough to say that all bore alike a stamp of nationality that enlivened the monotony of repetition. Neither shall we dwell on the favourite device of the town, the giant Antigone, clad in red and white, although, being founded on an ancient legend, it of course created a greater, and more general, interest in the multitude than any other of the costly temporary constructions.

"Now, do you really believe so big a man ever existed?" asked a very pretty girl, clad in a bright red bodice, laced with white, and a sea-green coloured petticoat, of another no less pretty.

"I should not think it likely," answered the other with a grave shake of her head. "I've heard Peter, the armourer's lad, say he went up him by a ladder, and shoved his head out of one of his eyes."

"Ay,—but for all Peter may have told you," said a youth, whose dress showed him to be in some way connected with the shipping, if not actually a sailor,—“for all that he may say, I have seen the bones of this very Antigone, as they call him, at the *Stadthuys*; the gentlemen of the town preserve them as well as they can."

"St. Mary! Is that possible?" ejaculated one of the girls; "how big should you conceive he could have been?"

"From the bones preserved, I should say twenty feet at the least," answered the explanatory youth.

"You know Trüdchen, he used to keep the toll of the Scheldt, and none ever tried to cheat him but had their hands cut off and thrown into the river; they do say, it is for that our town is called Antwerp."*

"Who killed him?" asked the astonished maiden.

"That I don't know," said the youth, rather embarrassed; "but I should almost think he died a natural death."

"Is it so, Paul?" asked Mary, who had listened with curiosity to the account of the young mariner, for, being born in Mechlin, she was ignorant of Antwerp's legendary lore.

"Why, not exactly," answered her brother, "for a knight of singular valour, named Brabançon, defeated this great tyrant; and to conclude in the same pithy strain as the orator we have just listened to, they say it is for that our province is called Brabant."

Van Diest now hurried them to the Hoogstraten, whence, having sufficiently admired the somewhat unveiled flattery which displayed Charles and Philip bearing the world on their shoulders, and Neptune himself delivering his empire into their hands—which, however, excited in the breasts of Mary and Van Diest nothing beyond unfeigned gratifi-

* Ant—hand; and werp, from werppfen—to throw.

cation—they, by following a less circuitous route than that pursued by the procession, at length reached the abbey.

Although the crowd was so dense that any approach even to the train was out of the question, they became aware that the imperial party was making a halt before the triumphal arch of the *Prémontrés*. They had passed that day beneath many artistical designs, all hinting, as plainly as carving, gilding, and painting could, that Charles and Philip were the undoubted masters of the known world, and that they lacked not rights to what might yet be undiscovered; but that of the *Prémontrés* was more calculated to impress upon their minds the reality of that power as held of God alone. It consisted of a very ingenious piece of mechanism, by which was balanced a coloured globe, encircled by a thousand moving lamps, that revolved around it, which, to the great wonder of the writers of the period, though nothing better than ordinary drinking glasses in incessant motion, lost not one drop of oil. Beneath this illumined globe were figures representing the Creator himself, taking from the ministering hands of his angels the crown and sceptre, to invest with sovereign power the kneeling figure of Philip.

"What an impious device!" said Paul, in a whisper to his sister, his Protestant feelings getting the better of his prudence, and his heart no longer able to contain the disgust that swelled it. "What a profanation, to make a wooden image for the amusement of thousands, in the similitude of Him whom they ought not even to approach in their secret thoughts without reverence and dread. Oh! the golden calf of Israel and the false prophets, how are they here exemplified!"

"For our Lady's sake, brother," said Mary, "speak not thus. You frighten me;—it is so very dreadful. You see the inscription bears 'From God alone does power come.' A good prince is certainly the choicest gift of God to the people he loves, as is a good father the blessing he bestows on a grateful family."

"But if the prince be a scourge, Mary, instead of a blessing—what then?"

"It is that the Lord would chasten us, and we must submit," said Mary, piously.

Whether respect for the pure, gentle feelings of his sister-in-law checked Paul's reply, or whether he perceived—what Van Diest so earnestly represented—that it was neither a fitting time nor place for a discussion of this nature, is uncertain; but he remained silent, although a sarcastic smile still hovered round his lips.

Mary's brow grew more thoughtful than usual, and she became so abstracted that the last of the noble train had entered the grand gate of the abbey before she aroused herself from her reverie.

This was a mood so unusual with her that it awakened Van Diest's curiosity, which, however, he in vain endeavoured to gratify, for Mary's ordinary flow of spirits seemed at a low ebb; and their walk home would have been silent, but for the constantly renewed greetings of the now disbanded stragglers, who had formed part of the gay procession, and whom they met at every step. Something in the words of Paul had excited painful reflections in her mind, and she did not recover her smiles until she was once more folded in the embrace of her husband.

The day of Philip's arrival within their city closed tranquilly upon the inhabitants of Antwerp, and both within and without the abbey being in no small need of repose, we shall for the present leave them to its enjoyment.

MRS. ACTON TINDAL'S "LINES AND LEAVES."*

How truly, in this rude practical world, are those to be envied whose feelings are fresh, whose emotions are sustained, and whose susceptibilities are so tuned to harmony, that they would rather be humble choristers to the God of truth and nature, than high priests at the altar of Mammon ! We can picture to ourselves the form in which such attributes are enshrined as Mrs. Acton Tindal has done that of the wedded "Fairy Ladye," of whom she says, and says truly, that

as a fond and loving wife,
Around the dull provincial life
A thousand charms she threw.

How full of deep sympathy with human nature is Mrs. Tindal's picture of the brother of La Trappe struggling to do that which is impossible—to separate the spirit from the man? How full of feeling the lonely chant of the widow-mother to her infant? How replete with intellect and imagination the rash wishes of the three youths and their fulfilment? And then for a ballad that is at once gay and yet solemn:—

THE INFANT BRIDAL

The sunbeams of the early day
Stream'd through the lattice grim,
And up the dark aisles' pillar'd way
Swell'd loud the nuptial hymn;
And pass'd along a gorgeous band
Of courtly dames and fair,
Of belted barons of the land
The bravest, best, were there:

But slowly moved the bright array,
For gently at its head
Two blooming children led the way
With short and doubtful tread—
The fair boy bridegroom and the bride
(Like Cupid's train in eld)—
Meekly and loving, side by side,
Each other's hands they held.

Half pleased and half surprised they seem'd,
For in each kindred eye
Love mix'd with pity fondly gleam'd,
And mournful gravity.
A fear, for them who knew no fear,
On each heart darkly fell:
Those view life's future through a tear
Who know the past too well!

The bridegroom bore a royal crown
Amid the shining hair,
That like a golden veil fell down
In masses soft and fair.
The bearing of the noble child
His princely lineage told,
For 'neath that brow so smooth and mild
The blood of warriors roll'd.

All coyly went the sweet babe-bride,
Yet oft, with witching grace,
She raised, soft stepping by his side,
Her dark eyes to his face;
And playfellows, who loved her well,
Crowns of white roses bore,
And lived in after days to tell
The infant bridal o'er.

Then words of import strange and deep
The hoary prelate said,
And some had turn'd away to weep,
And many bow'd the head.
Their steady gaze those children meek
Upon the old man bent,
As earnestly they seem'd to seek
The solemn words' intent;

Calm in the blest simplicity
That never woke to doubt;
Calm in the holy purity
Whose presence bars shame out!
Then turn'd they from each troubled brow,
And many a downcast eye,
And gazed upon each other now
In wondering sympathy;

And nestled close, with looks of love,
Upon the altar's stone:
Such ties as seraphs bind above
These little ones might own.
And sweetly was the babe-bride's cheek
Against the fair boy press'd,
All reverent, yet so fond and meek,
As kneeling to be blest.

Then smiled they on their grand array
And went forth hand in hand,
Well pleased to keep high holiday
Amid that gorgeous band.
Alas! for those thus early wed
With such prophetic gloom,
For sadly fell on each young head
The shadow of the tomb!

Scarce had the blossoms died away
Of the rose-wreaths they wore,
When to her mouldering ancestry
The little bride they bore!
Her marriage garlands o'er her bier,
Bedew'd with tears were cast,
And still she smiled as though no fear
O'erclouded her at last.

* Lines and Leaves. By Mrs. Acton Tindal. Chapman and Hall.
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A life as short, and darker doom,
The gentle boy befel:
He slept not in his father's tomb,
For him was heard no knell!
One stifling pang amid his sleep,
And the dark vale was pass'd!
He woke with those who've ceased to weep,
Whose sun is ne'er o'ercast.

A garland floats around the throne,
Entwined by angel hands,
Of such fair earth-buds, newly-blown,
Cull'd from a thousand lands;
A melody most pure and sweet
Unceasingly they sing,
And blossoms o'er the mercy-seat
The loved babe-angels fling!

"Our Church" is placed in an overgrown suburb, which has neither the repose of a village nor the respectability of a town. Its only trace of a once rural site is an approach shaded by a double row of trees; but, alas! the approach is paved with mortuary slabs, and the house of prayer can only be entered by trampling over whole companies of dead. Laying aside other and greater abominations, this is a state of things that ought not to be. In the United States it is considered an act of desecration to walk heedlessly over a grave. The following eloquent appeal against burial in a city, where, of all others, the dead are least respected, was, Mrs. Tindal says, suggested by a dying American girl, who implored not to be interred in London.

THE BURIAL IN LONDON.

Ah! bury me not in that smoky town,
Where the sunrise is so dim,
And the crowded river flows blackly forth
Through battlements old and grim;
Where no freshness comes with the breath of
morn,
And the weary flow'rets die,
And no stillness reigns with the stars at night,
But the human tide rolls by.

For I could not rest in that drear graveyard,
Where no blades of green grass spring,
And no shadow falls from the summer trees,
Nor the wild birds ever sing;
Where the dead are rock'd by the rolling
wains,
As they lie their shrouds within,
And their vaults are rent by the mighty roar
Of the city's toll and sin.

A strange grey mist from those many graves
With the evening gloom steals by;
'Tis a winged plague that is bred from death,
'Tis rank with mortality:
And my heart grows faint, for it seems to me
That the living grudge the dead
The span of earth that should cover them,
And their last deep narrow bed!

Ah! carry me back to my fatherland,
Beyond the Atlantic wave,
And the pure white snow on my head shall
rest,
And the sunrise gild my grave.
Oh! lay me to sleep in those green arcades
Where the vine, and plane, and oak
Knit together in verdant brotherhood,
Fear never the woodman's stroke!

Where the buds of spring, and the summer
flowers,
And the fruits of autumn glow,
In the best-loved haunts of the bird and bee,
Where the streams to music flow.
For in my far land there is room, as yet,
For the living and the dead,
In a virgin-grave may the poorest man
Lay down his careworn head.

Ah! sweetly, my mother, thy child will sleep
Afar from the haunts of life,
From the din of the troubled multitude,
Its passion, and pain, and strife,—
In the peace of the sinless wilderness,
With the glorious works of God,
While the dreamy eyes of the stars keep watch
O'er the grave by man untrod.

Although it will be seen by these extracts that Mrs. Acton Tindal's muse—a name well known to the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*—is eminently moral and religious, still there are, in this pretty little volume, varied themes—romantic and historical—treated in verse as sweet and musical as the more meditative portions. Mrs. Tindal seems destined to fill the place in poetry lately occupied by Mrs. Hemans.

VALDARNO; OR, THE ORDEAL OF ART-WORSHIP.

A BIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER IX.

THESE pleasant days did not pass unclouded; and at length a summons, the expectation of which had held me in suspense, arrived from Aula. It was couched in a letter from Pulci, which assured me that my father was in a sinking state, and had secrets of which he desired to disburden himself, for my ear, before he died.

I took a mournful farewell of the marchioness and Melissa; their guests were from home, with the young marquis, on pleasure. My only regret on this head was, that Angus, too, was absent. My parting with Melissa was sorrowful; with her mother even affectionate, for the caress she bestowed upon me at leaving was so genuine, as to appear rather the revival of some painful remembrance, than the exhibition of a new regard. As I rode away, I once more saluted the fair beings, waving my hand gently and with steadfast emotion, while they followed me with their looks.

I had not advanced far when the sound of hoofs roused me from my meditations. I looked, and beheld Angus.

"I shall remain no longer now you have left," said he. "I know nothing of these people; we became acquainted accidentally, and they invited me to their house."

"Your resolution to leave is sudden."

"I had already resolved to start, and on just now hearing you had left, I did not hesitate to follow."

"What is it that has thus quickly determined you?"

"What is it? Who, let me ask you, could live for any length of time in the same house with that jealous dog Marsino, and his pompous companion?"

"Have they annoyed you?"

"Not to my face; but I know them well. If such fellows as those have the least preference for one woman above another, they cannot bear a third person to approach her."

"Have they said anything offensive to you?"

"No; they are too well informed as to my character. Had they ventured to do so, I should have flung them both into the lake."

"I entertain as little respect for them as you do, I assure you."

"This very morning, as I paced up and down behind the dense foliage of an alcove, I heard them discuss us both in a tone almost too vulgar to repeat. Savatelli vowed, with a subdued oath, that if Theonoe showed me any further marks of her regard, he would render the place where I was staying intolerable. On hearing them I began to sing, that they might be aware of my presence; but, instead of changing the subject, Marsino in his turn began; and, rising from his seat, declared that if many more of your mild speeches were made to Ethra, you should feel the thrust of his sword."

"Worldly-minded men," I returned, "they are scarcely worth our remembrance: let us turn from them to more pleasant thoughts for the

brief period that we are together. I almost regret your sudden resolution to quit that amiable house. For my part, I leave from necessity, my dying father having summoned me to his bedside."

Angus said nothing for a few moments in place of condolence, then rejoined—

"Why should I waste my time in useless pleasure? Have I the same motive as you had to stay? However long I might remain I should never return; not so with you."

The remark touched me thrillingly, and the moment for answering it passed by.

"But she will not finally win you," he resumed; "she is not at her ease in this case. Her station is, I admit, unexceptionable, but she has not the rank which you enjoy, and is clever and proud enough to know that you princely families esteem all your inferiors much alike, and would not admit any of them as equals while you have life in you."

"I have made no pretensions to greatness at any time, I assure you; and do not now."

"Which is a proof to her, and not a bad one, that pride is inherent in your blood and bone. If the thing exists, you cannot escape it," he added, smiling.

"Her family," said I, "is among the highest; but what signifies it? It is her virtues that I regard, and they are beyond all expression."

"What have virtues to do with rank, except accidentally? She would not easily forgive you for thus esteeming her chiefly on account of her virtues. I tell you plainly, that to accept you she would have to rise a grade, which is to stoop, to her mind."

"You mistake her, Angus; women are quick to perceive; she knows that I am a slave to her charms."

"They are quick of perception, certainly, when not blinded."

"How is she so; and by what?"

Angus smiled pleasantly, drew in his reins, and said—

"She is blinded by pride."

We rode together for many miles. I expressed a desire to meet again; but my companion became taciturn, and scarcely heeded what I said. After a long silence he replied briskly—

"Do not trouble yourself about me; we shall meet one day, but not until after your doubts respecting Melissa are set at rest."

Those doubts I had communicated to no one, but had concealed them in the innermost recesses of my heart, and there he saw them.

My short intimacy with Angus even at this time made me desire to know him well, and see him often. As he took his leave I asked which way he proposed to go. He pointed into space, with a look so expressive, that it gave me a plenary idea of most distant lands; and with the words, "One day we are to meet again," he left me behind.

I long mused on his vanishing image. In the course of this visit I was somewhat startled at a remark he had made to me. He had recently passed through Bolsena with a view to renew acquaintance with Marco Musonio, whom he had met three years before on the Nile. The sage was from home; but he had seen the beautiful Ippolito, whom, he said he had strong reason to suspect was not a boy, but of the female sex.

On reaching the castle of Aula I was ushered into my father's chamber. I found him in agony: pain distorted him. It, however, had its

intervals; but during these I perceived a distress which pertained evidently to the grief-stricken mind. He wished to communicate some secret to me, but no sooner were we alone together than the pangs returned; and so acute were they, that the sufferer's voice became weak as that of a child. Restoratives were given, and not without effect; but the patient no sooner found ease from pain than he fell into a disturbed sleep.

The physician apprehended little danger, but the eye of affection, though deficient in experience, saw death written in his face. My sister saw it as well as I; and she sat by his side mute and tearful,—benumbed into stone by grief.

She was little prepared to lose her parent—her attached, fond father, who had indulged her from her infancy; but she saw that he was going to leave her. She kept his hand in hers, whether he was asleep or watching, easy or in torture, not leaving her hold for a moment, and often kneeling with her head bowed over it in prayer.

In this manner the night passed, when towards morning my father again closed his eyes, and had several hours of repose. Angela, my sister, on seeing him thus tranquil, fell asleep by his bedside. I left her with the attendants of the sick, and requested to be summoned on any fresh occurrence. At an early hour I returned to my father's chamber, and found all asleep. One nurse was in a chair, another on the floor, both slumbering soundly. The sufferer would sometimes start, and then my sister's eyes would open, and close again on perceiving that all was still. I seemed like an intruder upon the quiet of the dawn which had so many passive beings in its possession; the lights themselves seemed sleepy, outshone by the morning. At mid-day I was sent for, and found my father alone with an attendant, to whom he waved his hand to leave. He then commanded me to sit by him.

"O Adonäi!" exclaimed my father, with a look of earnestness calculated to transfix the very soul; "I have much to say that concerns you deeply. Know then, my son, that I had always, from my earliest recollection, an earnest desire to be happy. For a long time the pleasures of science and art were enough to fill my heart. When very young my religious opinions were formed. I adopted the Scriptures as my guide, and selected from them the narrative of all that our Saviour himself did and spake, as worthy, in the highest degree, of study. But the divine character of the Redeemer never struck me in its full force. It seemed to me improbable, indeed, that any sacrifice should have been deemed necessary by an omniscient being. The Divinity was the possessor of us all; we were his own works. Why should he atone to himself? It was incredible to my peculiar understanding; and so I allowed it for a length of time to remain. It was some years after I had come to his conclusion that I married your mother. We led a happy life: our difference of character was, in a certain sense, suitable; and we had children, which strengthened the bond between us. Her energetic imagination excited me when disposed to gloom; her love of change roused me when too much inclined to quiet. She made me happier than I had ever been; and was of that type of beauty and character which I knew well was most acceptable to my nature. In the fifth year of our union we went to Valaudi, to pass the spring. A near relative of your

mother was to join us in Calabria, and pass the season with us there. She was called Dione. Young and beautiful, she was in many respects like your mother. She was of the same type, but she surpassed her in mind. From the hour I saw her first, I was smitten irresistibly with the conviction that I had chosen the wrong—the inferior one of that class of women from which destiny had provided that I should make choice. I then saw that the end of my existence—consummate happiness—which, had I waited, I might have shared, was cut off to perish unmourned among the many blights of life. And this was my own work—the event of a precipitate conduct, of a desire to be happy before my day was come. Before I saw Dione I was content; nay more, I enjoyed a kind of bliss; but I had yet to learn that the joys of heaven were attendant upon perfect love.

Imagine, then, my son, what must have been my agony! My love for your mother, and, yet more, my duty towards her and my children, prompted me to treat her with increased kindness. I became indefatigable in my attention to her, to soothe, as it were, the heart which a knowledge of the truth must have broken. I greeted her with a perpetual smile; anticipated her wishes in all things. While I felt that my love for Dione was invincible, I determined to keep it within the limits of soul-worship, and do all that was right as a human being.

Having no belief in the necessity of a Saviour, and full of reliance on myself, I felt that the occasion had arrived on which to test the moral purpose and freedom of the will. I prided myself on my own character, and thought that whatever sacrifice man could make for religion's sake he might do equally for that of human nature. As a moral agent of the Divinity it was my duty to strive against and repress my passion, or, if I could not drown its remembrance, to endure it in silence. I resolved to act up to the principles which I had adopted; to call conscience to my aid, and, if necessary, invoke the love I entertained of the pure nature of my Creator. I succeeded, as far as the laws of my being would permit; and beyond natural laws I had no range of action. Among them, alas! I found one which I could not violate, and herein consisted my ruin. It was necessary that I should display to Dione the highest characters and faculties of my mind. Heedless of a purer religion, I obeyed this law, and the effect of my conduct was to call forth a similar display of intellect on the part of my fair companion. Thus, hour by hour, we observed our aptitude for each other; and, as time advanced, the more it became known to us that the Almighty had pre-ordained us to be one.

(As my father said this he fell back writhing on his pillow, and large drops of sweat gathered on his brow.)

But my time (resumed the dying) is brief; it behoves me to proceed without delay. Your mother was still charming in my eyes, she moved my heart to affection; but Dione filled my entire being with the impression of her sweetness and beauty. Behold again the working of the moral law: the very act of duty became deceit; it commanded me to conceal my love!

After a short lapse Dione drooped into melancholy. She refused all comfort, and kept her chamber. Your mother tended her constantly, and was miserable about her, being at a loss to surmise the cause of this

sudden indisposition. It soon, however, betrayed itself; and great was my consternation to learn from my wife's own lips that it was love! Your mother informed me that Dione had avowed a passion, but had made no mention of its object. My limbs gave way as I heard it said; I sank, in exhaustion and distress of mind, upon a seat, unable to support my own weight. I knew your mother's jealous temper, and shuddered at the consequences of what was passing. At length I adopted the resolution to address Dione myself, in terms of confidence, on the subject. An opportunity soon transpired, for, relieved partially of the burden of her thoughts, the fair creature rallied, and was soon within our circle once more. Wretched as I was, my determination to do right was not less firm than at first. The avowal made by Dione I thought might refer to some former attachment, in which event it might fall to my lot to be able to promote her felicity, and thus to completely sacrifice myself to the object of my secret love. I at first approached this idea with terror: it appeared all but impossible that she could truly love another now, acquainted as she was with our mutual tastes and endowments; at another time it seemed probable that my silent devotion had reached her heart; not to win from it a response, but to awaken in it the tender echoes of some former affection. And as my thoughts thus strove, I passed through the uttermost misery which is reserved for the abandoned of earth.

The interview which I so much wished for soon came to pass. We were alone in the vineyard; her eyes became fixed upon mine; their softness sank into my spirit. I trembled all over, and seized her hand. And now, alarmed at what I had done, but not a little surprised that the fair being, instead of repulsing my caress, retained my hand in hers, I asked her tenderly why her mind was so ill at ease, and besought her to confide all to me, as to a friend devoted in the utmost to her welfare. This address called forth the most vivid emotion; she wept, and pressed my hand again with impassioned tenderness. I saw by her manner, which, though agitated, was unembarrassed, that she loved another. My first impulse was one of generosity; my only thought to render her blessed; to exalt her, apart from myself, to that state which the Almighty one had given me to appreciate but not in this world to enjoy.

When she had in some degree recovered from the agitation of mind into which these events had plunged her, she took my hand again, and thus spoke:—

“I was brought up in the same city, and was intimately allied with the family of a noble marquis, whose possessions lay near our own. The second son of that house was the companion of my childhood, and always showed a preference for my society. When he was nineteen years of age he became attached to an embassy: at that time I was scarcely fifteen years old. He has remained faithful to me ever since—now seven years—and the only impediment to our union has been want of fortune.”

“Dear lady,” said I, interrupting her, “that need be no longer a hindrance; how cheerfully would we place a portion of our means at your disposal.”

“Most generous friend!” replied she, “that is unnecessary; for when I came here, the news that the elder son was deceased quickly followed

me. My betrothed is at this time a wealthy nobleman, and at the head of his family: but since his elevation his letters have been less ardent and I begin to feel that I am no longer so necessary to his happiness as I was when he was poor." At this she sighed deeply, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Suppress your emotion," I exclaimed, passionately; and suppose not for a moment that any man worthy of your regard, who had once loved you, could ever cease to worship that brow and the light which encircles it. If he should have changed, which is impossible, he has not loved, and was never worthy of your affection."

At these words Dione shed tears afresh—convulsive tears.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER this conversation, I strove the more to sustain my unselfish aim, which was to see her happy. I flattered myself it was not at my own expense that I did so, since my misery was complete. Generous impulse triumphed for a time over other feelings, and concealed from my thoughts even the moral pride which at first had impelled me to bear my own adversity.

Notwithstanding her disappointment then, my assiduous sympathy upheld the fair sufferer to a degree which nearly relieved her heart of the consciousness of neglect; and she was as calm again as one who had not loved. I saw that but for my support she must have drooped; strengthened by it she was enabled to raise her thoughts to heaven, and submit to its decree.

As time waxed on she became cheerful, and seemed reconciled to the loss of her lover, whose neglect grew only too manifest. She opened her mind to me with perhaps more candour than she might have done to one of her sex. My masculine intellect gave her confidence in me; my available sympathy raised her out of feminine isolation, so certain to have led to indulgence in a grief so real. But while all this transpired, I maddened my own heart to wrench from its opposite emotions the peace of mind which she acquired at my hands.

My son, you are now in possession of my secret—the secret of my career. When I am gone, when my works strike your eye, when their placidity causes even admiration itself to soften down into an intellectual approval, remember why it is. When you think of my coldness towards you, my neglect, think that I dared not feel; that the emotion necessary to create a smile would have started into a flame and consumed me.

One day, towards the close of her visit, Dione rushed towards me with a letter; her countenance was suffused with joy. "Read it," she exclaimed. I read, turned pale, and staggered; but, recovering presence of mind, took her hands in mine, and told her, in terms of affection, that I was now content. But she had seen my struggle, and construed it aright.

Dione, in truth, had made the discovery of my love. It destroyed her own, or rather proved it to be the illusion of years—an imperfect vision of bliss. She began not only to feel this fully, but to perceive what I had felt from the first;—that it was I, and I only, who was purposed by

nature to render her happy. It was a trying thought. I had myself marred the ways of Providence by my union, and she by her engagement. Thus had we made ourselves outcasts; our ways invisible; our bed upon the heath in the darkness; our voices audible, but across the gulf. Thus were forfeited the joys which are only distributed to those who are patient—the reasonable and the calm!

We saw it, and were determined to bear our fate; resolving to be miserable, not unholy. Had either of us been wickedly disposed, both must have been lost inevitably, so necessary is mutual support to the weak. But great as our love was, our purpose was yet greater: we resisted temptation and sacrificed ourselves.

Dione was married.

This, then, had I to tell you, my son, that you might beware of the marriage bond!

When you were a little boy I doated on you. But after these events I could not love you. It was impossible; my heart was cold. Your sister, however, won upon my affections. It is said truly that the love of a father for his daughter can have no end or interruption.

Dione has been a widow for many years, and I, my son, am now free. Think of that! Alas! it is too late; my passion has destroyed me. I am at liberty only to die. Yet how long it takes to break the heart!

I love her, now that she has outstripped her youth, as much as ever;—I adore her still, though we have scarcely met for years. To press her to this breast at this moment would be rapture such as I cannot expect in heaven, unless she be there with me. She would visit me even now were I to ask it of her; but she must be spared that pain. Oh! were she decrepid, grey-headed, and toothless—a hag in the sight of man—it would still be ecstasy, inexpressible ecstasy, to press her to my heart before I die.

(Saying this, he once more sank back exhausted by his passionate despair. It took a longer period than before to restore him to his powers of utterance. However, he did rally, and spake again somewhat to the following effect:—)

But, although it may serve as a warning to you, my son, think not that I would have told you all this for its own sake. It would have been unbecoming in me as a father to have done so. It is for the purpose of revealing to you what I have witnessed in my dreams that my breast has emptied itself of its deepest secret into your ear. Behold, when sleep had succeeded to my bodily pangs, I was seized with a preternatural calm. I felt that something unusual was about to happen to me; nor, indeed, was I deceived, for a voice (it was the voice of Atresthe) thus addressed me: “Oh, virtuous and self-relying soul! thy sufferings have all been in vain. In order to be moral, you found it necessary to make a sacrifice—to forego a passion exalted and pure, but forbidden. How much irreconcilable suffering has it not cost you!

“You thought and acted on your belief that human nature could not sustain itself in virtue without the sacrifice of a desire which, in other circumstances, had been in itself virtuous. The desire was love; love forbidden by events. You made a noble sacrifice, and it has cost you your life in vain: for man need die no more on his own behalf. The love which Dione bore you was deeper than your own: it was woman’s love.

She made a sacrifice greater than yours : it was to cast off care, and rest on the faith of her Saviour. She pretended not that human sacrifice was acceptable ; she knew herself to be an imperfect being ; she offered not herself therefore at the shrine of virtue. The sacrifice of the diviner and purer affected her ; she rose above her human state, wept at the sufferings of her Redeemer, not of herself, and she was comforted.

"She has been happy these many years ; she has been at peace with her own heart. She is too highly blest to repine at what has manifestly been the will of Heaven. She is thankful for the bitterness of an affliction which has brought her near to the All-merciful, made her true to her duties upon earth, and turned her mourning into hope.

"Has the self-sacrifice which you have made raised you into virtue ? Is despondency the virtue you respect and adore ?"

As my father repeated this his eyes became fixed above. He smiled seriously for a time as he thus gazed ; after a lapse he looked unhappy, and a pool of tears gathered in the hollow outside the eye. While this affecting scene was passing I addressed him affectionately, but he made no reply. At times a deep moan escaped him, and so plaintive was it, so loaded with distress of mind, that I wept aloud. My sister entered the chamber at this time, and took his hand. Recovering from his ecstatic condition, he looked at her with an expression of light which I had never before seen upon his countenance.

"It is not yet finished," he said, holding me by one hand and my sister by the other ; "the last agony is not yet passed. After this is over all will be well." When he had finished these words he fell asleep.

We were naturally much distressed to see him thus. His temples were still burning, and evidently the seat of pain, though he was in a slumber. He tossed in his bed for several hours, occasionally opening his eyes with a fixed look, and pointing with the index finger above.

The time passed on with some improvement, when one morning he expressed a wish to see my sister and me alone.

My children (he said), you have not witnessed all my torture ; but the last ordeal I was well able to bear ; it was the crowning joy of my life. Dissipated is the mist which has obscured my past days, and melted is my heart ; for the first time I love you dearly. I am a believer. I have been convinced, by means scarce less than superhuman, that the origin of our Saviour was divine. A voice had reasoned with me on the necessity of his coming. I saw the truth ; but even then did not feel it. At last came the trial, which has ended in immoveable conviction.

When I had wilfully rejected all reasonable, all spiritual evidence, it was necessary, no other course being left, that impressions should be made upon the material organs ; a terrific ordeal ! I was forced by Atrethe to behold the cross : first at a distance. It appeared wonderful. The colours and lights surpassed everything earthly ; it took some time, indeed, to get accustomed to their marvellous splendour. But when once the eyesight took it in, the beauty, the brilliancy increased to an extent that made me weep and tremble. As I continued to look, new qualities came forth, and the subject grew into its most painful aspect. The Saviour's face began to show its full expression ; agony else ineffable ! As I gazed, my troubles dwindled away ; I could have borne them a

hundred-fold to have relieved one pang of those which I saw—pangs of god-like dimensions steeped in the deepest love. I saw for the first time that true suffering was the parent of affection. The mother's pangs declare it, but what are they? Nothing in comparison with those of the crucified! Anguish of body, but far greater of mind; throes which brought forth the love of a parent divinity for mankind.

Every time I saw it, it came nearer; at length it came close to my eyes. As it approached the Saviour's agony increased, the light and colours were like flames curling around me: the vision one glorious incandescence. It was by this time too much to bear. I closed my eyes; but in vain; the inextinguishable vision approached nearer and more near to me, until attaining its divinest effulgence it touched my mortal eye-balls. At that instant my sight was darkened, and all was night. I am still blind; I see you not. The pain I experienced as the crucifix and its gorgeous objects smote my eyes, that pain could have been scarce less than the Saviour felt himself when the spear pierced him.

As he concluded, his countenance assumed a divine expression—a look of immortal suffering. The face was lighted up with an ardour which none could conceive who had not witnessed a martyr's death. The eyes increased in size, and their pupils fell open like curtains through which the soul had to pass into eternity.

My sister took his hand, and for some moments the fixed stare of the eye deceived us, for the mind still seemed present. But while we looked into the eye, and thought we saw the naked soul come forth, it had passed the limits of time, and was beyond this solar system.

I drew my sister gently into my arms, and pressed her forehead to my heart.

As she wept on my breast a gust of wind rose suddenly, and, bursting open the casement, scattered the room with autumnal leaves—a fit tribute of nature to mortality!

CHAPTER XI.

YEARS had elapsed since my father's death—eventful years! They were marked by the strivings of virtue and ambition, and as often by the victory of temptation over a soul which sin could not wholly conquer. I had rarely during these years revisited Aula, but had again scattered my days over foreign lands, in the pursuit of self-indulgence and in the study of my welfare. With an intuitive love of others I found it possible to forget those who cared for me: not hard to realise the problems of a selfish enjoyment. To look back upon those years is to feel regret, yet is the emotion signalised by a trust that utter depravity had never once become a habit, but that among deeds of crime there were still a few traces of humanity. It is a mercy to be enabled to regret, bitter as are the sufferings of afflicted conscience—a mercy indeed! To repent of evil is to adore good in the midst of trouble; the only path, whether here or hereafter, which is open to a reconciliation with heaven.

The last days of my great and noble father had spread wide dismay through my imaginative mind: his fate appalled me. I dreaded to encounter the misery that he, with an unequalled heroism, had borne. I was affrighted at my own love—the love I bore Melissa. Every trait of

character which she had displayed passed like a procession before my inward sight; I reviewed her disposition as a judge and as a lover; in the one capacity scrutinising and severe, in the other partial. Only one fault was visible; and that, how small! There were signs of pride—that pride which allows one man to be better than another; which realises not the idea that all in the sight of Heaven are alike. She had the air, as I thought, of an illustrious woman; her manner that of one who conferred honour upon the poor, though really loving them. This I was long in allowing; but I forced myself to see it. Humble myself humble as the worm, I yet admired her graceful pride, her innate nobility, and wished almost, for her sake and mine, that such qualities were of God as well as man.

But this view impressed me strongly, and grew upon me. The idea, however, was not ever present; it appeared to me only at the moment when my admiration of her beauty and virtues rose to the highest pitch. Then the dreadful thought would cross me like a thunderbolt about to burst; and my passion was instantly choked. It was the same, whether absent from her or not. When in her presence, which was often, both at Siena and Bello Sguardo, my enthusiasm alternated with terror. I gazed upon her as at an angel, but when my tongue tried to express the sentiment of affection, it clove to the roof; a warning ghost was before me, and I shrank from a confession. I struggled to conquer the idea. It conquered me, and for a time I fled it and her; but love remained my tormentor. But for my father's warning voice I should have overlooked that pride; it was inobtrusive, refined; a smile of greatness, not a reproving look, was its utmost error. My father's false repose, my mother's pilgrimages, however, had shaped my opinions—had moulded my plastic soul upon every inequality of their strange fates. The doctrine that the blessed might become unblessed, by the sudden perception of some happier but unattainable condition, grew larger and sank deeper within me, and rose into a philosophy. It was the key to all moral degradation. Society in my eyes seemed to have discovered too late that an early love was an error, and, when acted on, an irreparably fatal one. All who had once stood in speechless ecstasy at the hymeneal altar had, sooner or later, loved better still, either miserably or vainly. The matured eye, the ripened mind, had almost infallibly a choice undisclosed to the young. To be precipitate in contracting the marriage tie seemed punishable with the regrets of virtue in this world, or of vice in the next. Then, looking yet further into life as it was, I discovered that many who had loved deeply, and been deprived by death of their object, had married a second time, and loved more deeply still; had at last loved not delusively. Of this the instances, as of the former law, were unlimited, but I alone seemed impressed with the astounding truth. I was the only youth who, appalled at the fact, travelled undeluded through the social world.

In this state of mind the thought again occurred to me to take up my residence at Valanidi. The prospect was agreeable to me; I made my intention known to a few relations, took ship for Sicily, and departed. A favourable wind bore us in safety to Messina, at which port we put in; then proceeding on our voyage, we were not long in reaching Reggio, which lay close to the seat of my destination.

I found the country and climate delightful, but, above all, was struck with peculiar force by the magnitude to which vegetation attains there in comparison with Tuscany. I was not long in establishing myself in my principality, but not as governor—too much engrossed in my own prospects and pursuits to attempt dominion. My steward was honest, and better suited to his station than I to mine, and he was left to act unmolested as he had been wont. My chief correspondence in this mountain solitude was with Anselmo the younger, whose father, the steward and principal tenant on the Volterrana estates, had resigned all into his hands. This excellent young man I had known from childhood, and our friendship has reached old age! Pulci, my old tutor, and Ariosto, sometimes wrote to me, and their letters were deeply prized.

My time soon grew too long for study; other pursuits were necessary. The mind, become passive, began to dwell upon its own experience, and to exercise its powers. In describing the scenery around my present and former home I added the bias of mind, and gave a human aspect to nature. In perusing my writings thus produced, emotions the most lively sprang up, such as I felt while reading no other author. This effect upon myself encouraged the idea that all others must experience the same emotions on reading my compositions; a mistake which those who write make once, but rarely a second time. I depicted the haunts of my childhood; the traces of my parents, fast disappearing, yet preserved with pious care; the still remaining vestiges of earthquake, its surviving terrors; the glorious prospects. These, and other subjects, afforded ample scope, as usual, for verse and prose, and with them I blended my own impressions. Young, active, and quite alone, it may be supposed that ere long my writings were not few.

Further to employ time, while eager to cultivate my taste in every way, I practised often at the easel. My observing powers, penetrating and slow to be satisfied, were wont to set themselves tasks not easy of fulfilment. Of these, one was the discovery of means to depict the landscape, in all its effectiveness both of size and light, in a space not larger than the aperture which gave it admission to me as I sat in my room; namely, the casement window. Another was to copy the glory of the sea in all its moonlight inspiration. But the almost insuperable difficulties with which I had to cope during these trials drove me at length to the study of the rainbow and setting sun. By repeated attempts at these elementary subjects, I began to invoke and mingle colour in a manner which led to results rarely equalled in Venice itself, even at this day.

It was not, however, the solitude only of the situation that I felt, but my friendless yet all powerful position in the world. To repel the advances of men was a constant employment: I wanted not the love of others, the one great love was too strong in me to indulge in a new social pleasure. Oftentimes I was on the point of starting off for Siena, or to the villa of Bello Sguardo at Florence, at which Melissa spent the autumn, in order, finally, to prostrate myself before her in adoration. My mind would be made up; but then came the shadowy spectre, the bearer of a warning voice. Several months in this wretched uncertainty did I pass at Valanidi, and even then, when I could no longer bear it, I moved only to the coast, to the villa Brancalone, to sigh to the sea instead of the mountain breeze, as my father had doubtless done before me, and as much

in vain. In the summer time Brancaleone is a pleasant residence, and the excursions by water are agreeable. To the north, along the coast, lies Gerace, and beyond it the Gulfs of Squillace and Taranto, with their exquisite scenes and sky; to the south-west the Sicilian coast, and its least frequented cities. I was willing to see whether change from scene to scene would wear out the affections which so nearly touched my heart. I visited Etna in the silence of the night, which my own footsteps disturbed not; I saw its shadow cover the whole of Sicily at sunrise; I rode on the phosphorescent sea to the antiquities of Catania and Syracuse; I looked into the faces of their women, equally unmoved by all. I could neither contemplate past nor future, ruin or living beauty; the present was my only period, that present myself; I, the thoughtbearer of a form, that form Melissa, my soul her enchanted palace. It was strange: my eye, upon the ivy-covered wall—the Saracenic archway—the dome—would struggle with the objects it beheld as if it looked awrong. Then came the explanation of why it observed not; it was waiting upon the one within.

Often at this time, for days together, I continued in a kind of trance, whose quiet was only interrupted by sobs, not tears; a pensive grief not expressible through the usual emblems of sorrow. So entirely at these times was my soul converted into love, so highly cultivated was its emotion, I even now say it might have been selected for immortal bloom, as a model of the height to which the divine passion can attain. As if in prayer to the Holy Virgin herself, my thoughts radiated towards Melissa, and strove to affect her with their remote sympathy through the long distance of our homes.

Yet another effort was to be made. The influence of society might not fail in changing me, though solitude, study, and travel had done so utterly. I made acquaintance with neighbours; received visitors; gave entertainments on the water; called music to my aid. Among the temporary residents at Brancaleone was a Greek, for so he named himself. He was one of those who knew the languages of all countries, the literature of none. He was not very desirous at first to associate himself with me; he was poor and proud, which is better only than being proud and wealthy. His aspect was forbidding; an intense and anxious squint destroyed all equanimity of look. Yet with this he was agreeable to the extent of being amusing, for his ideas were severe, and his aversion to women undisguised, whether assumed or real. This quality of his mind was of use to me, and often caused me laughter when I could have wept, so absurd were the motives of his dislike, and so insufficient; yet had all that he said the air of sincerity. It was not long before I engaged him in my service, and he became my secretary.

The name under which my Greek appeared on the stage was Thanatos; the meaning of which is repulsive—the character difficult to sustain. I told him so; and he argued coldly that the prejudice would soon wear out. While he concealed from me his real motive in taking upon himself that mortifying appellation, he reasoned that in all countries families of the same name flourished; that when an individual was known the meaning of his name was forgotten.

Thanatos gave weight to all his words by the indifference of his manner; yet there was something restless about him at all times. If the face was

composed, the hand or foot was busy. His hair was very dark, and thick; his features partly Greek, but ignoble; his mouth ill-toothed, and hidden behind a veil of moustachios of sandy hue. His leer was peculiar—a mixture of cunning and good-humour of rarest proportions. He was of a strong, middle stature, with a preponderance of animal over intellectual expression. This man was associated with me for a length of time; he began by deceiving me, but ended by becoming the most subdued of wretches.

It was a rule with me to adopt the costume of the land where I lived, but not to carry it into other countries. My attendants followed me in this, and Thanatos became a Calabrian. Not ill did the dress suit him; his sly looks accorded well with the graceful attitudes which the costume of the country favoured.

Not long after my connexion was formed with Thanatos a band of brigands made their appearance at the place, and at the head of them a terrible being, who was a native of that coast, and best known there by the appellation of *La Bestia*, though in the Italian ports and cities he was generally styled *Scoronconcolo*. He was a representation of rocky strength, and had never in his life stepped aside from danger. The place was in a ferment of terror at his presence; the police trembled within doors, and the people laid themselves open to plunder and even worse disaster. The villains composing his band swaggered through the town, accustomed to impunity so long as *Scoronconcolo's* name haunted human imaginations.

I was somewhat disconcerted at what was passing, for the fishermen and their wives looked up to me, the all-powerful prince of that region, as their protector against this foe. The general expectation was made known to me by Thanatos, through whom all had access to me; and while he told it, he was not wanting in expedients to meet the threatened danger, of which the most obvious was to offer a sum of gold to the brigand, on condition that he departed with his gang—a proposition which met with no favourable reception from me.

Unwilling to allow matters to remain in this uncertainty, I sent Thanatos to the chief, to require his presence at the villa on the next day, at noon. He proceeded promptly on his mission, while I devised means of bringing two dozen mountaineers from my own hills, whom I caused to be well armed; a sufficient number to overawe the invaders, however desperate, who were twelve only besides their leader.

Scoronconcolo accepted my challenge to appear, accompanied by his band. He entered the gates, but left his retainers at the portal, and came in alone. As he ascended the stairs he was unprepared to find the staircase lined with Calabrians, as ready to strike, on the word of command being issued, as his own fierce troop. He, however, entered the suite of rooms undaunted, and was at length admitted to my presence. Seated in full dress, and surrounded by my attendants, all gorgeously attired, I received the robber with a cold and courteous look. The autocratic air which marked the proceeding visibly discomposed his features; he thought that a sum of money was within his grasp, he found only a haughty group, indifferent to rapacious threats and brutal force; an assembly of fearless human beings like himself, but of loftier aim. Silence reigned. I refrained from addressing a word to the awkward courtier. His element

was not among us. He looked fiercely at me; but my eye was far too powerful for his, which was, notwithstanding, like a hawk's. He turned to those around with contempt, and in a few seconds walked away with a menacing scowl.

"Scoronconcolo!" I said, and waved my hand to my attendants. We were shortly alone together in the saloon.

The robber returned, still disconcerted, but calmer than might have been believed.

"The harmless people of this place regard me as their protector," I exclaimed, mildly, "and it is my will that they should be unmolested in their honest calling. Suppose not that the armed band which you have seen is for my safety; it is for theirs."

Saying this, I opened a door, and exposed to view a collection of arms such as are in common use, and bade the brigand choose his weapon. "Your retainers," I said, "may fight mine; but as I am the only one, probably, who has no fear of you, we may as well engage together."

Scoronconcolo looked into my eye astounded; it was probably the only instance of courage and indifference combined that he had ever witnessed. As he looked, I regarded him steadfastly; my eye, and my soul too, was larger and more terrible than his own. I felt my gaze growing into fire, and flashing upon the exhausted look with which the outlaw still watched me. When he was hoping most to escape my eye I darted a look into his soul—a look which has never failed to make the bloodhound cower and yelp—and led him by the arm to where my glancing weapons were displayed, without again looking him in the face. Though a monster, he was once more since birth as tractable as a child; he had experienced the power of mind over brutal strength.

"My young prince!" said the robber, "I am ready to fight both you and your Calabrians; I am a stranger like yourself to fear, but for that reason I have, for the first time, in you met with a brother. Courage is the only thing I truly admire among the works of nature. To raise my hand against you, to injure a hair of your head, would be to do violence to the only principles I have ever acknowledged. The pride with which I regard you is such, that had tears ever belonged to me I should have shed them now."

"Depart then, quickly," I said; "it may one day be in my power to serve you, in reward for the good conduct you have shown on this occasion." Saying this, I presented him with a dagger mounted in gems and gold, and ordered him and his band to be regaled. Before he departed, I exacted a promise from him never more to visit the shore of Brancaleone.

GUY FAWKES.

An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

ON the same night, and at the same hour that Guy Fawkes was captured, the other conspirators held their rendezvous in Lincoln's Inn Walks. A presentiment of the fate awaiting them filled the breasts of all, and even Catesby shared in the general depression. Plan after plan was proposed, and, as soon as proposed, rejected; and they seemed influenced only by alarm and irresolution. Feeling at length that nothing could be done, and that they were only increasing their risk by remaining together longer, they agreed to separate, appointing to meet at the same place on the following night, if their project should not, in the interim, be discovered.

"Before daybreak," said Catesby, "I will proceed to the cellar under the parliament house, and ascertain whether anything has happened to Guy Fawkes. My heart misgives me about him, and I reproach myself that I have allowed him to incur this peril alone."

"Guy Fawkes is arrested," said a voice near them, "and is at this moment under an examination before the king."

"It is Tresham who speaks," cried Catesby; "secure him!"

The injunction was instantly obeyed. Tresham was seized, and several weapons pointed against his breast. He did not, however, appear to be dismayed, but so far as could be discerned in the obscurity, seemed to maintain great boldness of demeanour.

"I have again ventured among you at the hazard of my life," he said, in a firm tone; "to give you this most important intelligence; and am requited, as I have ever been of late, with menaces and violence. Stab me, and see whether my death will avail you in this extremity. I am in equal danger with yourselves; and whether I perish by your hands, or by those of the executioner, is of little moment."

"Let me question him before we avenge ourselves upon him," said Catesby to Rookwood. "How do you know that Guy Fawkes is a prisoner?"

"I saw him taken," replied Tresham, "and esteem myself singularly fortunate that I escaped the same fate. Though excluded from further share in the project, I could not divest myself of a strong desire to know how matters were going on, and I resolved to visit the cellar secretly at midnight. As I stealthily approached it, I remarked several armed figures beneath a gateway, and conjecturing their purpose, instantly concealed myself behind a projection of the wall. I had not been in this situation many minutes, when the cellar door opened, and Guy Fawkes issued from it."

"Well!" cried Catesby, breathlessly.

"The party I had noticed immediately rushed forward, and secured him before he could offer any resistance," continued Tresham. "After a brief struggle, certain of their number dragged him into the cellar, while others kept watch without. I should now have flown but my limbs refused their office, and I was therefore compelled, however reluctantly, to see the end of it. In a short time Guy Fawkes was brought forth again, and I heard some one in authority give directions that he should be instantly taken to Whitehall, to be interrogated before the king and the privy council. He was then led away, and a guard placed at the door of the cellar. Feeling certain I should be discovered, I continued for some time in an agony of apprehension, not daring to stir. But at length, summoning up sufficient resolution, I crept cautiously along the side of the wall, and got off unperceived. My first object was to warn you."

"How did you become acquainted with our place of rendezvous?" demanded the elder Wright.

"I overheard you, at our last interview at White Webbs, appoint a midnight meeting in this place," replied Tresham, "and I hurried hither in the hope of finding you, and have not been disappointed."

"When I give the word, plunge your swords into his breast," said Catesby, in a low tone.

"Hold!" cried Percy, taking him aside. "If we put him to death in this spot, his body will be found, and his slaughter may awaken suspicions against us. Guy Fawkes will reveal nothing."

"Of that I am well assured," said Catesby. "Shall we take the traitor with us to some secure retreat, where we can detain him till we learn what takes place at the palace, and if we find he has betrayed us, despatch him?"

"That would answer no good purpose," returned Percy. "The sooner we are rid of him the better. We can then deliberate as to what is best to be done."

"You are right," rejoined Catesby. "If he *has* betrayed us, life will be a burden to him, and the greatest kindness we could render him would be to rid him of it. Let him go. Tresham," he added, in a loud voice, "you are free. But we meet no more."

"We have not parted yet," cried the traitor, springing backwards, and uttering a loud cry. "I arrest you all in the king's name."

The signal was answered by a band of soldiers, who emerged from behind the trees where they had hitherto been concealed, and instantly surrounded the conspirators.

"It is now my turn to threaten," laughed Tresham.

Catesby replied by drawing a petronel, and firing it in the supposed direction of the speaker. But he missed his mark. The ball lodged in the brain of a soldier who was standing beside him, and the ill-fated wretch fell to the ground.

A desperate conflict now ensued. Topcliffe, who commanded the assailing party, ordered his followers to take the conspirators alive, and it was mainly owing to this injunction that the latter were indebted for their safety. Whispering his directions to his companions, Catesby gave the word, and making a simultaneous rush forward, they broke through the opposing ranks, and instantly dispersing, and favoured by the gloom, they baffled pursuit.

"We have failed in this part of our scheme," said Tresham to Topcliffe, as they met half an hour afterwards. "What is to be done?"

"We must take the Earl of Salisbury's advice upon it," returned Topcliffe. "I shall now hasten to Whitehall to see how Guy Fawkes's interrogation proceeds, and will communicate with his lordship."

Upon this they separated.

None of the conspirators met again that night. Each fled in a different direction, and, ignorant of what had happened to the rest, sought some secure retreat. Catesby ran towards Chancery Lane, and, passing through a narrow alley, entered the large gardens which then lay between this thoroughfare and Fetter Lane. Listening to hear whether he was pursued, and finding nothing to alarm him, he threw himself on a sod beneath a tree, and was lost in painful reflection.

"All my fair schemes are marred by that traitor, Tresham," he muttered. "I could forgive myself for being duped by him, if I had slain him when he was in my power. But that he should escape to exult in our ruin, and reap the reward of his perfidy, afflicts me even more than failure."

Tortured by thoughts like these, and in vain endeavouring to snatch such brief repose as would fit him for the fatigue he might have to endure on the morrow, he did not quit his position till late in the morning of a dull November day—it was, as will be recollected, the memorable Fifth—had arrived.

He then arose, and slouching his hat, and wrapping his cloak around him, shaped his course towards Fleet Street. From the knots of persons gathered together at different corners, from their muttered discourse and mysterious looks, as well as from the

general excitement that prevailed—he felt sure that some rumour of the plot had gone abroad. Shunning observation as much as he could, he entered a small tavern near Fleet Bridge, and called for a flask of wine and some food. While discussing these, he was attracted by the discourse of the landlord, who was conversing with his guests about the conspiracy.

“I hear that all the Papists are to be hanged, drawn, and quartered,” cried the host; “and if it be true, as I have heard, that this plot is their contrivance, they deserve it. I hope I have no believer in that faith—no recusant in my house.”

“Don’t insult us by any such suspicion,” cried one of the guests. “We are all loyal men—all good Protestants.”

“Do you know whether the conspirators have been discovered, sir?” asked the host of Catesby.

“I do not even know of the plot,” replied the other. “What was its object?”

“What was its object!” cried the host. “You will scarcely credit me when I tell you. I tremble to speak of it. Its object was to blow up the parliament house, and the king and all the nobles and prelates of the land along with it.”

“Horrible!” exclaimed the guests.

“But how do you know it is a scheme of the Papists?” asked Catesby.

“Because I have been told so,” rejoined the host. “But who else could devise such a monstrous plan? It would never enter into the head or heart of a Protestant to conceive so detestable an action. We love our king too well for that, and would shed the last drop of our blood rather than a hair of his head should be injured. But these priest-ridden Papists think otherwise. They regard him as an usurper; and having received a dispensation from the pope to that effect, fancy it would be a pious act to remove him. There will be no tranquillity in the kingdom while one of them is left alive; and I hope his majesty will take advantage of the present ferment to order a general massacre of them, like that of the poor Protestants on Saint Bartholomew’s day in Paris.”

“Ay—massacre them,” cried the guests; “that’s the way. Burn their houses and cut their throats. Will it be lawful to do so without further authority, mine host? If so, we will set about it immediately.”

“I cannot resolve you on that point,” replied the landlord. “You had better wait a short time. I dare say their slaughter will be publicly commanded.”

“Heaven grant it may be so,” cried one of the guests. “I will bear my part in the business.”

Catesby arose, paid his reckoning, and strode out of the tavern.

“Do you know, mine host,” said the guest who had last spoken,

“I half suspect that tall fellow who has just left us is a Papist.”

“Perhaps a conspirator,” said another.

"Let us watch him," cried a third.

"Stay," cried the host; "he has paid me double my reckoning. I believe him to be an honest man and a good Protestant."

"What you say confirms my suspicions," rejoined the first speaker. "We will follow him."

On reaching Temple Bar, Catesby found the gates closed and a guard stationed at them—no one being allowed to pass through without examination. Not willing to expose himself to this scrutiny, Catesby turned away, and in doing so, perceived three of the persons he had just left in the tavern. The expression of their countenances satisfied him they were dogging him; but affecting not to perceive it, he retraced his steps, gradually quickening his pace until he reached a narrow street leading into Whitefriars, down which he darted. The moment his pursuers saw this, they hurried after him, shouting "A Papist!—a Papist!—a conspirator!"

But Catesby was now safe. Claiming the protection of certain Alsatians who were lounging at the door of a tavern, and offering to reward them, they instantly drew their swords, and drove the others away, while Catesby, tossing a few pieces of money to his preservers, passed through a small doorway into the Temple, and making the best of his way to the stairs, leaped into a boat, and ordered the waterman to row to Westminster. The man obeyed, and plying his oars, soon gained the middle of the stream. Little way, however, had been made, when Catesby descried a large wherry, manned by several rowers, swiftly approaching them, and instinctively comprehending whom it contained, ordered the man to rest on his oars till it had passed.

In a few moments the wherry approached them. It was filled with sergeants of the guard and halberdiers, in the midst of whom sat Guy Fawkes. Catesby could not resist the impulse that prompted him to rise, and the movement attracted the attention of the prisoner. The momentary glance they exchanged convinced Catesby that Fawkes perceived him, though his motionless features gave no token of recognition, and he immediately afterwards fixed his eyes towards heaven, as if to intimate—at least Catesby so construed the gesture, that his earthly career was well-nigh ended. Heaving a deep sigh, Catesby watched the wherry sweep on towards the Tower—its fatal destination—until it was lost to view.

"All is over, I fear, with the bravest of our band," he thought, as he tracked its course; "but some effort must be made to save him. At all events, we will die sword in hand, and like soldiers, and not as common malefactors."

Abandoning his intention of proceeding to Westminster, he desired the man to pull ashore, and landing at Arundel Stairs, hastened to the Strand. Here he found large crowds collected, the shops closed, and business completely at a stand. Nothing was talked off but the conspiracy, and the most exaggerated and

extraordinary accounts of it were circulated and believed. Some would have it that the parliament house was already blown up, and that the city of London itself had been set fire to in several places by the Papists. It was also stated that numerous arrests had taken place, and it was certain that the houses of several Catholic nobles and wealthy gentlemen had been searched. To such a height was the popular indignation raised, that it required the utmost efforts of the soldiery to prevent the mob from breaking into these houses, and using violence towards their inmates.

Every gate and avenue to the palace was strictly guarded, and troops of horse were continually scouring the streets. Sentinels were placed before suspected houses, and no one was suffered to enter them, or to go forth, without special permission. Detachments of soldiery were also stationed at the end of all the main thoroughfares. Bars were thrown across the smaller streets and outlets, and proclamation was made that no one was to quit the city, however urgent his business, for three days.

On hearing this announcement, Catesby saw at once that if he did not effect his escape immediately, it would be impracticable. Accordingly, he hurried towards Charing Cross, and turning up Saint Martin's Lane, at the back of the King's Mews, contrived to elude the vigilance of the guard, and speeded along the lane, for it was then literally so, and surrounded on either side by high hedges,—until he came to St. Giles's,—at this time nothing more than a few scattered houses, intermixed with trees. Here he encountered a man mounted on a powerful steed, and seeing this person look hard at him, would have drawn out of the way, if the other had not addressed him by name. He then regarded the equestrian more narrowly, and found it was Martin Heydocke.

"I have heard what has happened, Mr. Catesby," said Martin, "and can imagine the desperate strait in which you must be placed. Take my horse—it may aid your flight. I was sent to London by my master, Mr. Humphrey Chetham, to bring him intelligence of the result of your attempt, and I am sure I am acting in accordance with his wishes in rendering you such a service. At all events, I will risk it. Mount, sir,—mount, and make the best of your way hence."

Catesby needed no further exhortation, but springing into the saddle, hastily murmured his thanks, and striking into a lane on the right, rode off at a swift pace towards Highgate.

On reaching the brow of this beautiful hill, he drew in the bridle for a moment, and gazed towards the city he had just quitted. Dark and bitter were his thoughts as he fixed his eye upon Westminster Abbey, and fancied he could discern the neighbouring pile whose destruction he had meditated. Remembering that from this very spot, when he had last approached the capital in company with Guy Fawkes and Viviana Radcliffe, he had looked in the same direction, he could not help contrasting his present sensations

with those he had then experienced. At that time he was full of ardour, and confident of success. Now, all was lost to him, and he was anxious for little more than self-preservation. Involuntarily his eye wandered along the great city, until, passing over the mighty fabric of Saint Paul's, it settled upon the Tower—upon the place of Guy Fawkes's captivity.

"And can nothing be done for his deliverance?" sighed Catesby, as he turned away, his eyes filling with moisture: "must that brave soldier die the death of a felon—must he be subjected to the torture—horror! If he had died defending himself, I should hardly have pitied him. And if he had destroyed himself together with his foes, as he resolved to do, I should have envied him. But the idea of what he will have to suffer in that dreadful place—nay, what he is now, perhaps, suffering—makes the life-blood curdle in my veins. I will never fall alive into their hands."

With this resolve, he struck spurs into his steed, and urging him to a swift pace, dashed rapidly forward. He had ridden more than a mile, when hearing shouts behind him, he perceived two troopers galloping after him as fast as their horses could carry them. They shouted to him to stay, and as they were better mounted than he was, it was evident they would soon come up with him. Determined, however, to adhere to the resolution he had just formed, and not to yield himself with life, he prepared for a conflict, and, suddenly halting, he concealed a petronel beneath his cloak, and waited till his foes drew near.

"I command you in the king's name to surrender," said the foremost trooper, riding up. "You are a rebel and a traitor."

"Be this my answer," replied Catesby, aiming at the man, and firing with such certainty, that he fell from his horse mortally wounded. Unsheathing his sword, he then prepared to attack the other trooper. But terrified at the fate of his comrade, the man turned his horse's head, and rode off.

Without bestowing a thought on the dying man, who lay groaning in the mire, Catesby caught hold of the bridle of his horse, and satisfied that the animal was better than his own, mounted him, and proceeded at the same headlong pace as before.

In a short time he reached Finchley, where several persons rushed from their dwellings to inquire whether he brought any intelligence of the plot, rumours of which had already reached them. Without stopping, Catesby replied that most important discoveries had been made, and that he was carrying despatches from the king to Northampton. No opposition was therefore offered him, and he soon left all traces of habitation behind him. Urging his horse to its utmost, he arrived in less than a quarter of an hour at Chipping Barnet. Here the same inquiries were made as at Finchley, and returning the same answer—for he never relaxed his speed for a moment—he pursued his course.

In less than three-quarters of an hour after this he arrived at

Saint Albans, and proceeding direct to the post-house, asked for a horse. But instead of complying with the request, the landlord of the Rose and Crown—such was the name of the hostel—instantly withdrew, and returned the next moment with an officer, who desired to speak with Catesby before he proceeded further. The latter, however, took no notice of the demand, but rode off.

The clatter of horses' hoofs behind him soon convinced him he was again pursued, and he was just beginning to consider in what way he should make a second defence, when he observed two horsemen cross a lane on the left, and make for the main road. His situation now appeared highly perilous, especially as his pursuers, who had noticed the other horsemen at the same time as himself, shouted to them. But he was speedily relieved. These persons, instead of stopping, accelerated their pace, and appeared as anxious as he was to avoid those behind him.

They were now within a short distance of Dunstable, and were ascending the lovely downs which lie on the London side of this ancient town, when one of the horsemen in front chancing to turn round, Catesby perceived it was Rookwood. Overjoyed at the discovery, he shouted to him at the top of his voice, and the other, who it presently appeared was accompanied by Keyes, instantly stopped. In a few seconds Catesby was by their side, and a rapid explanation taking place, they all three drew up in order of battle.

By this time their pursuers had arrived within a hundred yards of them, and seeing how matters stood, and not willing to hazard an engagement, after a brief consultation retired. The three friends then pursued their route, passed through Dunstable, and without pausing a moment on the road, soon neared Fenny Stratford. Just before they arrived at this place Catesby's horse fell from exhaustion. Instantly extricating himself from the fallen animal, he ran by the side of his companions till they got to the town, where Rookwood, who had placed relays on the road, changed his horse, and the others were fortunate enough to procure fresh steeds.

Proceeding with unabated impetuosity, they soon cleared a few more miles, and had just left Stoney Stratford behind them, when they overtook a solitary horseman, who proved to be John Wright, and a little further on they came up with Percy and Christopher Wright.

Though their numbers were thus increased, they did not consider themselves secure, but flinging their cloaks away, to enable them to proceed with greater expedition, hurried on to Towcester. Here Keyes quitted his companions, and shaped his course into Warwickshire, where he was afterwards taken, while the others, having procured fresh horses, made the best of their way to Ashby Saint Leger's.

About six o'clock Catesby and his companions arrived at his old family seat, which he had expected to approach in triumph, but which he now approached with feelings of the deepest mortifi-

cation and disappointment. They found the house filled with guests, among whom was Robert Winter, who were just sitting down to supper. Catesby rushed into the room in which these persons were assembled, covered with mud and dirt—his haggard looks and dejected appearance proclaiming that his project had failed. His friends followed, and their appearance confirmed the impression that he had produced. Lady Catesby hastened to her son, and strove to comfort him, but he rudely repulsed her.

"What is the matter?" she anxiously inquired.

"What is the matter?" cried Catesby in a furious tone, and stamping his foot to the ground. "All is lost! our scheme is discovered; Guy Fawkes is a prisoner, and ere long we shall all be led to the block. Yes, all," he repeated, gazing sternly around.

"I will never be led thither with life," said Robert Winter.

"Nor I," added a young Catholic gentleman, named Acton of Ribbesford, who had lately joined the conspiracy. "Though the great design has failed, we are yet free, and have swords to draw, and arms to wield them."

"Ay," exclaimed Robert Winter, "all our friends are assembled at Dunchurch. Let us join them instantly, and we may yet stir up a rebellion which may accomplish all we can desire. I, myself, accompanied Humphrey Littleton to Dunchurch this morning, and know we shall find everything in readiness."

"Do not despair," cried Lady Catesby; "all will yet be well. Every member of our faith will join you, and you will soon muster a formidable army."

"We must not yield without a blow," cried Percy, pouring out a bumper of wine, and swallowing it at a draught.

"You are right," said Rookwood, imitating his example. "We will sell our lives dearly."

"If you will adhere to this resolution, gentlemen," rejoined Catesby, "we may yet retrieve our loss. With five hundred stanch followers, who will stand by me to the last, I will engage to raise such a rebellion in England as shall not be checked, except by the acknowledgment of our rights, or the dethronement of the king."

"We will all stand by you," cried the others.

"Swear it," cried Catesby, raising the glass to his lips.

"We do," was the reply.

"Wearied as we are," cried Catesby, "we must at once proceed to Dunchurch, and urge our friends to rise in arms with us."

"Agreed," cried the others.

Summoning all his household, and arming them, Catesby then set out with the rest for Dunchurch, which lay about five miles from Ashby Saint Leger's. They arrived there in about three-quarters of an hour, and found the mansion crowded with Catholic gentlemen and their servants. Entering the banquet-hall, they found Sir Everard Digby at the head of the board, with Garnet

on his right hand. Upwards of sixty persons were seated at the table. Their arrival was greeted with loud shouts, and several of the guests drew their swords and flourished them over their heads.

"What news?" cried Sir Everard Digby. "Is the blow struck?"

"No," replied Catesby; "we have been betrayed."

A deep silence prevailed. A change came over the countenances of the guests. Significant glances were exchanged, and it was evident that general uneasiness prevailed.

"What is to be done?" cried Sir Everard Digby, after a pause.

"Our course is clear," returned Catesby. "We must stand by each other. In that case, we have nothing to fear, and shall accomplish our purpose, though not in the way originally intended."

"I will have nothing further to do with the matter," said Sir Robert Digby of Coleshill, Sir Everard's uncle. And rising, he quitted the room with several of his followers, while his example was imitated by Humphrey Littleton and others.

"All chance for the restoration of our faith in England is over," observed Garnet, in a tone of despondency.

"Not so, father," replied Catesby, "if we are true to each other. My friends," he cried, stopping those who were about to depart, "in the name of our holy religion I beseech you to pause. Much is against us now. But let us hold together, and all will speedily be righted. Every Catholic in this country; in Cheshire, in Lancashire, and Wales, must flock to our standard when it is once displayed. Do not desert us—do not desert yourselves—for our cause is your cause. I have a large force at my command; so has Sir Everard Digby, and together we can muster nearly five hundred adherents. With these, we can offer such a stand as will enable us to make conditions with our opponents, or even to engage with them with a reasonable prospect of success. I am well assured, moreover, if we lose no time, but proceed to the houses of our friends, we shall have a large army with us. Do not fall off, then. On you depends our success."

This address was followed by loud acclamations, and all who heard it agreed to stand by the cause in which they had embarked to the last.

As Catesby left the banqueting-hall with Sir Everard, to make preparations for their departure, they met Viviana and a female attendant.

"I hear the enterprise has failed," she cried, in a voice suffocated by emotion. "What has happened to my husband? Is he safe? Is he with you?"

"Alas! no," replied Catesby; "he is a prisoner."

Viviana uttered a cry of anguish, and fell senseless into the arms of the attendant.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EXAMINATION.

DISARMED by Sir Thomas Knevet and his followers, who found upon his person a packet of slow matches and touchwood, and bound hand and foot, Guy Fawkes was dragged into the cellar by his captors, who instantly commenced their search. In a corner behind the door they discovered a dark lantern, with a light burning within it; and moving with the utmost caution—for they were afraid of bringing sudden destruction upon themselves—they soon perceived the barrels of gunpowder ranged against the wall. Carefully removing the planks, billets, and iron bars with which they were covered, they remarked that two of the casks were staved in, while the hoops from a third were taken off, and the powder scattered around it. They also noticed that several trains were laid along the floor—everything, in short, betokening that the preparations for the desperate deed were fully completed.

While they were making this investigation, Guy Fawkes, who, seeing that further resistance was useless, had remained perfectly motionless up to this moment, suddenly made a struggle to free himself; and so desperate was the effort, that he burst the leathern thong that bound his hands, and seizing the soldier nearest to him, bore him to the ground. He then grasped the lower limbs of another, who held a lantern, and strove to overthrow him, and wrest the lantern from his grasp, evidently intending to apply the light to the powder. And he would unquestionably have executed his terrible design, if three of the most powerful of the soldiers had not thrown themselves upon him, and overpowered him. All this was the work of a moment, but it was so startling, that Sir Thomas Knevet and Topcliffe, though both courageous men, and used to scenes of danger—especially the latter—rushed towards the door, expecting some dreadful catastrophe would take place.

“Do him no harm,” cried Knevet, as he returned to the soldiers, who were still struggling with Fawkes, “do him no harm. It is not here he must die.”

“A moment more, and I had blown you all to perdition,” cried Fawkes. “But Heaven ordained it otherwise.”

“Heaven will never assist such damnable designs as yours,” rejoined Knevet. “Thrust him into that corner,” he added to his men, who instantly obeyed his injunctions, and held down the prisoner so firmly that he could not move a limb. “Keep him there. I will question him presently.”

“You *may* question me,” replied Fawkes, sternly, “but you will obtain no answer.”

“We shall see,” returned Knevet.

Pursuing the search with Topcliffe, he counted thirty-six hogsheds and casks of various sizes, all of which were afterwards found

to be filled with powder. Though prepared for this discovery, Knevet could not repress his horror at it, and gave vent to execrations against the prisoner, to which the other replied by a disdainful laugh. They then looked about, in the hope of finding some document or fragment of a letter, which might serve as a clue to the other parties connected with the fell design, but without success. Nothing was found except a pile of arms; but though they examined them, no name or cipher could be traced on any of the weapons.

"We will now examine the prisoner more narrowly," said Knevet.

This was accordingly done. On removing Guy Fawkes's doublet, a horse-hair shirt appeared, and underneath it, next his heart, suspended by a silken cord from his neck, was a small silver cross. When this was taken from him, Guy Fawkes could not repress a deep sigh.

"There is some secret attached to that cross," whispered Topcliffe, plucking Knevet's sleeve.

Upon this, the other held it to the light, while Topcliffe kept his eye fixed upon the prisoner, and observed that, in spite of all his efforts to preserve an unmoved demeanour, he was slightly agitated.

"Do you perceive anything?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Knevet, "there is a name. But the character is so small I cannot decipher it."

"Let me look at it," said Topcliffe. "This is most important," he added, after gazing at it for a moment; "the words inscribed on it are, '*Viviana Radcliffe, Ordsall Hall.*' You may remember that this young lady was examined, a short time ago, on suspicion of being connected with some Popish plot against the state, and committed to the Tower, whence she escaped in a very extraordinary manner. This cross, found upon the prisoner, proves her connexion with the present plot. Every effort must be used to discover her retreat."

Another deep sigh involuntarily broke from the breast of Guy Fawkes.

"You hear how deeply interested he is in the matter," observed Topcliffe, in a low tone. "This trinket will be of infinite service to us in future examinations, and may do more for us with this stubborn subject even than the rack itself."

"You are right," returned Knevet. "I will now convey him to Whitehall, and acquaint the Earl of Salisbury with his capture."

"Do so," replied Topcliffe. "I have a further duty to perform. Before morning I hope to net the whole of this wolfish pack."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Knevet. "Have you any knowledge of the others?"

Topcliffe smiled significantly.

"Time will show," he said. "But if you do not require me further, I will leave you."

With this, he quitted the cellar, and joined the Earl of Mounteagle and Tresham, who were waiting for him outside at a little distance from the cellar. After a brief conference, it was arranged, in compliance with the Earl of Salisbury's wishes, that if they failed in entrapping the conspirators, nothing should be said about the matter. He then departed with Tresham. The subsequent proceedings have already been related.

By Sir Thomas Knevet's directions, Guy Fawkes was now raised by two of the soldiers, and led out of the cellar. As he passed through the door, he uttered a deep groan.

"You groan for what you have done, villain," said one of the soldiers.

"On the contrary," rejoined Fawkes, sternly, "I groan for what I have not done."

He was then hurried along by his conductors, and conveyed through the great western gate into the palace of Whitehall, where he was placed in a small room, the windows of which were strongly grated.

Before quitting him, Sir Thomas Knevet put several questions to him, but he maintained a stern and obstinate silence. Committing him to the custody of an officer of the guard, whom he enjoined to keep strict guard over him, as he valued his life, Knevet then went in search of the Earl of Salisbury.

The secretary, who had not retired to rest, and was anxiously awaiting his arrival, was delighted with the success of the scheme. They were presently joined by Lord Mounteagle; and after a brief conference it was resolved to summon the privy council immediately, to rouse the king, and acquaint him with what had occurred, and to interrogate the prisoner in his presence.

"Nothing will be obtained from him, I fear," said Knevet. "He is one of the most resolute and determined fellows I ever encountered."

And he then related the desperate attempt made by Fawkes in the vault to blow them all up.

"Whether he will speak or not, the king must see him," said Salisbury. As soon as Knevet was gone, the earl observed to Mounteagle, "You had now better leave the palace. You must not appear further in this matter, except as we have arranged. Before morning, I trust we shall have the whole of the conspirators in our power, with damning proofs of their guilt."

"By this time, my lord, they are in Tresham's hands," replied Mounteagle.

"If he fails, not a word must be said," observed Salisbury. "It must not be supposed we have moved in the matter. All great statesmen have contrived treasons, that they might afterwards discover them; and though I have not contrived this plot, I have known of its existence from the first, and could at any time have

crushed it had I been so minded. But that would not have answered my purpose. And I shall now use it as a pretext to crush the whole Catholic party, except those on whom, like yourself, I can confidently rely."

"Your lordship must admit that I have well seconded your efforts," observed Mounteagle.

"I do so," replied Salisbury; "and you will not find me ungrateful. Farewell! I hope soon to hear of our further success."

Mounteagle then took his departure, and Salisbury immediately caused all such members of the privy council as lodged in the palace to be aroused, desiring they might be informed that a terrible plot had been discovered, and a conspirator arrested. In a short time, the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Marr, Lord Hume, the Earl of Southampton, Lord Henry Howard, Lord Mountjoy, Sir George Hume, and others, were assembled; and all eagerly inquired into the occasion of the sudden alarm.

Meanwhile the Earl of Salisbury had himself repaired to the king's bedchamber, and acquainted him with what had happened. James immediately roused himself, and desired the chamberlain, who accompanied the earl, to quit the presence.

"Will it be safe to interrogate the prisoner here?" he asked.

"I will take care your majesty shall receive no injury," replied Salisbury; "and it is absolutely necessary you should examine him before he is committed to the Tower."

"Let him be brought before me, then, directly," said the king. "I am impatient to behold a wretch who has conceived so atrocious—so infernal a design against me, and against my children. Hark'ee, Salisbury, one caution I wish to observe. Let a captain of the guard, with his drawn sword in hand, place himself between me and the prisoner, and let two halberdiers stand beside him, and, if the villain moves a step, bid them strike him dead. You understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Salisbury, bowing.

"In that case, you may take off his bonds—that is, if you think it prudent to do so—not otherwise," continued James. "I would not have the knave suppose he can awe me."

"Your majesty's commands shall be fulfilled to the letter," returned the earl.

"Lose no time, Salisbury," cried James, springing out of bed, and beginning to dress himself without the assistance of his chamberlain.

The earl hastily retired, and ordered the attendants to repair to their royal master. He next proceeded to the chamber where Guy Fawkes was detained, and ordered him to be unbound, and brought before the king. When the prisoner heard this mandate, a slight smile crossed his countenance, but he instantly resumed his former stern composure. The smile, however, did not escape the notice



THE KING OF SPAIN, HIS SON, AND HIS DAUGHTER, WITH THEIR COURT, AT THE BARRICADE OF CALLE DE LA VIGIA, IN 1564.

THE KING OF SPAIN, HIS SON, AND HIS DAUGHTER, WITH THEIR COURT, AT THE BARRICADE OF CALLE DE LA VIGIA, IN 1564.

of Salisbury, and he commanded the halberdiers to keep near to the prisoner, and, if he made the slightest movement in the king's presence, instantly to despatch him.

Giving some further directions, the earl then led the way across a court, and entering another wing of the palace, ascended a flight of steps, and traversed a magnificent corridor. Guy Fawkes followed, attended by the guard. They had now reached the ante-chamber leading to the royal sleeping apartment, and Salisbury ascertained from the officers in attendance that all was in readiness. Motioning the guard to remain where they were, he entered the inner room alone, and found James seated on a chair of state near the bed, surrounded by his council;—the Earl of Marr standing on his right hand, and the Duke of Lennox on his left, all anxiously awaiting his arrival. Behind the king were stationed half a dozen halberdiers.

"The prisoner is without," said Salisbury. "Is it your majesty's pleasure that he be admitted?"

"Ay, let him come in forthwith," replied James. "Stand by me, my lords. And do you, varlets, keep a wary eye upon him. There is no saying what he may attempt."

Salisbury then waved his hand. The door was thrown open, and an officer entered the room, followed by Guy Fawkes, who marched between two halberdiers. When within a couple of yards of the king, the officer halted, and withdrew a little on the right, so as to allow full view of the prisoner, while he extended his sword between him and the king. Nothing could be more undaunted than the looks and demeanour of Fawkes. He strode firmly into the room, and, without making any reverence, folded his arms upon his breast, and looked sternly at James.

"A bold villain!" cried the king, as he regarded him with curiosity not unmixed with alarm. "Who, and what are you, traitor?"

"A conspirator," replied Fawkes.

"That I know," rejoined James, sharply. "But how are you called?"

"John Johnson," answered Fawkes. "I am servant to Mr. Thomas Percy."

"That is false," cried Salisbury. "Take heed that you speak the truth, traitor, or the rack shall force it from you."

"The rack will force nothing from me," replied Fawkes, sternly; "neither will I answer any question asked by your lordship."

"Leave him to me, Salisbury—leave him to me," interposed James. "And it was your hellish design to blow us all up with gunpowder?" he demanded.

"It was," replied Fawkes.

"And how could you resolve to destroy so many persons, none of whom have injured you?" pursued James.

"Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies," replied Fawkes. "Milder means have been tried, but without effect. It was God's pleasure that this scheme, which was for the benefit of his holy religion, should not prosper, and therefore I do not repine at the result."

"And are you so blinded as to suppose that Heaven can approve the actions of him who raises his hand against the king—against the Lord's anointed?" cried James.

"He is no king who is excommunicated by the apostolic see," replied Fawkes.

"This to our face!" cried James, angrily. "Have you no remorse—no compunction for what you have done?"

"My sole regret is that I have failed," replied Fawkes.

"You will not speak thus confidently on the rack," said James.

"Try me," replied Fawkes.

"What purpose did you hope to accomplish by this atrocious design?" demanded the Earl of Marr.

"My main purpose was to blow back the beggarly Scots to their native mountains," returned Fawkes.

"This audacity surpasses belief," said James. "Mutius Scaevola, when in the presence of Porsenna, was not more resolute. Hark'ee, villain, if I give you your life, will you disclose the names of your associates?"

"No," replied Fawkes.

"They shall be wrung from you," cried Salisbury.

Fawkes smiled contemptuously. "You know me not," he said.

"It is idle to interrogate him further," said James. "Let him be removed to the Tower."

"Be it so," returned Salisbury; "and when next your majesty questions him, I trust it will be in the presence of his confederates."

"Despite the villain's horrible intent, I cannot help admiring his courage," observed James, in a low tone; "and were he as loyal as he is brave, he should always be near our person."

With this, he waved his hand, and Guy Fawkes was led forth. He was detained by the Earl of Salisbury's orders till the morning—it being anticipated that before that time the other conspirators would be arrested. But as this was not the case, he was placed in a wherry, and conveyed, as before related, to the Tower.

THE YOUNG OPERA-SINGER.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE EVENTFUL EPOCH," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"THAT which we long for the most ardently, when possessed we oftentimes care least about." The truth of this adage was apparent to the ancients, and is still confirmed by the experience of every day. There are birds which look as if just escaped from Paradise, so lovely are they when on the wing; but catch them, and their hues of purple and gold all vanish! thus—But the reader himself may make the application when he has perused the following sketch.

She had just arrived in England: Rome, the city of ruins, the desolate widow of ages, yet still called the Eternal, was her native place. Though lovely as Lucretia, and with an air stately as that of the mother of the Gracchi, Emilia Donzelli had the spirit of neither, for in her habits, her ideas, and her luxurious tastes, she was essentially modern. She ought to have been the mistress of thousands a-year, yet was she born to poverty. As a compensation, however, for the lack of houses and lands, nature had granted to her a precious gift—the witchery of a voice.

Emilia, then, had just arrived in London accompanied by her father. Poor, and without connexions in her native country, she hoped to gain that fame and patronage in our metropolis which were denied her at home. Oh! yes, they all come hither: our country is a very hotbed for foreign talent; it grows and flourishes in a most remarkable manner; the sun of fashion warms it, and showers of gold nourish it. Never regard native genius—one root of that plant shall not strike or struggle into this hotbed of English liberality; let it dwarf itself among the stones of vulgarity—give it to the sharp winds of neglect!

The lodging was mean and ill furnished that Emilia and her father had engaged, for after having defrayed the expenses of the steam-packet, and paid the porters that swarmed about and bullied them, and the swearing cabmen who overcharged them, the purses of each the winds might blow away, nor had they that most convenient of all convenient things—a banker to draw upon.

The beautiful brunette seated herself on a chair—it was cane-bottomed, and had one of its legs broken; her fairy-like foot rested on the deal floor, for in that particular spot there happened to be a hole in the carpet; her great black lustrous eyes drooped in dejection; and as her hand lay on her knee, a tear fell upon it.

"Never mind, child," said the whiskered Italian; "we must put up with a few privations at first, of course." And Donzelli quietly smoothed his black moustache, and, taking a needle and thread from a basket, began busily to sew up a rent in his coat. Another hole was discovered, and another darn made it good; and all the time he continued talking. "Ay, by the Virgin, but we are in the land of gold at last, and it shall go hard with us, Emilia, but we will gain a little of this same yellow dust. I shall soon commence keeping a cash-book, for I am to be cashier,

recollect, and shall keep the accounts. Child, child, your voice is worth a million of scudi."

"Father, I do not come to this great city merely to make money; I come to win a name, to gain applause, to be talked of, to be courted like others who have arrived before me from our less-favoured land. Oh! shall I succeed?—shall I become a 'star'?" Her beautiful eyes looked upwards, glistening through her tears. "I would die to win the renown of some of my countrywomen. How happy they must have been!—happy? that word is too tame to express the heaven of bliss that must have been theirs. Yes, amidst the sweet incense of bouquets, and the buzz of applauding thousands, I can fancy it rapture to expire."

The Italian looked sideways at his daughter without suspending his work, but he instantly checked the sneer which had begun to curl his lip. He did not sympathise with her in her enthusiasm, thinking only of the gold, and yet he was conscious that without a considerable share of such enthusiasm a singer will never succeed in her profession; consequently it would be highly impolitic to ridicule her passion for fame.

The signor's torn and threadbare coat was mended, and then he hurried to and fro in their miserable apartment, himself, not the girl, preparing the evening meal. The Italian condescended thoroughly to Englishise himself, for he eat with great relish a hard steak, and drank porter from a pewter pot; but the daughter of the Cornelias and Metellas soon stole away from the pembroke table and fuming pipe, to dream, on her hard pallet, of showers of bouquets and applauding audiences, and to rove in fancy through that paradise which, at present in her estimation, it was only in the power of the Spirit of Fame to create.

CHAPTER II.

THE struggle for notoriety was over—the battle was fought—the triumph was won; by a fortunate train of circumstances, the fair *cantatrice*, after an arduous chase, had caught the butterfly of fashion, and Emilia was the rage of opera-goers and the talk of the town. The squalid lodging near Covent-garden, where costermongers in their carts and pyramid-shaped waggon-loads of cabbages alone refreshed the eye, was now exchanged for a villa in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. Delightful locality! in London, and yet out of it—raised above the fogs and smoke, whose "dun blanket" curtains so often the modern Babylon, —the turf so fresh, the trees so luxuriantly green in the season, and the birds so plentiful,—detached mansions with yellow pilastered fronts rising here, and gorgeous crescents sweeping there, while in the background that hebdomadal haunt of adventurous ruralising cockneys, far-famed Primrose-hill, lifts its turfy head. Scene of quiet! well may the nightingale love thee, piping among thy bowery shades on calm summer evenings, sweet Regent's Park!

It was a handsomely furnished drawing-room that in which Emilia was wont to luxuriate, and offered a strange contrast to her late little dingy parlour. Crimson velvet ottomans, satin-wood chairs, tables inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, buhl cabinets, the soft-piled Persian carpet, and the rich brocaded draperies at the windows—all were in the first style of fashion and taste.

Old Donzelli, with his great moustaches curled and perfumed, was sipping his coffee, having just ascended from the dining-room. His

sinister eye glanced at times into a little pocket cash-book, and then would steal towards a heap of white satin cushions upon one of the sofas ; something reclined there—enough light evening still afforded to show that : it was the figure of a woman, but the limbs moved not, the eyes opened not, the lips spoke not ; and you would have imagined her asleep if now and then a few low tremulous notes, like the under warbling of a bird, had not gushed out from between the cushions : they were murmured, it would seem, unconsciously, for she could not have been practising to herself, as the notes had no connexion with any operative piece ; the next instant they ceased, and through the luxurious apartment there was again profound silence.

In listlessness—in reverie—dreaming of something still unpossessed—lying motionless, and enjoying merely the sense of animal existence—wearied without exertion—idle, luxuriously idle—so passed in her own abode the hours of the *prima donna*—the famed, the favourite, the idol of the fashionable crowd. Was she intensely happy ? Had she gained that supreme bliss which fancy told her was the portion of those who won the battle and wore the laurels ? Look at her—ennui and weariness may scarcely be pleasure. The Turk who craves nothing but his chibouque, and anticipates no higher rapture, when life's dream is over, than the smiles of hours, may be contented enough to sit cross-legged on his carpet from sunrise to sunset ; but we do not think any educated European could feel satisfaction in such a mode of existence ; no, without activity, without some hope or fixed purpose in life, we defy him or her to be happy.

"Emilia!" said Donzelli ; but the beautiful sluggard made no answer.

"Emilia!" he exclaimed in a sharper voice ; "it is almost seven o'clock."

A rounded arm was thrown over one of the pillows, and the black ringlets just moved, as they lay in lovely contrast with the white satin cushion.

"Emilia, I say, rise! the Opera, you know, begins at eight, and you take a full hour dressing at the house."

"I don't mind—I shall not move yet," was the reply, in a low musical voice.

"Shall not move ?—are you mad, child ?"

"No, I am not mad ; I only want quiet and rest."

"And so break this magnificent engagement with the manager, disappoint thousands, and lose your proud position on the stage. Besides, the money—"

"Father, it is useless to hide the truth from you ; I am weary—sick of the theatre."

"What!" cried Donzelli, thrusting his cash-book into his pocket, and rising in alarm. "You are not serious, Emilia, my dear ?—say you are ill—say you are anything, rather than weary of the glorious profession in which you so pre-eminently shine. Ah! the money—what will become of us ? Child, it was but the other day that you sighed—ay, wept for notoriety and fame, and thought that success would render you the most blissful being on earth."

The beauty faintly laughed.

"I was then endeavouring to catch the bright butterfly. I did not hold it in my hand—ha! ha! I am turned philosopher, you see."

"Come, I must rouse you : not only your celebrity is to be supported, but your luxuries—your very existence—depend upon action."

"Luxuries?—yes. I suppose we must give up the villa and the carriage if I cease to sing?"

"Certainly," observed Donzelli, fumbling uneasily with the cash-book in his pocket.

"Drink no more wine,—return to mean apartments,—or perhaps go back to Italy."

"Poor as we came; for, by the Virgin! your expenses have been so great that we have saved very little money yet. But you will drive me mad, girl, with this nonsense. You are the favourite of the day; fortune, fame, are at your feet; the harvest is at hand, for I calculate, if things go on well, we shall, after all, net this season five thousand—five cool thousand pounds—ha! ha! Emilia, up! I say; you shall sing to-night—I will order the carriage."

The fair Italian allowed her father to have his way, for she could not exert herself to dispute. The carriage rolled to the door, and Emilia quietly sank into it. Nevertheless, thoughts of the approaching performance by degrees woke her from her lethargy; and when she reached the theatre, the buzz of voices, the glare of the lamps, the expectancy, and the whole animation of the place, seemed to revive all her former spirit and intense enthusiasm.

Dazzling did Emilia look in her theatric attire; and as she advanced upon the stage, the heroine of the operatic tragedy, her form majestic as beautiful, her dark eyes flashing, and her gestures full of earnestness and ardour, you would not have recognised the languid-looking and slothful girl of an hour ago.

Hark to the applauding voices, and see the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, as the people hail their favourite! then all is listening silence as the voice of the singer, first low and silvery, seems to float on the air like the tones of the harp of Æolus, or the sounds you catch when applying to your ear the smooth-lipped sea-shell; drawn out like a thin thread of gold is that voice, yet never broken, never lost, and still dying away, and all but fainting into an echo. Then, as the subject changes, and passion calls forth the energies both of the vocalist and actress, the singing passes into the *bravura*, where Emilia's chief power lies; the volume of sound increases every instant, but the minute graces, the subtle ornaments are not sacrificed, and the highest note is as pure and mellifluous as the lowest. Up, up, note after note; and precisely when the hearer believes, from her dwelling so surprisingly long upon the last, the utmost range of her voice is attained, and art can force it no further, it takes a flight higher still, so that the listener seems scarcely capable of following it into that highest heaven, as it were, of melodious sound. In an instant it changes, and, taken by surprise, the people hear a deep burst of melody pouring around them, till the vast theatre seems filled by that one mellow passion-breathing strain.

And thus the *prima donna* sways the hearts of her auditors—thus she triumphs, while applauses burst forth, and bouquets are thrown; and there she receives her honours, smiling and curtsying her sweet acknowledgments—the envied of her sister performers, the extolled and admired of all. Who would have dreamt that Emilia Donzelli was unhappy?

"Fools! fools!" said the vocalist to herself, as next morning she lolled on the accustomed sofa in her drawing-room. "Empty flattery of the poor worshippers of sound and a name! blow away the fashion—let time or accident render my voice hoarse—and where will be my adorers?"

Pshaw! they care not for myself; the Italian girl herself is nothing." She raised her voice, calling her French waiting-woman: "Pauline! hear me, girl. I am not at home to any one this morning."

"What, mademoiselle!—not to Sir George Flutter, or Lord Ranger, or—?"

"I said no one, Pauline."

"Excuse me, mademoiselle, but you will drive his lordship to desperation if you refuse to see him to-day."

Lord Ranger, every time he obtained an interview with the renowned *cantatrice*, slipped a sovereign into Pauline's hand.

"What do you mean by desperation? Do you think, simple one, that Lord Ranger loves?"

"He says so, mademoiselle."

"Alas! that hollow-hearted man knows not the meaning of the word. He follows me because others follow; he pretends to admire, because he thinks it is fashionable—good taste to do so. Pauline, I am not one to be loved as woman should be loved. They regard me only as a pretty toy wherewith to while away their time; and yet my heart yearns to bestow itself on some one. This is woman's nature. My poor girl, you think my position in life a brilliant one; and yet, believe me, I envy you. These flatterers sicken me—applause palls upon me. My bosom is vacant; existence demands something more than what I possess. I am wretched, Pauline—I am wretched!"

The girl was astonished, for in her simplicity she considered her mistress the happiest woman on earth; but the French maid possessed a kind heart, and her wonder did not lessen her pity and sympathy.

"Mademoiselle, it is not for me to reason with you, yet what you have said truly grieves me. But if you are so averse to it, I promise that neither lords nor dukes shall have access to you. I will order the porter to say 'Not at home' to every one who calls."

"Pshaw!—on second thoughts I will see them. Let them come. The inanities of these men vastly amuse me: their feigned admiration, their supreme conceit, their little greatness, provoke laughter—laughter which, however gained, is better than the dull apathy which presses upon my spirit. Yes, Pauline, let them come."

CHAPTER III.

OLD DONZELLI was alone, but pacing furiously up and down his chamber. His rage, too, betrayed itself in frequent quick mutterings; the clenching of the hand, and even his whiskers, by bristling and quivering, seemed to sympathise with the spirit's perturbation. He caught up his little cash-book from the table, glanced a moment at its contents, and flung it down again with an oath. Then opening the tin box which usually contained bank-notes and sovereigns, he peeped into it, and, growling "empty," kicked it across the room. The Roman father next sank into a seat, and with a savage glare seemed gazing on the opposite wall.

"Ill?—what business has she to be ill? 'Tis obstinacy—I know it. Cancelled, too, the engagement with the manager, and doesn't care if she takes a benefit or not. Vile, miserable girl! Then, too, she knows that the style of her living absorbs all our ready money. I have humoured her in extravagance for the sole purpose of supporting her

name and rendering her fashionable. The apprenticeship was over, and the guineas were beginning to come in—they were! and now she thinks proper to be ill, and regularly lays herself up while the season is passing. Oh! this is dreadful!—it is more than human nature can bear. But it shan't be. No, she shall sing—she shall act—if I drag her from the bed to do it! Why, I have not a thousand pounds left at the banker's!—I shall grow mad, and that will be the end of it.”

The amiable old gentleman arose, and forthwith strode to his daughter's sick-room. It was true, indeed, that Emilia's health, with the change of her feelings, and from some secret cause, to penetrate which baffled the skill of the physicians, had rapidly declined. Too weak to sit up, she now leant back on her bed, supported by pillows.

Donzelli crept to his daughter's side on tiptoe:

“Well, my love, this is worse and worse. Now, I am not in a passion about it—not at all—but yesterday, at this hour, you sat by the fire in your easy chair. Come, don't you think you can get up?”

The invalid shook her head, and sighed.

“Don't suppose me vexed, dear child—don't imagine I am irritated—but it is an annoying thing that you should fall sick just now, and the Opera season at its height. I won't suppose you fanciful, my dear—nor obstinate, my love; but it strikes me, if you would exert yourself a little, and take some strengthening medicine—rather powerful, of course—we might move you to the theatre, and you might sing in some piece not requiring great physical exertion; for the money, my darling—I mean the season, my love—is passing, and—and—oh! yes, we will manage it—you shall sing.”

“Impossible, father—I am sinking fast—I feel that death is near.”

A frown blackened the countenance of the tender-hearted parent.

“I hope death isn't near, though—not at least yet. But there, you take it quite easily, and don't care if your poor father does starve. This is 'ungrateful of you—rather undutiful, my dear child, I must confess. However, I will call in another physician—a man who, though young, possesses, I am informed, wonderful talent; and we will see what he can do for you. Meantime, believe me, I am not impatient, or angry, at the turn affairs have taken—although the season—”

And uttering, in a low growl, the last word two or three times, he moved away from the bed, and quitted the room.

The new doctor soon visited his patient. As Donzelli had stated, he was young, and there was a quiet elegance in his manner, with a deference amounting to respect, very different indeed from the boisterous carriage, and the low familiarity, of the men of title accustomed to follow the fashionable singer, and court her society.

For the first time Emilia felt there was one who treated her as a woman of virtue and of pride ever wishes to be treated. Insensibly her heart opened to the stranger; his kind attention, and the anxiety he manifested in everything connected with her case, produced their effect upon one hitherto unacquainted with the endearments of social life.

Sickness had not destroyed, but etherealised, if we may use the expression, Emilia's beauty: her complexion was as brilliant as ever, and her eyes still possessed their soft and tender fire. Her black hair, no longer drawn back from her forehead, but falling in glossy masses beside her cheeks, not a little enhanced the striking beauty of her appearance.

Graham—for such was the physician's name—had been attending

Emilia a considerable time, but no improvement in her health was apparent; on the contrary, her debility fearfully increased, and other symptoms seemed to declare that death was near.

Graham was deeply interested in the case of the unhappy girl; and, unknown to himself, a tenderer sentiment than pity had sprung up in his bosom, while he was equally ignorant that the sweet and dying singer had conceived for him a passion that increased in depth and energy in proportion as the body grew feeble.

It was nearly morning, and the young physician was in his study, having spent the night in an anxious endeavour to discover some means, or devise some system of treatment, that might save his patient. His spirits had been greatly depressed, but now his eyes brightened, his cheek was flushed, and before the day had well dawned he hurried to the house of an eminent brother practitioner, with whom, on previous occasions, he had held consultations.

"Ingenious—may possibly have the effect you imagine," said the elder physician; "but," added he, shaking his head, "a desperate remedy at the best, for, believe me, if the preparation do not cure her, she must sink in a few hours."

"Doctor, you are aware that everything yet tried has failed, and you must agree with me that, unless something speedily is done, the lady will die."

"I am of that opinion."

"Then under the circumstances you consider I am justified in having recourse to this remedy."

"I think—I believe you are; though, to speak the truth, I would rather not be understood as acting with you in the affair."

"Very well, doctor; then the responsibility shall rest solely with me."

Graham was ascending the stairs of the house occupied by his patient. His usual calmness and self-possession for a moment forsook him, and he paused as if he had forgotten something. The nurse chanced to open the door of the room above, and then he heard—low indeed but seraphically sweet—the voice of the renowned singer; Emilia was chanting a fragment from Mozart, and, as she poured that clear mellifluous stream of melody, she might have seemed to fancy, like the fabled swan, singing its own requiem ere it dies.

Graham stood by the bed some minutes before Emilia became aware of his presence, but, seeing him, she stopped abruptly, and a deep blush suffused her face.

"I had forgotten myself, doctor, but I believe I was half in a dream, for I fancied I was again on the stage. The stage! never more shall I appear there, for mine henceforth must be the stage where spirits shall stand before their Maker, and the theatre the vast abyss that shall endure for eternity."

"God grant," exclaimed Graham, fervently, "that we may see you yet rise from this bed of sickness!"

"Never, never—the hand of death is on me; and yet I desire to live—not for the stage, not for popular applause—I am weary of that. Oh! doctor! doctor! my notions have changed with regard to our duties on earth, and the true source and spring of human happiness; but my doom is fixed, and you cannot save me. I thank you for your unremitting attention and your great kindness; would it were in my power to

reward you as I ought! but money cannot do that. Will you, doctor, stay near me—be with me—when—I die?”

The lovely invalid fixed on him those eyes where a tender melancholy beamed—eyes of the sunny south, but now losing their radiance, for they were fast filling with tears.

Graham did not speak, remaining for a few minutes motionless, overcome by his feelings; but, presently whispering to the nurse, he produced the medicine on which so much depended; in it was life or death—it was administered.

“She sleeps now,” whispered Graham to the nurse; “she may continue in this state for some hours. Watch her, but be perfectly still; I will remain at the foot of the bed.”

At that instant the door was half opened, and old Donzelli, thrusting in his forbidding whiskered face, beckoned to Graham; the latter crept towards him on tiptoe.

“Doctor, has my daughter passed the crisis you named?” Graham placed his finger on his lip in token of silence. “I have told you already of the great importance of my daughter’s life—immense importance to me and to the world. But ah! even if you restore her to health, one month only remains of the season—one poor month! Doctor, if she dies I am a beggar—nay, I cannot help speaking: I say I shall be a beggar. I’ll not leave the room; you should have some respect for a father’s feelings. My friend, if I lose her—her services—I’ll bring an action against you—I’ll indict you for manslaughter.”

Graham was acquainted with Donzelli’s character, and knew how to pacify him; it was not, however, without considerable trouble that he prevailed upon him at length to quit the chamber.

We have only to record that the physician’s mode of treatment, desperate though it might be, proved successful. Emilia lay insensible for many hours; but the crisis came—it passed, and the disease took a favourable turn. In a word, the beautiful singer’s life for the time was saved.

It might have been a month after the scene just described, that Emilia, restored to comparative health, was seated in her drawing-room. Her father, with his little account-book in his hand, and his empty cash-box under his arm, exhibiting these, it would seem, to give greater weight to his arguments, had planted himself before her. He was pressing his daughter to appear once more in public, but Emilia had said farewell to the stage, and nothing availed to move her.

“Is it then come to this?” cried old Donzelli. “The golden harvest waves, and my idle child, when it is in her power, will not reap it down. Miserable girl! better I had buried you, for twenty pounds would have done that; and what we have saved, the paltry five thousand, would not daily melt away, as now will be the case, for, though we give up this house, I calculate you will cost me yearly—But I will bend you, stubborn one, yet,” added Donzelli, shaking his fist at her. “I’ll force you on the stage—you shall sing whether you will or not. Why, the doctor says you are pretty well recovered now; and ‘pretty well’ with medical men always means ‘quite.’ I say you are quite recovered.”

“Not exactly, dear father; I still feel very weak, and the exertion of singing in public—”

“Nonsense!” cried Donzelli, cutting her short; “permit me to know best. I repeat you are equal to it, and there is nothing now to prevent

you from resuming your professional duties, and recruiting our exhausted funds, but your own obstinacy. However, you are like your mother before you, self-willed, the very plague of my life, and I often wonder I bore with her so patiently, and that I continue to humour you so long. Ah!" added the good man, looking on the ground, "my disposition must be very excellent, or I should never preserve my temper as I do."

He turned his back on Emilia, and left the room, slamming the door after him; but five minutes had not elapsed before Donzelli again made his appearance; to say truth, his manner had considerably softened, his face was covered with smiles, and a stranger might, indeed, have pronounced him, as he himself had averred, a gentleman of a very amiable disposition.

"Emilia, my dear," he began, coaxingly; "come, come, you know I love you, and I hope you love me. Please your father now—oblige me, my love; say you will sing twice—just twice; to tell you a little secret, I had an interview yesterday with the manager."

"And what of that, father?"

"He says, if you will consent to reappear on the boards, you shall have 500*l.* for—for—"

"Well! there, father, since you desire it so ardently, I consent."

"Thank you!" cried the delighted parent, throwing his arms around his child's neck; "that's a good girl. 500*l.* for twice did I say?—pshaw! 'tis just the same thing,—for singing four nights—yes, yes, only four nights. There," he added, smothering her with kisses, "we won't say anything more just now; I'll off to the manager, and arrange all about it. Good bye!—ah! ah! we shall get on after all."

And Emilia, yielding to the importunities of her father, did appear once more in her favourite characters. Her return to the stage was hailed with rapture, and, borne onwards by her former enthusiasm, the *prima donna* gave herself up to the ardour of the hour, exerted all her splendid overwhelming powers, and even surpassed herself.

But it was not to be. Emilia went through her arduous duties for three nights; on the fourth she failed; nature's over-taxed energies gave way, and she was conveyed from the theatre to her home in an insensible state, and more like a corpse than a living being. The result was, that her old disease returned upon her with double violence, and now for the vocalist there existed indeed little hope.

"I tell you she is not going to die, doctor. I'll not have it—I'll not hear of it; you are her murderer, if you cannot cure her—mind that. Half of her illness is obstinacy, because she is too idle to exercise her talents—her talents, which I consider my property, for she wants some months yet of twenty-one. Consumption?—last stage?—'tis no such thing; she wants rousing. I will go to her room and do it. Nay, don't hold me back; she is my child, I suppose, not yours? Oh, yes! you may accompany me, if you like. Mild? I'll speak to her mildly, of course; I'll not frighten her, be assured. I suppose I have cause to grieve more than you, for her death will scarcely render you a ruined man?"

She lay in beauty, pale as marble, yet lovely and innocent-looking as a dreaming child. Her large Italian eyes opened as the physician and her father approached the bed, and a sweet smile expressive of resignation to her fate stole over her faded features. Ah! what so interesting, what so holy, yet what so sad, as the death-bed of the gifted, the beautiful, and young?

The master-passion was strong even now in Emilia's bosom, for, without addressing any one in particular, she whispered audibly—

"Will there be sweet sounds in the land of spirits?—will there be singing in heaven?"

"My love," said Donzelli, in as kind a tone as he was able to speak, "do not talk of that; we are going to keep you among us, of course we are. Ah! Emilia, 'twas rather unfortunate, though, that you broke down before the completion of the engagement, for the manager, in consequence, declares he will not pay me more than two-thirds of the stipulated sum. However, my love, I shall bring an action against him for the full amount of 500*l.*, and I think the law is on our side. There, don't speak. Nurse, I'll trouble you for that orange; cut it first. Here, my child, 'twill refresh you."

"Father, father, do not regard the money so much. You will not want when I am gone."

"Yes, but I shall want. I shall be unable to turn my hand to anything. I shall have no income—I shall be a beggar. Gone?—where are you going? Doctor, you put these notions into the child's head. Now—I'm not speaking loud—I see you are all against me, and want to rob me of my daughter's services; but I'll instantly fetch another physician to restore the girl, if I have to fee him with twenty pounds!"

The father was about to leave the room, but the faint voice of Emilia called him back.

"Dear father, I want no other physician than the kind friend who stands here. Pray remain by me, for I may not have long to speak to you."

The nurse supported her head, for she was sinking; Graham chafed her poor hand and bathed her temples. In a few minutes she was a little revived.

"Why, this is dreadful!" exclaimed Donzelli, looking in real alarm at the physician. "I am beginning to think I shall lose my child after all. My love," he continued, in soft accents, stooping over her, "do rouse yourself, and don't give way. Live, if it is only for my sake, for think how utterly destitute—I mean desolate—I shall be. I promise—faithfully promise—that when you are one-and-twenty, and this will be in a few months, all you gain shall be your own—that is, I shall expect only a small portion: so you see you have every reason to wish to live."

"Farewell, dear father—may you be happy! I go to—my mother."

"Ah! I lost an annuity of a hundred scudi a-year when she died," exclaimed the monetary calculator; "and now I shall lose—oh! I was born to ill-fortune, wronged and wretched man that I am!"

He stepped back a few paces from the bed, clenching his hands and gazing wildly, half angrily, on his expiring child. The physician was shocked at the man's conduct, but felt it his duty rather to direct his attention to his poor patient. And Emilia's hand lay in his,—her eyes were fixed on him,—her lips murmured her thanks faintly and more faintly,—and so she died.

When Donzelli saw that the companion of his old age, the sweet child of song, the star of beauty, the worshipped of an applauding crowd, was no more, he did not bend or weep; but with that hardness and selfishness which had distinguished his character through life, he turned away from the bed, and muttered, "I am a ruined man!"

ZIG-ZAG TO PARIS, AND STRAIGHT HOME;

OR,

A THOUSAND MILES AND FOURTEEN DAYS FOR FOURTEEN POUNDS.

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN FRANCE, IN DECEMBER, 1848.

1848, *Saturday, Dec. 9th.*—This afternoon, at 3.50, I left a town in the Midland Counties, which it is unnecessary to name, proposing to myself a visit to France, there to spend ten days or a fortnight, and as little money as possible. My cousin, who, being an architect, needs no better name than T. Square,—initials are odious,—had agreed to travel with me. A fixed point was, that on Friday, the 15th, we should meet another relative, henceforth Joseph—and my French friend of long acquaintance, Daniel for the nonce, at Abbeville. Daniel, who is government architect to the Department of the Somme, had business in the neighbourhood, and it had been arranged that we should all four excurse awhile in Picardy. Our plan was otherwise utterly indefinite.

In London, I quartered myself, according to previous arrangement, at a friend's house, which I mention, because the circumstance had a trifling influence upon the cost of this journey, of which more hereafter in detail.

Sunday, Dec. 10th.—Square and I discussed our plan, and, as it appeared he had made an engagement not easy to renounce, for the next day, viz., for an architectural excursion to Stanmore, it was arranged with him and his friends that I should be of the party; that we should leave town for Stanmore at half-past ten in the morning, previously sending our baggage down to the South-Eastern Railway Station, whence we were to depart for Folkestone by the 5.30 P.M. train if possible, and if not by that, by the 8.30 P.M. mail fast train. These particulars are not otherwise important than as they account for our travelling, as we eventually did, by the mail train and Folkestone steamer, a comparatively expensive route and mode of travel, instead of by cheaper means,—steamer, for instance, direct from London-bridge. And I shall note facts bearing thus upon our expenditure, intending to subjoin some sort of synopsis of it and of other “facts and figures,” and to illustrate altogether the feasibility of cheap, and yet decent, comfortable, pleasant, and instructive travel.

Monday, Dec. 11th.—We spent an exceedingly agreeable day at Stanmore, looking over a new house in the Collegiate, Gothic, or University Lodge style, which is there being completed and elaborated under Square's superintendence.

This Stanmore fact, by the way, is not by any means to be disregarded, seeing it to be this peculiar one, viz., that at three o'clock one fine afternoon we were dawdling about in the winter sunshine, and leisurely discussing architectural this, that, and the other, twelve miles north of London, and at midnight were afloat in the Channel, half way across to France.

We returned to town too late for the 5.30. train, and proceeded citywards, to take the one at 8.30. Passing by the office of the South-Eastern and Continental Steam Navigation Company, in the Regent's-

Circus, suggested to us the possibility of gaining some advantage by there booking through for Boulogne, which we did, but gained no advantage that I am aware of.

An hour and three-quarters' trainwork turned us out at Folkestone. The omnibus outside was under weigh in a few minutes, and took us to the pier alongside the steamer, just in time, as of course planned, to deposit us and our baggage on board before she sailed.

Here, once for all, I make memorandum of my sincerest conviction of the important comfort it is to travellers journeying in our fashion, to have with them no more baggage than each can himself carry. My portmanteau was an *atra cura* to us in a small way throughout. A carpet-bag, or some other portable package to hold the wardrobe or store of necessities, and a knapsack in which to carry a few of them when the bag is abandoned on a walking expedition, are the limit. For the carpet-bag a something might be advantageously substituted, that would hold a hat, as well as the compressible things, for although a cap is to my mind a hundred to one against a hat for comfort *en route*, the hat is still necessary, if one would avoid a guyish effect in civilised places.

France was no *terra incognita* to me; so that I am not likely, I hope, to be elaborately Pickwickian in my notes. I shall try to confine myself for the most part to specialties and personal incidents.

The night was pure moonlight, and when we arrived at Boulogne, the whole scene of harbour, quays, houses, &c., was bathed in it;—yes, after consideration, *bathed* is the suitable word, and I therefore use it, notwithstanding penny-a-line desecration thereof. We had to go through the nuisance of exhibiting passports and passing baggage, before we got to hotel quarters. I have been repeatedly told by knowing people, how that it is superfluous to provide oneself in London with a passport for France; that one may be procured at the landing-port, and the same end be attained. I can only say, that a row of functionaries sat behind a counter at Boulogne, and seemed to *expect* a passport from every traveller. They took ours, and kept them till the next morning. *Quære*, they would have been at liberty to declare us out of order if we had had none to produce? Next morning we each took out, at an expense of two francs, a *passeport provisoire* for Paris, on the clear understanding that, even if we did *not* go to Paris, it would enable us to move about France—*circuler librement*—and quit the country.

For the baggage business we entered at one end of a rough, barnlike sort of warehouse, and stood behind a wooden grating, watching gangs of women haul in cartloads of baggage, till all was declared to be there, when, by the help of a *commissionaire*, we passed inside the grating, and the work of examination was soon enough over. It was unwholesome standing in the crowd meanwhile. Then we hired a woman porter to carry our things up to Hughes's Hotel. I felt ashamed to let her do it, but it was her vocation, and she strode away, though but a girl of eighteen, bearing a large portmanteau and a carpet-bag, with apparent ease.

Coming out of the passport-office, I called for the *commissionaire* of Hughes's Hotel.

"Hughes—Hôtel Royal," somebody said in the crowd.

"Ya-t-il toujours du Royal en France?" I inquired.

"Non," bawled another, "il n'y a que la Nationalité."

All the same it was plain that *royal* was still a safe and familiar word.

We comforted ourselves at Hughes's with that appreciation of the process peculiar to the first quiet sit-at-ease hours after a sea voyage, and got to bed about five in the morning.

Tuesday, Dec. 12th.—We leisurely strolled about, much delighted to think, that English letters and engagements were past praying for, to sniff very pure air, and to take in the sight of various unwonted and picturesque objects. It is the *detail* of ordinary French street architecture that gives value to it. The houses are certainly on the average much larger than ours, but the detail about them,—numerous windows, architraves, sunblinds, &c.,—enhances the effect of size. Decidedly there is a picturesqueness, as far as *that* goes, about a French town, even an ordinary modern place, that one misses in England.

We visited the Haute Ville, and walked round the ramparts, selecting "bits of pic,"—as Square called them,—to our fancy, and altogether enjoying the walk mightily. I have an agreeable recollection of these first hours in France on this excursion, as bright and jolly in a pre-eminent degree. The cathedral, as they call it here, is of a despicable architecture,—very ambitious,—and at the same time so little advanced towards completion, after many years and much money spent, that it is surely destined to remain that sort of stone-and-mortar abortion, which in England we call a "folly."

Descending the hill, we crossed the harbour to Capecure, a settlement which appeared to us more or less dismal. A walk along the southern jetty to the lighthouse at its end, accompanied the whole way by a drummer and trumpeter of the *Douane* soldiery, respectively learning to drum and trumpet, filled up our daylight. The drumming was a most energetic rattle, breaking out continually in fresh places with complicated volubility, and alternating with an occasional trumpet blast, most melancholy, but not most musical.

We noted Boulogne for a pleasant town, at which a watering-place life of a few weeks might be very agreeably spent. There are hilly breezy situations above the place, where women and children might be planted with great likelihood of thriving.

An after-dinner visit to a *café*,—a *café* being a French sight, a thing to be studied, and indeed a resource indispensable in France, seeing that the requirements of a stay-at-home, fireside turn of mind are there utterly unprovided for,—and here we made billiard-table acquaintance with an Englishman engaged in teaching French to the Boulogne English, who told us it was essential to his success to be thought *French*. He dressed for the part "with studied negligence,"—as Mr. Cooper says of the black silk ties of his naval heroes,—and was certainly French enough. It is needless to say he wore moustaches,—those cheap-and-nasty accompaniments to a foreign face.

The election for President of the Republic, then going on, seemed to create no excitement at Boulogne. "Louis Napoléon will have it," everybody said, but nobody appeared to care much about the matter.

Sitting by our hotel fireside, we settled that we would next morning pack clothes &c. for two, into the carpet-bag, adapting to it a strap for alinging over the back, dismiss the remainder of our things to Abbeville, and ourselves take the field in light marching order, and go where

we listed, to fill up time till Friday. This was Tuesday night. Where to go and what to do? We consulted the map, and determined upon going by railway to a place called Rue, and then on foot to Le Crotoy, marked opposite to St. Valery-sur-Somme, and whence we hoped to be able to cross the river to that place. Little did we dream of the difficulties that lay between us and the consummation thus quietly proposed! St. Valery was to be reached—*fiat*! Singularly enough, the Boulogne people could give us no specific information about the country in question, though lying within a few hours of them. However, we saw our line plain and easily enough, apparently, on the map, and so folded it up, and went on enjoying the fire and the talk without doubt or anxiety for the future. And we were right. Sufficient for the day, every wise traveller knows, is the evil thereof; and if one tries to settle precisely beforehand how all things are to be done, one's time of travel resolves itself into a continual perturbation of spirit, of the most pestilent and pleasure-destroying kind.

Wednesday, Dec. 13th.—By breakfast-time we had our packages ready, and were eager for the campaign. At the railway-station we committed our *sarcophagus* to the care of the goods' department, and at twelve mid-day started for Rue in a third-class carriage. Yes, *third* class, and *not first*. On one of the German railways they say of their first-class carriages, that only three sorts of people use them,—princes, Englishmen, and fools. The sun shone gloriously; we were in high spirits; the knight-errantry and independence of the thing were quite satisfactory; and we steamed out of the station in the fittest possible mood to make the most of the chances before us.

It would not be difficult for anybody in a listless or preoccupied state of mind, to regard the first twenty or thirty miles of country on the Boulogne and Amiens Railway as dreary and uninteresting. The perceptions however, of jolly travellers are in a propitious state of excitement, which enables them to see things in the best light. And, in truth, no *new* country is uninteresting. If it be dreary and barren, its very dreariness and barrenness are of themselves interesting—suggestive of something past or to come;—very likely by no means destitute of visible present attractiveness,—in point for instance, of form, colour, space, light and shade, &c. And so it is that great mistakes are made in noting down many a mile in the log, as flat, stale, and unprofitable.

The country between Boulogne and Rue is certainly, for the most part, barren enough. There are but few trees, and very little verdure of any kind, to be seen. The road runs near the sea, through sandhills, and across extensive flats of peatsoil, illimitable to the eye. Where sand occurred, rushes had been carefully planted to keep it together, and prevent its choking up the line. Here and there, as at Etaples, where the Canche meets the sea, and at the point where the Authie is crossed, the effect of water is added. There are farms and houses too, many of them with an air of the ancient *châteaux* about them; village churches, and little pavilions and towers and points sticking up in the landscape, which were all more or less peculiar and picturesque. It was amusing to be anxiously warned by two French sailors, our travelling companions, of our approach to a short tunnel; they seemed to expect us to faint on the spot. They wist not of Kilsbey, Woodhead on the Manchester and Sheffield, or the great Manchester or Leeds Tunnel, or Clay Cross or Matlock High Tor.

At twenty minutes past one P.M. we reached Rue. Shouldering the bag, I asked the way to Le Crotoy. "Tout droit monsieur," which, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is the answer one gets to the question. "Bon," and we marched.

Observing, as we passed through the village, a massive tower and a large white building behind the houses, we inquired whether there was anything to see here. "Nothing;"—and we believed it. Now it so happened, that we returned a few days after to this very village of Rue, in company with Daniel and Joseph, expressly to visit a most elaborate and beautiful little chapel. It was the more remarkable that we should have heard nothing of this chapel in reply to our inquiry, seeing that it was a place of actual present pilgrimage and popular resort, which the common folk might so have been expected to recollect and recommend.

Rue, it seems, was one of the places scorched by the devastation carried right and left into this country by the English army, after it had passed the Somme, and immediately previous to the Battle of Cressy.*

The road to Le Crotoy leads through a flat country, winding much to catch two or three villages and several hamlets or knots of houses. It is unenclosed, like roads in France generally, with good drains on either side, and in capital order. It is what is called a *chemin vicinal*, equivalent to our parish highway. *Cantonniers*, or road workmen, distributed along the French roads, have each a certain length assigned to them to keep in order, and are superintended in this work by *chefs*, or inspectors; and this organised body of men, besides keeping a good way, must necessarily form indirectly a very efficient road police. The guide posts are white, with bright blue lettering, very legible, and at first sight distinguishable from other sign-boards of all sorts. At each village convenient information is intelligibly conveyed, by the name of the place being given on a board, with two arrows pointing respectively up and down the road, and, under each, the name of the next place and its distance, all in white and blue as above. On one cross-road guide-post we read "*Cr  cy*," and at that moment were certainly not far from the battle-field. Agincourt is not distant. We noticed particularly the abundant quantity of straw used upon, and stacked up near the farms and cottages, indicative of much corn; also large flocks of poultry, and extensive orchards. The country is here one by no means deficient in natural resources, which appear to be in a general way diligently improved. As matters of agricultural economy,—or rather of the want of it, in the popular sense of the word,—the triangular-shaped wooden harrows we saw in use, and the two horses drawing armfuls of straw in long, narrow, high-wheeled carts—which could not have been made to carry a fair load—require notice. Women waggoners too.

After about an hour and a half's walk, the houses of Le Crotoy, surmounted by a pair of heavy church-towers, showed at the further edge of the plain. We were soon there, and standing on the bank of the *embouchure* of the Somme, a wide sheet of water, meeting the sea to the right, and reaching to St. Valery opposite us. We surveyed the place we were in, and a very curious place it was, differing in its physiognomy from any other French village I had met with. It is a sort of *Ultima*

* See the *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. lxxxiii., pp. 334, 478, and vol. lxxxiv., pp. 97, 199, 311, 466. "A Visit to the Battle-fields of Cressy and Agincourt. In letters addressed to H. P. Smith, Esq. By Henry Lawes Long, Esq."

Thule in position. I suppose nobody ever goes to it, except to cross to St. Valery, and that it is a place of aquatic resources purely;—aquatic and *carrotty* perhaps, for this vegetable is the staple commodity of the district. *Vide* in confirmation, among the newspaper imports of April 1849, a *ship load of carrots from St. Valery*.

Like Rue, on the eve of Cressy, Le Crotoy came in for its share of the inconveniences of the proximity of an angry and a hungry foreign foe.

It is a little place, perhaps of some 500 inhabitants. The plan of its streets much resembles a creeping plant growing upon a wall,—in and out, round and round, backwards and forwards, without anything like rectilinear arrangement. The houses are low cottages, mud themselves, and planted on the very mud, *au naturel*, much the sort of habitations I imagine Irish hovels to be; and between them the road forms an irregular ravine, of mud always. Nearly all the doors of the houses were open, and in and about them we caught sight of a few squaws and children,—wrinkled, brown, squalid,—looking as if they lived upon what seems to be here the native element,—the mud. Talk of savage life far away in Terra del Fuego, and elsewhere, here it was at Le Crotoy, within eight hours of Paris, and seven of London, in full blow. From the midst of the mud, and the low huts, and the ragged bundles that did duty in the picture for women and children, arose in fair solid masonry a good-sized Fifteenth Century church, with two notable towers at its west end, in striking contrast, by its appearance of cost and durability, with the miserable, draggle-tailed symptoms of human existence around it. Here was the instance, everywhere found, of the pre-eminence in former times, of religion,—at least of its outward forms and attributes.

We rested and refreshed in the back room of a pot-house, where the dingy walls and shabby furniture, the low blackened ceiling, the people playing with dirty cards close to small casements, and the whole aspect of the place, were the reality of a Dutch picture.

At Boulogne we had been unable to obtain any distinct account of the *embouchure* of the Somme, and of the manner of crossing it; and seeing when we first arrived at Le Crotoy, at three o'clock, simply a broad sheet of water between us and St. Valery, we chose, in the foolishness of our hearts, to imagine that we had nothing to do but to walk about, rest and refresh, and then order a boat, as one would call a cab in a civilised place. I now thought proper to make inquiry, in very *poco curante* style, of one of the people in the Dutch picture, about the passage. "You cannot cross in a boat now; in a few hours you may cross the sands with a guide." This was rather staggering, for in two hours it would be dark. However, we said to ourselves, "Be it so," and tranquilly proceeded to finish taking our ease in our inn.

Ease taken, the next *desideratum* was a guide. We were referred to a party of them,—called here *passagers*, for it is a profession at Le Crotoy—who were coming up from the beach, having just landed from St. Valery. "*Impossible*," was the reply, and the man walked on into the house. It was tolerably plain he meant his "*impossible*," but for greater assurance, we interrogated a custom-house officer, whom we saw in the distance, looking out to sea with a dreary air of profound resignation to duty. He knew very little about it, but *thought* the *passagers* might, could, would, should, or ought to take us over. So we applied to them again at their house of call or office, where they were warming themselves by the fire.

"The sea will be down in two hours and a half, and we can cross to St. Valery with a guide?"

"Yes," said a *passager*, looking over his shoulder, "but the way to find a guide?"—and went on filling his pipe.

Decidedly we were done—*floués*,—*fumés*,—the last Parisian version of *sold*,—for the present. What next? The tide would float a boat in the morning; but a night in the pot-house at Le Crotoy was not to be thought of. Night, however, was approaching rapidly, if we meant to go anywhere else, so we decided upon making for Noyelles, some four miles higher up, whence, the *embouchure* being there narrower, and the water having somewhat subsided by the time we should arrive, we hoped to be able to cross. An obvious resource would have been to have taken the railway from Noyelles to Abbeville, only, we had planned excursing elsewhere till Friday, when we were to meet Joseph and Daniel, and it seemed to us slow and tiresome to break through the arrangement. Perseverance in a determination,—in *doing* what one has *proposed to do*,—is in the abstract, good, so we decided, on principle, that we would *not* go to Abbeville that night, and that we *would* cross the Somme to St. Valery, saving and reserving always the obstacle of the pure impossible.

We followed the high bank raised to keep the sea out of the country, which would otherwise be, and once must have been, one vast lake hereabouts. A tract of slimy mud, the edge of the *embouchure*, lay to the right, reflecting the declining light of day. Rushes, and long grass, and white stones varied its surface; flocks of wild fowl spread themselves over it, or rose as we approached, and fluttered away to more distant ground; the water, now rapidly contracting in width, was beyond; and, plain to be seen, was the goal of our desires and hopes,—the white houses of St. Valery, extending along the opposite bank, and a pleasant looking hill above them closing the scene.

On we trudged, walking hard to save the daylight, lest we should lose our way in this unknown land. Twice we passed a mud hut on the embankment, a place for custom-house officers or wild fowl shooters to squat in, and from one of them emerged a man in a ragged uniform and a dog. Just as it was dark, three men passed us, they and the soldier being the only people we met by the way, and one of them told us we were right for Noyelles. We got into a highway, and a mile further reached the Noyelles Railway station, much to our comfort.

We asked the porter in attendance if people ever crossed at that time of night to St. Valery? "Yes." And he sent a servant of the station-master for her husband, a professed guide. In three-quarters of an hour enter guide, a lank man in mud-coloured clothes, and high mud-boots, with a thin brown face, and looking, like the people of Le Crotoy, as if he *ate* the mud. He laid down a long duck-gun, retaining a long stick. We buckled our bag upon his back. "Are you sure it is safe to cross?" "Yes." "Yes." And about half-past six exit guide and guide's dog, and travellers, from the Noyelles station, to achieve the notable adventure of crossing the Somme on foot by night. *Parvis componere magna*, it was no unimportant achievement when the English host crossed it just hereabouts, coming from the opposite shore, five centuries ago, for it is said to have been near Noyelles that an ineffectual opposition was offered to the passage of the English army, which halted here the night before Cressy.

After keeping the railway for a while, we crossed some rough ground,

from which we emerged upon the veritable beach. This presently became sand and mud and small pools. Finally, we came to a halt on the edge of an unmistakable sheet of water. I had had a dim idea of being carried on the guide's back across water of some sort, but none of any water like this. Our guide was a duck-shooter, and he and his dog, amphibious both, knew the Somme and its ways and habits well. He sent in his dog as *avant-courier* or *éprouveur*. We heard his feet splashing through the shallows for some time, and then we suddenly heard nothing,—he was swimming,—the deep water came too soon *there*. Dog, and then man, tried here and there, and man at last went fairly away from us over the lake, and out of sight. He returned, and said gloomily and dejectedly, as if he felt the force of the unpleasant fact—and to be dismal was evidently his wont;—"Ah! il y a fameusement d'eau." He was a puir boddie; the mud pies he lived upon were clearly a depressing diet. Then, without more words, he set a back for me to jump upon. So I did, with something of the sort of feeling I should have experienced on mounting a modern Pegasus, and he tramped into the water. There was a difficulty in holding on to him, and, at the same time, in keeping my heels clear of the water; and once or twice, when I made a discreet wriggle to get better grip of him, he exclaimed, in an agony of anxiety, "*Ne bougez pas,—S. N. de D., ne bougez pas!*" so thenceforth I budged not. He dropped me on the mud-bank on the other side, and gave a sigh. Having taken breath, he re-entered the water with a resigned air, and in ten minutes came back with Square, who, describing his own sensations of the moment, says he had meanwhile stood shivering in his loneliness on the bank, while we went away into the dark out of sight and hearing.

Now it did occur to me, "Suppose this fellow to be a villain, and that when we are half over, he ducks and drowns *me*, and, returning, takes up the unsuspecting Square, and ducks and drowns *him*, and, having emptied our respective pockets, leaves our bodies to be washed down to Le Crotot in the night by the returning tide, inventing an exceedingly probable tale of accident at Noyelles!" Therefore I did place convenient to my hand, during the ride, a certain Spanish South American knife, my usual companion in travel, having a blade about seven inches long, one and a half wide at the hilt, tapering to a fine point, keen sharp along one edge, and halfway down the other, strong, and manufactured of the very best English razor steel, with a crucifix stamped on it to ensure orthodox stabbing, all expressly to the order and pattern of General Rosas, President of Buenos Ayres.

I do believe however, that our guide was harmless and honest, and I had his own testimony that he was guiltless of any retributive historical recollections of Cressy. *Fiat justitia.*

Then we traversed much sand, and were carried over another pool. Each time guide took over bag first.

Then we did more sand—whole fields of it. Then came water again. We saw indistinctly a bank opposite, which our guide declared was *Pherbe*, where, if we could but reach it, we should be at the end of the adventure. This water, however, was deep and broad, and it reached up and down, to the left and right, as far as we could see, whichever way we walked. Guide and dog tried it, and tried again, but could make nothing of it. It was not exactly too deep to wade, but too deep and too broad, to allow of our being carried over. The situation was per-

plexing. To give up and to return, was repugnant to our chivalrous feelings, or, it may perhaps be better said, to our English pertinacity. Something, however, was to be decided. We told guide we would take off our trousers and wade ourselves, if he would only find a fit place. He tried, and came back to tell us the water was up to arms. "Ah! that implies total stripping; one must draw a line somewhere, and we draw ours at trousers. Well,—would it be down to trousers in an hour?" "Yes." So we lit cigars and smoked on the sands to pass the time. Just then rose up the moon.

The hour expired; guide tried the water again, said it would now do, and we denuded ourselves of all but upper garments, tied trousers &c., round our necks, and, tucking up our coat-tails utterly, followed guide into the lake. A ludicrous procession we must have appeared, could we have been just then lit up and exhibited to grave friends at home,—of whom we thought at the moment,—the dog swimming ahead, our brown lank friend in his boots first, and then myself and Square, in *purissimis naturalibus* below, but compensating for the deficiency there, by extra and preposterous mufflings about our necks and shoulders. The bottom was soft sand, and the passage, after all, no great hardship, notwithstanding December.

Then sand again, which we scampered over, still trouserless, and then another wading. Finally, we dressed on the edge of this, the last water we had to cross.

Then came mud, an endless desert of mud, an ingredient in the affair we had not bargained for. I had no previous idea of anything so slippery, sticky, and extensive. There were fields of it; ravines twelve or fourteen feet deep, with irregular bottoms; acres of lumps of it, each about two feet in diameter and three from its neighbour; tracts of deep furrows of it, as regular as if made by a giant's plough; and over all this we floundered, and jumped, and balanced ourselves, performing the most elaborate gymnastics to maintain equilibrium, the fear of prostration in that slough of despond greatly stimulating our agility. Once, Square, jumping at a mud lump on the side of a ravine, missed it, lost his balance, and after a succession of desperate plunges and titubations, was providentially brought up breathless, astride of a friendly, though adhesive boss. Another time I heard a grunt and a fervent French oath, and our guide lay flat before me with his face in the slime.

We got through at last, and found ourselves landed on the hard road;—and how pleasant it was, to feel a hard road under one's feet!—leading from Abbeville to St. Valery, the navigable canal between the two places running along on the far side of it.

Down this canal the main waters of the Somme are made to flow. The natural *embouchure* of the river is therefore deprived of so much water, and is left to be filled by minor streams, and, at the rising of the tide, by the sea.

It was curious to observe throughout our passage, a sort of electric light that followed every touch of the wet sand and mud by our feet and sticks. I believe this phenomenon is to be explained by the presence in certain waters, of innumerable illuminating animalculæ. They will often be observed to produce a flashing brightness in the sea surrounding a moving ship; and a friend tells me he has detected them in a bucket of water quietly dipped and hauled upon deck under such circumstances.

We had been three hours crossing. Our guide accompanied us down

the road till we were fairly upon St. Valery, and then, with a five-franc recompense, which, we were afterwards assured, was ample hire, departed, being anxious, he said, to get back to Noyelles before the tide rose again, as it would do presently.

Be it observed, that this feat of ours was one not often accomplished; and, but for the help of a knowing guide, and our taking ourselves special care to have our wits about us, would have been somewhat perilous. For one of us strangers to have lost the rest of the party, for instance, would have been no joke, for the bearings of places would have been easily missed in that uncertain light, and among the beaconless tracts of sand, water, and mud, to say nothing of the danger of attempting doubtful fords by oneself.

It appears, that the English army, immediately before the battle of Cressy, returning homewards from the neighbourhood of Paris, crossed the Somme at a place now called Blanquetaque (*Blanche tache*, or *white spot*, where there is firm sand), which cannot be far from the line we took. They were stopped on the other side by the French,—or *stopped for them*,—and there fought and gained their desperate battle. If any of their steel-clad warriors strayed into our mud track, I make no doubt they stuck there irredeemably, and are there, fathoms deep, to this day.*

Into St. Valery we marched by moonlight, bemuddled up to the eyes, and after taking a general survey, pitched upon the Hôtel du Père Adam, where a light was burning, for our quarters, which we entered between nine and ten o'clock. We were fortunate in our selection, the Hôtel du Père Adam being kept by a pleasant old Alsatian soldier, known hereabouts as François, whose wife was an English woman, imported from the Borough, where our host had once carried on the business of a poulterer.

We washed off as much of the mud as we could,—it was not to be got rid of at one cleansing,—and sat down to supper, after which we sought the society of Monsieur and Madame François at their kitchen fire, and remained there, listening to his campaigning stories till past one o'clock. He was a character, invaluable to a novelist;—the slow, grumpy, but kind-hearted, and, to us, respectful, German soldier; full of prejudices and whimsical notions; talking moreover, French, English, German, and Spanish, and given to inlay his conversation with specimens of each. His style of swearing was curt and emphatic,—troopers always “swore horribly.” “Dese peepel have dare own stoopid notions,—blaast ‘em;”—finale, deep bass. And then he blew forth a small whiff of smoke, and took a gentle sip of grog, with the contented and affirmative air of a man who has delivered himself of a strikingly correct sentiment. He was a French subject, and his long services had been in Napoleon’s armies. He must have been near seventy, while his wife, a comely person, could not have been much above thirty.

At this house we met by chance the commissary of police of St. Valery, one of the best examples of a civil and *débonnaire* Frenchman I have fallen in with. He told us, by the way, that we should be more *en règle* as to passports in these times, if we contrived to get from Paris, before we turned our steps homewards, the originals we had sent there,

* *Vide* the articles in the *New Monthly*, referred to in a previous note. When Englishmen order “*Purée à la Crécy*” from a Parisian *carte*, few of them probably know that this is *their* Crécy, and that the soup has its name from *their* battle-field, now chiefly famous,—in France,—for carrots.

which he said we might obtain by requesting the mayor of any place to back an application from us to have them forwarded to any point indicated.

Thursday, December 14th.—Our hotel was situated in a suburb or elongation of St. Valery. The ship-navigation from the sea to Abbeville is carried up alongside the *embouchure* of the Somme, and independently of it, merely touching upon, or skirting, without communicating with, the town of St. Valery proper, which covers a hill nearer the sea, and serving only the suburb, thus constituted the real port. The old place had its harbour, available in former times, and a sort of pond or lake enclosed by works connected with the modern navigation, still washes the foot of the steep rock on which stand its church and castle. Opposite our windows and those of a continuous row of houses of which the Hôtel du Père Adam forms one, lay many goodly ships, and between us and them extended a spacious quay, exhibiting much of the bustle of a place of considerable commercial importance. There are foreign consuls resident here, and the Custom-house is a large building. Against its wall, facing the water, is fixed a black tablet, bearing an inscription in gilt letters, to the effect, that hence William the Conqueror,—*Le Conquérant*,—the popular and ignorant *triumphant* reading of the word being evidently adopted,—sailed in the year 1066 with 400 sail, “pour la conquête d’Angleterre.” Very well. The descendants of William *Le Conquérant* and his men stuck to English soil, became part and parcel of the English people, mended their manners and improved their breed among them, and had no ancestral difficulties, from time to time in subsequent ages down to the year 1814, about battling side by side with Saxons against their mother country, and continually subjugating the same, *testibus* notably, events which occurred, and are matters of recorded history, in the particular neighbourhood whence the valiant William sailed “avec 400 voiles.”

The suburb spreads itself out as you go seaward, or towards the old town, from a mere façade of houses lining the quay, into a broader mass. It is a rough picturesque place. We emerged from its principal street upon a striking view of the church and town of Old St. Valery, standing high upon a rock above the water, in admirable advantage of position. As an architect, my companion was a professor of the picturesque, and the view from this point appeared to us remarkably effective. The church, a structure of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, of considerable size, and much beauty of form and detail, rose boldly from the edge of a rock descending perpendicularly to the water. Behind, and on the hill beyond it, clustered the houses of the town, with rocks, hills, and trees, carrying out the line still further towards the sea. We saw all this, and were pleased by it, in winter. I cannot doubt but that the summer sun and the summer verdure would make here of St. Valery an exceedingly pretty picture.

Passing under the church, along a half-finished jetty, at which a numerous squad of workmen, duly bearded and piped à *la mode Française*, were pretending to labour, lazily earning the miserable wages of the Republic, we turned inwards to the hill, by the crumbling remains of a large tower, one of the outworks of a Norman castle visible higher up, the defences of which had evidently once covered the whole steep side hereabouts down to the water's edge. To this castle we ascended. There were the perfect remains of a gateway, a deep moat, several

towers, and much other masonry; the ruin altogether unimpeachable Norman. Here, says local tradition, Harold the Dane was confined. In the name of common prudence, why did not William, having once got him there, keep him? It is significant, by the way, that our peasant guide of last night had never heard of Cressy,—for we wished to have questioned him as we were crossing, about Blanquetaque, &c.,—while everybody here knew all about Harold having been a prisoner in the castle, and the inscription about William the Conqueror was carefully preserved in all the glory of the freshest gilding.

The castle and its dependencies had formerly, it was evident, covered a large extent. Ancient walls run up and down over the hilly ground about it, including a large area. A modern *château*, with its garden, lies within them.

Hence we descended into the town. Its chief feature was the *Place*, or market-place, opposite the west end of the church. It had all the tumble-down, irregular ingredients of pictorial effect one meets with in all old places abroad. We examined the interior of the church, which was disappointing, though a spacious hall. It had been barbarised, in the approved style of the Roman Catholic Church. A picturesque arrangement is to be noticed here, of a terrace or platform, extending between the church and the edge of the steep rock. The same exists at Treport, the result of similar local peculiarities.

An old gateway, and a roadway steeply and tortuously descending through it, let us out of St. Valery on the side next the suburb, before reaching which a short interval of pleasant open hill-side occurs facing the water, with here and there a *maison de campagne* planted on it.

The French notion of the economy of labour was illustrated on the quay of the port by a needy knife-grinder there plying his trade, who, we observed, employed a boy to turn his wheel by hand, standing behind him, while he himself did the grinding, or fancy work, sitting very much at his ease on a low stool.

We visited the *Chapelle des Marins*, as it is called, standing on high ground about a quarter of a mile out of the town, seaward. We noticed a trifling architectural point about it, viz., that a certain effect of *division* and *line-breaking* was very simply and cheaply obtained in a plain and otherwise barn-like interior, by a slight set-off in the wall, where the choir began combined with a corresponding raising of the pavement. But the chief peculiarity of the place were its *ex voto* offerings of mariners preserved from shipwreck, in the shape of suspended models of ships, and rude pictorial representations,—many of them of remote date, —of difficulties and disasters at sea, accompanied by curiously quaint descriptive legends. The suspended ship models we noticed afterwards in several other churches in the neighbourhood of the coast.

Returned to the Père Adam, we ordered our coach, which presently appeared,—a sort of vehicle we afterwards often rode in,—a two-wheeled cab with two seats, accommodating passengers indefinite in number. This one was our private property now, and in it we started at half-past two, P.M., for Treport, departing under a salvo of kind adieux and respectful bowings and curtsies on the part of Monsieur and Madame François, who, if the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville had been leaving the house this time last year, could hardly have offered more reverent attention.

My recollections of St. Valery are pleasant. English sportsmen go there to shoot wild fowl, which abound on the river. The plan is, to dig

a hole in the sand, in which the shooter buries himself up to the shoulders for concealment, and then blazes away at opportunity. The elaborate artillery of duck-shooting described by Colonel Hawker, does not seem to be employed.

The *embouchure*, extending over a large tract of country, from the wide mouth of the river at St. Valery and Le Crotoy up to its narrow tail below Abbeville, about ten miles off, is a remarkable feature in the land. It is an utter waste, and it would seem to be a most obvious thing to do, if capital were plentiful in France, or could be had for the purpose elsewhere, to bank out the sea and reclaim it. I cannot imagine that in an engineering point of view the difficulties could be great. The sea pours itself in, very properly according to its own peculiar ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, simply because no trouble is taken to keep it out.

Up hill and down dale we laboured in our cab to Treport, fifteen slowly conquered miles. An undulating country; productive; but not picturesque; marked evidences of careful cultivation; an excellent road. Continually we speculated, as we looked up a long slope we were ascending towards the close of our journey, that we should presently attain its summit, and thence look down upon Treport and Ville d'Eu. Continually we were balked of that summit by more unexpected downs and ups. At length we began the descent of a tremendous hill, and before us, on the side of the one opposite, lay Ville d'Eu, with its church and *château*, a town of much more importance, apparently, than we had any idea of; and, the valley reached, our driver inquired,—the road here branching two ways,—whether we wished to go to Ville d'Eu or Treport? We said Treport, and, accordingly, he drove us along the valley seawards, and in a quarter of an hour we were there. It was now fairly dark, and it rained, and nothing was to be done but dinner, which we ordered at the sort of fisherman's *café* at which we descended, dignified, if I recollect rightly, with the name of the *Hôtel de France*. We got a fire made in a room up-stairs, and there ate a bad dinner, for which we paid an improper price. The imposition proceeded from the same sort of iniquitous feeling with which the driver said significantly to the host as we got down, "*Deux Anglais*." I don't think I have been often or grievously cheated in France, but there does exist, strong and unquestionable, and pretty generally there, the disposition to cheat strangers at convenient opportunity,—a bad fact.

The hostess, who was far too decent a woman to be mated with her over-reaching, sulky pig of a husband, told us without reserve, that the revolution had ruined Treport, as no doubt it has, or thereabouts, for it is a place raised from obscurity by the royal favour of Louis Philippe, who, with his family, used to bestow special attention on it.

Our cab took us up to Ville d'Eu after dinner, to the *Hôtel du Cygne*, where, the *salle à manger* being, at the moment of our arrival, occupied by the *table d'hôte*, the hostess, with a manner that showed it to be a matter of course, referred us to the *café* over the way. Such is the arrangement of French life. At your hotel you sleep, and, if you like, you dine at the *table d'hôte*; at other times you are rather a nuisance there than otherwise; and accordingly you betake yourself in your indoor half-hours and hours to the neighbouring *café*. We went there; watched people playing at billiards for an hour, sipping coffee ourselves and smoking the while; returned to the hotel; lounged about the now deserted *salle à manger*; and went to bed.

THE COUNTESS DE RUDOLSTADT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

BY MATILDA M. HAYS.

CHAPTER XLI.

At this moment the gates of the temple opened with a metallic sound, and the Invisibles entered, walking two and two. The magic tones of the harmonica, then newly invented,* and unknown to the wonderstruck ear of Consuelo, were heard in the air, seeming to descend from the cupola, half-opened to the rays of the moon and to the vivifying breezes of the night. A shower of flowers fell slowly upon the happy couple, placed in the centre of this solemn procession. Wanda, standing beside a golden tripod, from which with the right hand she caused bright flames and clouds of perfume to burst forth, held in the left a chain of flowers and symbolic leaves, which she had thrown around the two lovers. The chiefs of the Invisibles, their faces covered with their long red drapery, and their heads encircled by similar leaves of oak and acacia, consecrated by their rites, were standing with their arms extended, as if to receive the brethren who bent before them as they passed. These chiefs had the majesty of the ancient Druids, but their hands, pure of blood, were opened only to bless; and, in the hearts of the adepts, a religious respect supplanted the fanatical terror of the religions of the past. As the initiated presented themselves before the venerable tribunal, they took off their masks, to salute with uncovered faces those august unknown chiefs, who had never manifested themselves but by acts of mild justice, of paternal love, and of exalted wisdom. Faithful, without reluctance or mistrust, to the religion they had sworn to observe, they sought not, with curious eyes, to look beneath those impenetrable veils. The adepts were indeed acquainted, though unconsciously, with these magi of the new religion, for they mingled together in society, and the most intimate friendships existed between individuals of the two orders. But, in the exercise of their common worship, the person of the priest was ever veiled, like the oracle of ancient times.

Happy childhood of simple faith, the almost fabulous dawn of those sacred associations which are ever and at all periods enveloped in poetic

* It is well known, that upon its first appearance in Germany, the harmonica produced so great a sensation, that poetical imaginations believed they heard in it supernatural voices, evoked by the consecrators of certain mysteries. It enjoyed for some time, among the adepts of the German theosophy, the same divine honours as the lyre among the ancients, and as many other musical instruments among the primitive nations of the Himalay. They made it one of the hieroglyphical figures of their mysterious iconography. They represented it under the form of a fantastic chimera. It so powerfully impressed the neophytes of the secret societies who heard it for the first time after the terrors and emotions of their severe trials, that it frequently threw them into a state of ecstasy. They believed they heard the song of the invisible powers, for both the performer and the instrument were concealed from them with the greatest care. There exist some very curious details about the influence of the harmonica in the ceremonies of the reception into Illuminism.

mystery! Although barely a century separates us from the time of these Invisibles, yet their existence is problematical to the historian; but thirty years later, Illuminism resumed these mysterious forms, and, drawing at the same time upon the inventive genius of its chiefs and upon the traditions of the mystical societies of Germany, it terrified the world by the most formidable and the most intricate of political and religious conspiracies. It shook, for a moment, all the dynasties upon their thrones, and, in its turn, fell, bequeathing to the French Revolution an electric stream, as it were, of sublime enthusiasm, of ardent faith, and of terrible fanaticism. Half a century before these days marked by fate, and whilst the gallant monarchy of Louis XV., the philosophical despotism of Frederick II., the sceptical and scoffing dominion of Voltaire, the ambitious diplomacy of Maria-Theresa, and the heretical tolerance of Ganganelli, seemed to announce to the world a succession of decrepitude, antagonism, and confusion, ending in dissolution, the French Revolution was fermenting in the shade, and budding underground. It was brooding, even to fanaticism, in unbelieving minds, under the form of a universal revolution; and whilst debauchery, hypocrisy, or incredulity, officially reigned over the world, a sublime faith, a magnificent revelation of the future, plans of organisation no less profound, and wiser, perhaps, than our Fourierism and our Saint-Simonism, already realised in some groups of exceptional men the ideal conception of a future state of society, diametrically opposed to that which still covers and conceals their action in history.

Such a contrast is one of the most striking features of the eighteenth century, a period too full of ideas and of intellectual work of all kinds, for the synthesis of it to have been yet made with clearness and advantage by the philosophical historians of our days. It has left us a heap of contradictory documents, and of facts as yet undistinguishable; sources troubled by the tumult of the age, and which must be patiently cleared, before the solid foundation can be found. Many zealous labourers have remained obscure, carrying with them to the tomb the secret of their mission; so many dazzling glories then absorbed the attention of contemporaries! so many great works still engross the retrospective examination of critics! But, by degrees, light will gleam forth from this chaos; and if our century succeeds in unravelling itself, it will likewise succeed in unravelling the life of its parent, the eighteenth century; that profound logogriphe, that brilliant nebula, where so much cowardice is opposed to so much grandeur; so much knowledge to so much ignorance; so much barbarism to so much civilisation; so much enlightenment to so much error; so much seriousness to so much levity; so much learned pedantry to so much frivolous mockery; so much superstition to so much proud reason; this period of a hundred years, which witnessed the reigns of Madame de Maintenon and of Madame de Pompadour; of Peter the Great, Catherine II., Marie-Therèse, and La Dubarry; of Voltaire and Swedenborg, Kant and Mesmer, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Cardinal Dubois, Schreöpper and Diderot, Fenelon and Law, Zinzendorf and Leibnitz, Frederick II. and Robespierre, Louis XIV. and Philippe-Egalité, Marie-Antoinette and Charlotte Corday, Weishaupt, Babeuf, and Napoleon—terrific laboratory, where so many heterogeneous forms were thrown into the crucible, that, in its monstrous ebullition, it emitted torrents of smoke, darkness, and confused images, amidst which we are still wandering.

Neither Consuelo nor Albert, neither the chiefs of the Invisibles nor their adepts, had a clear understanding of the times into the midst of which they longed to rush, fired with the hope of effecting a sudden regeneration. They thought themselves on the eve of a Gospel republic, as the disciples of Jesus had thought themselves on the eve of the kingdom of God upon earth; as the Taborites of Bohemia had thought themselves on the eve of a paradisaical state; as, more recently, the French convention thought itself on the eve of a propaganda, victorious over the whole world. But, without this extravagant confidence, how could there be great devotedness? and, without great enthusiasm, how could there be great results? Without the Utopia of the divine dreamer Jesus, what would become of the notion of human fraternity? Without the contagious visions of the ecstatic Joan of Arc, should we still be Frenchmen? Without the chimeras of the eighteenth century, should we have obtained the first elements of equality? This mysterious revolution had been dreamed of by the sects of former times, and the mystic conspirators of the last century had vaguely predicted it fifty years before, as an era of political and religious renovation; while Voltaire, and the calm philosophical minds of his time, and Frederick II. himself, the great realisation of logical and cold force, foresaw neither its temporary fury nor its sudden abortion. The wisest were as far as the most ardent from looking clearly into the future. Jean-Jacques Rousseau would have disowned his work, had the Mountain surmounted by the guillotine, appeared to him in a dream. Albert de Rudolstadt, who believed himself to be working at the overthrow, immediate and final, of scaffolds and prisons, barracks, convents, and citadels, would instantaneously have relapsed into lethargic madness as at Schreckenstein, had he seen how the accomplishment of his hopes would be stained with blood, and followed first by the despotism of Napoleon, secondly by the restoration of the *ancien régime*, and lastly by the reign of the vilest material interests.

Thus then they dreamed, these noble children, and acted up to their dream with all the power of their soul. They belonged to their age as much as the skilful politicians and wise philosophers, their contemporaries, but not more than they. Equally with these, they saw a revelation of Truth in the future, that unknown future which we all clothe with the attributes of our own genius, which deceives us all, and yet justifies us to our sons, when she appears to them, clad in the imperial robe of many colours, of which each of us has prepared a shred. Happily each century sees this future more glorious than the last, because each century produces more labourers for her glory. As for those who would rend from her her purple and clothe her in mourning, they are powerless against her. Slaves to the present, they do not know that the immortal has no age, and that he who does not imagine her as she may be to-morrow, by no means sees her as she should be to-day.

Albert, in this moment of supreme joy, when the eyes of Consuelo at length rested upon his with rapture; Albert, renovated by health and radiant with happiness, felt himself invested with that all-powerful faith which would remove mountains, if, at such moments, there were any other mountain to bear, than the weight of our own reason troubled by excess of bliss. Consuelo was at length before him, like the Galathea of the artist beloved by the gods, awaking at once to love and to life. Silent and collected, her countenance lighted up by a celestial glory, she was, for the first time in her life, perfectly, incontestably beautiful; for, in fact,

she now existed, completely and really, for the first time. A sublime serenity shone upon her brow, and in her large and liquid eyes might be read the rapture of her soul. She was so beautiful only through her unconsciousness of that which was passing in her heart, and over her countenance. Albert alone existed for her, or rather, she no longer existed but in him, and he alone appeared to her worthy of boundless respect and admiration. For Albert too was transformed, and as if enveloped by a supernatural radiance in contemplating her. She saw indeed in the earnestness of his look, all the solemn grandeur of the sorrows he had borne : but this past bitterness had left upon his features no trace of physical suffering. He had upon his brow the calmness of the martyr awaking from death, who sees the earth dyed with his blood flying from beneath his feet, and the infinity of heaven opening above his head. In the grandest days of antique or of Christian art, no inspired artist ever created a nobler figure of hero or of saint.

All the Invisibles, struck, in their turn, with admiration, paused, after having formed a circle around them, and remained a few moments in contemplation of this pair, so pure before God, and so blessed among men. Then twenty manly and powerful voices chanted in chorus, to a measure of antique grandeur and simplicity, *O hymen, O hymeneal!* The music was by Porpora, to whom the words had been sent with a request for an epithalamium for an illustrious marriage ; and he had been worthily rewarded without knowing by whom. As Mozart, on the eve of his death, received his grandest inspiration for the mysteriously ordered *Requiem*, so was the imagination of old Porpora awakened by this mysterious poetry, and all his youthful genius revived in the music of the nuptial song. In the first bars Consuelo recognised her beloved master ; and turning herself with an effort from the gaze of her lover, she looked towards the choristers in search of her adopted father ; but his spirit only was there. Among those who had become its worthiest interpreters, Consuelo recognised many friends : Frederick de Trenk, le Porporino, young Benda, Count Golowkin, Schubart, and the Chevalier d'Eon, whom she had known at Berlin, and of whose real sex, she, as well as the whole of Europe, was ignorant ; the Count of Saint Germain, the Chancellor Coccei, the husband of the Barbarini, the librarian Nicolai, Gottlieb, whose beautiful voice predominated over all the others ; and, lastly, Marcus, whom an energetic movement of Wanda pointed out to her, and whom, by a sympathetic instinct, she had already recognised as the guide who had presented her, and who had performed towards her the duties of a godfather. All the Invisibles had opened and thrown back upon their shoulders their long sombre-looking black robes. A purple and white costume, elegant and simple, brightened by a gold chain, bearing the insignia of their order, gave to their group a festive aspect. Their masks were slipped over their wrists, ready to be replaced on their faces at the slightest signal of *the watcher*, placed as a sentinel upon the dome of the edifice.

The orator, who officiated as an agent between the chiefs of the Invisibles and their adepts, likewise took off his mask and came to congratulate the happy couple. He was the Duke of —, a wealthy prince who had dedicated his fortune, his intelligence, and his enthusiastic zeal, to the cause of the Invisibles. He was their host when they assembled, and his residence had long been the asylum of Wanda and of Albert, who were there concealed from profane eyes. That residence was also the

chief, though not the only seat of the tribunal of the order, and their numerous meetings were held there only during a few days in the summer, unless required by some emergency. Initiated into all the secrets of the chiefs, the duke acted for them and with them; but he did not betray their incognito, and, taking upon himself alone all the dangers of the enterprise, he was their interpreter, and the visible medium between them and the members of the association.

After the newly-married couple had exchanged sweet demonstrations of joy and affection with their brethren, every one resumed his place, and the duke, again becoming the brother-orator, thus addressed the couple crowned with flowers and kneeling before the altar:—

“Most dear and beloved children, in the name of the true God, all power, all love, and all intelligence; and, after Him, in the name of the three virtues which are a reflex of the Divinity in the human soul, activity, charity, and justice, which, in application, are rendered in our formula by the words *liberty, fraternity, equality*; finally, in the name of the tribunal of the Invisibles, which has dedicated itself to the triple duty of zeal, faith, and study, that is to say, to the triple research of political, moral, and divine truth; Albert Podiebrad, Consuelo Porporina, I pronounce the ratification and the confirmation of the marriage which you have already contracted before God and before your parents, and also before a priest of the Christian religion, in the Castle of the Giants, on the — of the year 175—. This marriage, valid in the eyes of man, was not valid before God. Three things were wanting to render it so; first, the absolute self-devotion of the wife, living with a husband who appeared on the point of death; secondly, the sanction of a moral and religious authority, recognised and accepted by the husband; thirdly, the consent of an individual here present, whose name I may not pronounce, but who is closely bound to one of the couple by the ties of blood. If, now, these three conditions are fulfilled, and if neither of you have anything to claim, or anything to object . . . arise, join your hands, and take Heaven to witness the freedom of your act, the holiness of your love!”

Wanda, who still remained unknown to the brothers of the order, took the hands of her two children. Moved by the same impulse of tenderness and enthusiasm, they all three rose as if they had been but one.

The marriage formula was pronounced, and the simple and touching rites of the new worship were performed with devotion and fervour. This engagement to love each other was not an isolated act performed in the midst of indifferent spectators, strangers to the moral tie which was thus contracted. All were called upon to sanction this religious consecration of two beings, bound to them by a common faith. They stretched their arms over the married couple to bless them, then they all took each other by the hands, and formed a living inclosure, a chain of fraternal affection and of religious association around them, pronouncing an oath to assist and protect them; to defend their honour and their lives; to sustain their existence in case of need; to use all their efforts to reclaim them to good, if they should relax in the rugged road of virtue; to preserve them as much as possible from persecutions and seductions from without, on all occasions, and under all circumstances; in short, to love them as sacredly, as cordially, as deeply, as if they were united to them by name and by blood. The noble Trenk pronounced this formula

for the whole assemblage, in eloquent and simple terms; then, addressing the husband, he added:—

“Albert, the profane and criminal customs of the old social state from which we have secretly separated, endow the husband with an authority, despotic in him, degrading to the wife. If she fails in the fidelity demanded of her, the husband may kill his rival; he may even kill his wife; and this is called washing out with blood a stain upon his honour. In the old world, blind and corrupt, every man is the natural enemy of this happiness and this honour, so fiercely guarded. The friend of the husband, even his brother, arrogates to himself the right to steal from the friend, from the brother, the love of his partner; or at least he allows himself the cruel and cowardly pleasure of exciting his jealousy, of rendering his watchfulness ridiculous, and of sowing distrust and dissension between him and the object of his love. Here, as thou knowest, we understand friendship, honour, and family pride, better. We are brothers before God; and he among us who should look with a bold and disloyal eye upon the wife of his brother, would already, in our opinion, have committed the crime of incest in his heart.”

The brethren, fired with enthusiasm, drew their swords, and swore to turn them against themselves rather than forfeit the oath they had just pronounced by the mouth of Trenk.

But the sibyl, agitated by one of those enthusiastic transports which gave her so great an ascendancy over their imaginations, and which often modified the opinions and the decisions of the chiefs themselves, broke the circle and rushed into the centre. Her language, always energetic and glowing, subjugated their assemblies; her lofty stature, the folds of drapery falling over her emaciated form; her demeanour, majestic though wavering; and, notwithstanding the convulsive trembling of her head, always veiled, a certain grace which told of past beauty, that charm so powerful in woman, which still touches the soul when it can no more move the senses; in short, even to her almost inaudible voice, which, in moments of exaltation, acquired a harsh and strange brilliancy of tone, all contributed to render her a mysterious, and, at first sight, a terrific being, and soon invested her with a persuasive power and an irresistible fascination.

All were silent to listen to that inspired voice. Consuelo was as deeply touched by her attitude as they; more so, perhaps, since she knew the secret of her strange life. Shuddering with involuntary terror, she asked herself whether this spectre, which appeared to have escaped from the tomb, really belonged to this world, and whether, after having uttered its oracle, it would not vanish into air, together with the flame from the tripod which gave to it an appearance so transparent and unearthly.

“Hide those glittering arms,” cried the shuddering Wanda; “they are impious vows which invoke the aid of those instruments of hatred and murder. I know that the custom of the old world has fastened this steel to the side of every man accounted free, as a badge of independence and of pride; I know that, according to the notions of this old world— notions which, in spite of yourselves, you have retained—the sword is the symbol of honour, and that you believe you have contracted sacred engagements, when, like the citizens of ancient Rome, you have sworn by the sword. But here, it is profaning an august oath. Swear rather by the flame of this tripod: the flame is the symbol of life, of light,

and of divine love. But do you still need emblems and visible signs? Are you still idolaters, and are the figures which decorate this temple anything more to you than the types of ideas? Ah! swear rather by your own sentiments, by your best instincts, by your own hearts; and if you dare not swear by the living God, by the true religion, eternal and holy, swear by sacred humanity, by the glorious impulses of your courage, by the chastity of this young wife, and by the love of her husband. Swear by the genius and beauty of Consuelo, that neither your desire, nor even your thought, shall ever profane this holy covenant of hymen, this invisible and mystic altar, upon which angels engrave and register the vows of love. . . .

“Do you know what love is?” added the sibyl, after a moment’s meditation, and with a voice which every moment became more and more clear and penetrating. “Did you indeed know what it is, oh venerable chiefs of our order, and ministers of our worship, you would never allow this formula of an eternal engagement, which God alone can ratify, to be pronounced before you! and which, consecrated by man, is, as it were, a profanation of the most divine of all mysteries. What force can you add to an engagement which in itself is a miracle? Yes, the surrender of two wills which mingle and become one, is a miracle; for by virtue of a divine right every soul is eternally free. And nevertheless, when two souls give themselves to each other, and are linked together by love, their mutual possession becomes as sacred, as divine a right, as individual liberty. You see clearly that here there is a miracle, and that this mystery, as well as that of life and death, is known to God alone. You are about to ask this man and woman if they will belong to each other exclusively in this life; and their fervour is such that they will reply, “Not only in this life, but in eternity.” God therefore inspires them, by the miracle of love, with much more faith, much more strength, much more virtue, than you could, or than you would dare to ask of them. Away then with sacrilegious oaths, and earthly laws! Leave them the ideal, and do not bind them to the reality by the chains of the law. Leave to God the care of continuing the miracle. Prepare souls for the fulfilment of this miracle in themselves; form them to the ideal of love; exhort, instruct them; extol and demonstrate the glory of fidelity, without which there is no moral strength, no sublime love. But do not interpose like Catholic priests, like magistrates of the old world, in the execution of the oath. For, I repeat to you, men cannot be guarantees for the perpetuity of a miracle, nor constitute themselves its guardians. What do you know of the secrets of the Eternal? Have we already entered into that temple of the future, into that celestial world, where man, we are told, will converse with God, under the sacred shades, as a friend with his friend? Has the law of indissoluble marriage emanated from the mouth of the Lord? Have His purposes with respect to it been proclaimed upon the earth? And you, yourselves, oh children of men, have you promulgated this law with unanimous accord? The pontiffs of Rome, they who proclaim themselves infallible, have they never broken the conjugal union? Under the pretence of nullity in certain engagements, the pontiffs have consecrated veritable divorces, the scandal of which history has recorded. And Christian societies, Protestant sects, the Greek church, have, in imitation of the Mosaic law and of other ancient religions, openly admitted the law of divorce in our

modern world. Where then is the holiness, the efficacy of an oath, when it is shown that man can at any day release us from it? Ah! do not touch love by the profanation of law; you will only extinguish it in pure hearts.'

"Consecrate the conjugal union by exhortations, by prayers, by touching ceremonies, by a publicity which shall render it respectable; you should do so if you are our priests; that is to say, our friends, our guides, our counsellors, our consolers, our lights. Prepare souls for the holiness of a sacrament; and as the father of a family endeavours to establish his children in stations of comfort, dignity, and safety, so do you, our spiritual fathers, assiduously apply yourselves to the establishing of your sons and daughters in conditions favourable to the development of true love, of virtue, and of sublime fidelity. And when you have subjected them to religious ordeals, by means of which you may convince yourselves that there is, in their mutual attachment, neither cupidity nor vanity, neither frivolous excitement nor a delusion of the senses devoid of the ideal; when you are persuaded that they comprehend the grandeur of their emotions, the holiness of their duties, and the liberty of their choice, then permit them to give themselves to each other, to alienate mutually, their inalienable liberty. Let their family, their friends, and the large family of the faithful intervene, to ratify with you that union which the solemnity of the sacrament must render respectable. But pay attention to my words: let this sacrament be a religious permission, a paternal and a social authorisation, an encouragement and an exhortation to the perpetuity of the engagement; let it never be a command, an obligation, a law accompanied with threats and punishments, a bondage imposed under pain of scandal, imprisonment, and chains, in case of infringement. Otherwise, never on this earth will you see the miracle accomplished fully and lastingly. Providence, for ever abundant, God, the indefatigable dispenser of grace, will always conduct to you young couples, fervent and ingenuous, ready to pledge themselves in all sincerity, for time and eternity. But your anti-religious law, and your anti-human sacrament, will always counteract in them the effect of grace. The inequality of conjugal rights according to the sex, an impiety consecrated by social laws; the difference in the duties of the man and of the woman, in the opinion of the world; the false distinctions in conjugal honour, and all those absurd notions which prejudice has created in the train of bad institutions, will always tend to extinguish the faith, and to chill the enthusiasm of the married couple; and the most sincere, those most inclined to fidelity, will be the first to grieve and to tremble at the duration of the engagement, the first to be disenchanted with each other. To abjure individual liberty, is indeed contrary to nature and conscience when men interfere, because they burden the renunciation with the yoke of ignorance and brutality; but it is congenial to the desire of noble hearts, and necessary to the religious instincts of strong wills, when it is God who gives us the power to struggle against all the snares which men have spread around marriage, rendering it the tomb of love, of happiness, and of virtue; making it a *legalised prostitution*, as said our fathers, the Lollards, whom you well know, and whom you often invoke! Render then unto God that which is God's, and take from Cæsar that which is not Cæsar's.

"And you, my sons," said she, returning towards the centre of the group, 'you who have just sworn never to violate the conjugal tie, you have

taken an oath the importance of which you do not perhaps fully comprehend. You have obeyed a generous impulse, and you have replied with enthusiasm to the call of honour; this is worthy of you, disciples of a victorious faith. But now know, that in so doing you have done more than perform an act of private virtue. You have consecrated a principle, without which, neither chastity nor conjugal fidelity will ever be possible. Enter then into the spirit of such an oath, and acknowledge that there will be no true individual virtue, until the members of society shall be conjointly responsible to each other.'

"Oh love! oh sublime flame! so powerful and so fragile, so sudden and so fugitive! Lightning of heaven, who dost seem as if thou must cross our path of life and be extinguished in us before our course is run, lest thou shouldst consume and annihilate us! we all feel that thou art the vivifying fire emanating from God himself, and that he amongst us who should succeed in establishing thee in his breast, and in maintaining thee there to his last hour ever equally ardent and equally perfect, would be the happiest and the greatest among men. Therefore will the disciples of the ideal constantly seek to prepare for thee in their souls sanctuaries in which thou mayst delight, so that thou mayst not be impatient to forsake them and to reascend to heaven. But alas! thou, of whom we have made a virtue, one of the foundations of our human societies, in order to honour thee as we desire, thou hast, nevertheless, not allowed thyself to be enchained at the will of our institutions; and thou hast remained free as the bird in the air, capricious as the flame upon the altar. Thou dost seem to laugh at our vows, our contracts, and even at our will. Thou escapest from us in spite of all we have devised to fix thee immovably in our hearts. Thou abidest neither in the harem guarded by vigilant sentinels, nor in the Christian family, placed between the threat of the priest, the judgment of the magistrate, and the yoke of opinion. Whence come thy inconstancy and thy ingratitude, oh mysterious fascination! oh love, cruelly represented under the form of an infant and blind god? With what tenderness and with what contempt does the human soul alternately inspire thee, that thou comest to inflame with thy fire those whom thou dost afterwards forsake and leave to die in the agonies of regret and of repentance, or of disgust, more frightful still? Whence comes it that upon the whole face of our globe people invoke thee upon their knees; that they exalt or deify thee; that divine poets sing thee as the soul of the world; that barbarous nations sacrifice human victims to thee, throwing widows upon the funeral piles of their husbands; that young hearts call thee in their sweetest dreams, and that the old curse life when thou abandonest them to the horror of solitude? Whence comes this worship, now sublime, now fanatical, which has been decreed to thee from the golden infancy of humanity down to our iron age, if thou art but a chimera, the dream of a moment of transport, an illusion of the imagination excited by the delirium of the senses? Oh! it is because thou art not a low instinct—a mere animal want! No, thou art not the blind child of paganism; thou art a son of the true God, and the very element of divinity! But thou hast hitherto revealed thyself to us only through the cloud of our errors; and thou hast not taken up thy abode amongst us because thou wilt not be profaned. Thou wilt return, as in the fabulous times of Astrea, as in the visions of the poets, and establish thyself in our terrestrial para-

dise, when, by sublime virtues, we shall have merited the presence of such a guest as thou. Oh! what a delightful abode will this earth then be for man; and how blessed they that shall be born into it! when we shall all be brothers and sisters; when unions shall be freely consented to, and freely maintained by the strength which is derived from thee alone; when, instead of this fearful, hopeless struggle which conjugal fidelity is compelled to sustain against the impious attacks of debauchery, of hypocritical seduction, of unrestrained violence, of perfidious friendship, and skilful depravity, every husband will find around him only chaste sisters—the solicitous and delicate guardians of a sister whom they have given him for a partner; whilst every wife will find in other men so many brothers of her husband, happy in, and proud of his happiness, the natural protectors of his peace of mind and of his dignity! Then the faithful woman will no more be the solitary flower, concealing itself, in order to preserve the fragile treasure of its purity; too often the forsaken victim, pining away in retirement and in tears, powerless to revive in the heart of her beloved one the flame which she has preserved pure in her own. Then the brother will no longer be compelled to avenge his sister, and to kill him whom she loves and regrets, to restore to her a semblance of false honour; then the mother will tremble no more for her daughter; then the daughter will blush no more for her mother; then, above all, the husband will no more be either suspicious or despotic, and the wife, on her side, will abjure the bitterness of the victim or the rancour of the slave. Suffering, injustice, will no longer blast the calm and cheerful sanctuary of domestic life. Love will be enabled to endure; and, who knows? perhaps then, the priest and the magistrate, relying with justice upon the enduring miracle of love, will be able to consecrate indissoluble unions in the name of God himself, with as much wisdom and justice as there is now unconscious impiety and folly. But these days of happiness have not yet come. Here, in this mysterious temple where we have assembled, and where, in the words of the Evangelist, two or three have met together in the name of the Lord, we can only imagine virtue as it should be, and make a trial of it among ourselves. The external world, which would condemn us to exile, to captivity, or to death, if it penetrated our secrets, we cannot invoke as the sanction of our promises, and the guarantee of our institutions. Let us, then, not imitate its ignorance and its tyranny. Let us consecrate the conjugal love of these two children who come to ask of us the benediction of paternal and fraternal love, in the name of the living God, the dispenser of all love. Authorise them to promise each other eternal fidelity, but do not inscribe their oath in a book of death, to remind them of it by terror and constraint. Let God be its guardian. It is for them to invoke Him each day of their lives, that He may keep bright within them the sacred fire which he has caused to descend in their hearts."

"I expected this from thee, oh, inspired sibyl!" exclaimed Albert, receiving in his arms his mother, exhausted by having spoken so long with the energy of conviction; "I expected the avowal of the right which you grant me to promise everything to her I love. You acknowledge this to be my dearest, my most sacred right. I promise her then—I swear to her—to love her solely and faithfully all my life, and I take

God as my witness. Tell me, oh prophetess of love! that this is not a blasphemy."

"Thou art under the power of the miracle," replied Wanda. "God blesses thy vow, because it is He who inspires thee with faith to pronounce it. '*Always*' is the most impassioned word of lovers. It is an oracle to them in their ecstasy of rapture. Eternity is the ideal of love as it is the ideal of faith. The human soul never more completely attains to the height of its power and lucidness than in the enthusiasm of a great love. The '*always*' of lovers is then an internal revelation, a divine manifestation, which should throw its sovereign brightness and its beneficent warmth upon every moment of their union. Woe to him who shall profane this holy formula! Such an one falls from a state of grace into a state of sin; he extinguishes faith, light, strength, and life in his heart."

"And I," said Consuelo—"I accept thy vow, oh Albert! and I adjure thee to accept mine. I, too, feel myself under the dominion of the miracle; and this '*always*' of our short life appears to me as nothing in comparison with the eternity for which I desire to promise myself to thee."

"Fearless, noble soul!" said Wanda, with a smile which seemed to beam through her veil; "pray to God that thou mayst enjoy eternity with him whom thou lovest, as the reward of thy fidelity to him in this short life."

"Oh, yes!" cried Albert, raising towards heaven his wife's hand clasped in his own, "that is the aim, the hope, and the reward! To love each other nobly and ardently in this phase of existence, in order to meet again and be eternally united in those which follow! Oh! I feel that this is not the first day of our union; that we have already loved, already possessed each other in a former state of existence. So much happiness is not the work of chance. It is the hand of God which brings us together and reunites us, as the two halves of a single being inseparable through all eternity."

MY FIRST FRENCH DINNER.

WITH a light heart and full purse, I realised one fine morning last summer, what from my earliest youth I had ever looked upon as the summit of human happiness, a visit to the French capital—"à Paris on s'égaye, à Londres on s'ennuie," says the proverb, and my first impression certainly confirmed the truth of this assertion. The clearness of the sky, the picturesque appearance of the houses, the unconcerned expression of the inhabitants, formed a striking contrast to the zincy atmosphere, the monotonous rows of brick boxes, and the stolid countenances of the British metropolis, where materialism alone is the order of the day.

I lost no time in repairing to my hotel in order to *adoniser*, during which my imagination was filled with the delights that were in store for me from the theatres, cafés, museums, and other places of resort, alike suited for the culture of the mind as for the gratification of the senses;

nor did the satisfaction I anticipated from a real French dinner form the least item in my already crowded thoughts. I strolled forth like the Great Mogul, determined to yield to the influence of present enjoyment, and banish the cares of this working-day world from my forehead.

I had passed the tedium of my journey in perusing the "Physiologie du Gout," and Brillat Savarin was the pagod of my idolatry. Ye! who pretend to indifference in gastronomy! confess that it is affectation! and frankly own that, on the sly, a *perigord* or a *foie gras* would possess greater charms than your limb of ox, or wedge of sheep's flesh: if you will not, persevere in your "pièces de resistance," destroy your organs of deglutition, and engender spleen, heartburn, and dyspepsia, for you are free to do so.

The veracity of Bruce was discredited from his asserting that it was no uncommon circumstance for the Abyssinians to cut slices from the cow and demolish them raw; and yet where is the wondrous difference between them, and a considerable number of our own countrymen? 'Tis true, that the latter would feel ashamed of eating their steaks in an entire state of crudity, but the specious pretence of merely blackening the outside of their meat on a gridiron, is but an evasion, and, viewed in the most favourable light, but a degree removed from the carnivorous propensities of the Chippawas, or the quadruped inhabitants of the forest—but to proceed.

Entirely ignorant of the different localities of Paris, I wandered for a full hour in search of a restaurant, not but what they were sufficiently numerous, but I had determined my first dinner should be worthy of Lucullus himself, and it was very evident I had rambled in a wrong quarter. My eye at length lighted on a board announcing that "Ici on dine en cabinet, ou en jardin." There was something novel in dining in fresco, and, as the day was furiously hot, I at once made up my mind to enter. I took my seat under a trellis cage, such as we invariably see in the first scene of a ballet, where the beloved of Lubin sits with white satin shoes and short muslin petticoat, turning a spinning-wheel, very much as if she were grinding coffee. Mirth and satisfaction surrounded me on all sides; and the observation of Guzman d'Alfarache, "Il est bon d'avoir un père, il est bon d'avoir une mère; mais il vaut encore mieux avoir de quoi manger," struck me as uncommonly true. I had, however, no sooner seized the carte when one of those showers so peculiar to a July day broke over our houseless heads, and my unfed sides had to endure the "pelting of the pitiless storm."

If countenances, like barometers, are affected by weather, those of the dinners "à la champêtre" indicated change. In a moment every thing was confusion, one and all rushed headlong to the salon; "Sauve qui peut" was the cry. Mine host, an obese man, with a large umbrella, like a general on the field of battle, thundered out his orders to his underlings. Jules! François! Baptiste! resounded on all sides. The fair Parisiennes, with napkins thrown over their bonnets, flitted about like spectres; for two fat citizens, in their endeavour to enter the door of the salon at the same time, had stopped up the gang-way. Choice *morceaux* were deluged, the bread was reduced to sop, glasses jingled and waiters cursed; in short, the whole scene was the realisation of a pantomime, only the joke was a little too near home to be sufficiently appreciated.

Seeing my object thus defeated, with the imperturbability of a Briton I beat a retreat, determining to dine no more in gardens. I soon found myself in the Palais Royal, where there were restaurants au choix. I entered one with a promising interior, and was marshalled to a table by a garçon of the free and easy school. Whether it was my hat—for an Englishman is known throughout the continent by his head furniture—or my pronunciation, when I asked him for the carte, I know not, but I was immediately identified. As I was several minutes turning over the carte, and revolving in my mind with what I should commence my orgie, my friend the garçon, thinking I was in "un embarras," ventured to inform me in the Anglo-French tongue, that "he shall know what Monsieur shall like;" "that he had been in London, there shall have been three year; that, if monsieur would leave the dinner to him, he should be my *undertaker*." The last offer struck me as somewhat ominous, but being ignorant of the nomenclature of the different dishes, I gladly allowed him to act as pioneer, upon the express understanding, however, that his catering should incline to the *outré*. I was immediately stopped with "I shall know what monsieur shall like, there shall have been three year that I am in London." Minutes rolled on, roulades of hunger resounded within the regions of my vacant stomach, and I was fain obliged to burrow into an ample roll of bread to stay the gnawings of my famished inwards. "Plat" after "plat" of the most appétissant description glided by me in rapid succession for the adjacent tables, when I beheld at length my caterer approaching. With a self-satisfied air he placed before me a ponderous dish, the cover of which he whisked off with a "*v'là*," as if he were performing a trick of *legerdemain*. What did my expectant eyes behold? Answer offended shade of Savarin, for I cannot. With an expression that might have done credit to the great Talma himself I thundered out the name of that person so popular in France—"Le Diable!" and could have gnawed my knuckles till they bled.

"I told Monsieur that I should know what he should like," exclaimed the satisfied garçon.

"In the name of Heaven!" uttered I, "what have you brought me; there surely must be some mistake?"

"*Shop mottons à l'Anglaise*," was the reply; and floating in a sea of oil, I beheld some ten or a dozen meagre, charred, and miserable fragments of meat, which would have defied the appetite of a mastiff or a shipwrecked mariner. I thrust my hand into my pocket, threw down a five-franc piece upon the table, called the waiter a "*farceur*," and quitted the "*Restaurant au Douze Césars*" quite chapfallen.

Although balked in this my second attempt, my darling project of obtaining a real French dinner was not to be frustrated. "Ne tentes aut perforce," exclaimed I, as I threaded the arcade of the Palais Royal, resolving at the same time that my keen-edged appetite should not be sated with aught but the orthodox. Fortune, whom I invoked and flattered, responded propitiously, and guided me to the abode of the genius who dispenses "the sweets that this brief world affords." A wafture of gastronomic perfumes pervaded the threshold, the window was filled with choice fruits, which, from their size and colour, made me doubt of their reality, presenting a *coup d'œil* (a knock on the eye) perfectly enchanting—'twas the far-famed "*Trois Frères*." How I blessed my stars

when I found myself seated at a marble table, covered with a cloth of pearly damask, and environed with respectful garçons, whose officious zeal would scarcely allow me to remove my hat from my head. I was then left to my meditations. I do not mean reveries, but reflections on what I should order for dinner.

At an adjoining table sat a benign-looking Gaul, with a physiognomy that resembled the Emperor Vitellius, plainly indicating that he was addicted to that most venial of the deadly sins, gluttony, and which at once induced me to place implicit reliance in his selection: this I had no difficulty in accomplishing, as we sat but a few spans apart. First came *ecrevisse* soup—a dish fit for the gods—then a concentration of ambrosia, walled in a round tower of crust yclept “*vol au vent à la financière*.” Can words describe a *mayonnaise*?—No! Diana would have broken her engagement with Endymion to have supped on it, and not have pronounced it moonshine. If at first I was heretical, and had some misgivings as to the thin strips of anchovy resembling worms, a glance at Vitellius reassured me, and I went at it “*e’en like a French falconer* ;” but I found that I made considerably a-head of my neighbour, and that there was a rule in eating as well as in the other sciences. In my first impulse I had devoured my dishes as the jovial swain who yokes his morning team would have devoured his bread and bacon; not so the Gaul. At every mouthful he paused, as if the fumes were rising to the seat of sensation; and, by following this principle, I ever afterwards (to use a term of art) felt what I ate. This same rule applies also to wine; for who could discover the “*bouquet*” in a glass of “*Clos de Vougeot*,” or the bloom of the grape in a sip of “*Moulin au vent*,” if he quaffed them down like a draught of porter? These rules are essentially epicurean, and should be remembered by all embryo *gourmands*. My next dish was “*Cervelles au beurre noir*”—the invention of the great Vatel—followed by “*Paupières de cochon aux tamarins*” (pigs’ eyelids and tamarinds); an emanation, I believe, of the same fruitful mind. This finished the course of savouries, which were to give place to the *saccharines*; but here I was left to my own resources, for Vitellius would have none of them—a circumstance which lowered him considerably in my estimation. “*Abricôts à la Condé*,” or “*Pommes à la Duchesse*”—which was it to be? As apples were to be had at any time, and apricots were but for a season, I ordered the latter, and had no reason to repent my choice.

I was now *collo tenuis*, and in the most perfect state of beatitude: all that was mortal seemed to melt away, and I felt inclined, in my gratitude, to rush below, seek the *chef de cuisine*, and “hug the greasy rogue, for he pleased me;” but I repaired to the *Variétés* instead, where I sat in benign complacency, like the house, without overflowing, full, pleased with the world, the actors, and the play, and, above all, with “my first French dinner.”

JACOB VAN DER NEESS.

A ROMANCE.

BY MADAME PAALZOW.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE magnificent old town-hall of Amsterdam presented a splendid sight on the occasion of the banquet given by the wealthy inhabitants to their illustrious guests.

On a raised platform, at the upper end, sat the Queen Henrietta, with the young bride and bridegroom, beneath the gorgeous canopy of gold tissue. Their situation permitted a full view of this noble hall, which was a splendid specimen of the purest gothic architecture.

The walls and vaulted ceiling were decorated with paintings from the pencil of the most celebrated Flemish painters; but its chief and proudest ornament consisted in a collection of trophies won from almost all countries in Europe, which silently told the history of the warlike republic: and Henrietta saw the banners of England ostentatiously displayed beside those of France, for no consideration could induce the proud republicans to interfere with these triumphal tokens of their valour.

Immediately before the platform occupied by the royal family was a table for their suite; while two long tables ran down the whole length of the hall for the remainder of the guests. The three large windows at the end were thrown open, and a scaffolding was seen raised in the street, in a semicircular form, protected by a balustrade gaily decorated with flags and hangings of all colours, where a vast number of the inhabitants of Amsterdam were assembled, who, though not entitled to take part in this splendid scene, were yet eligible to the honour of being spectators.

As the queen looked out from her throne on this gaily-dressed assemblage, she could not sufficiently express her satisfaction at this arrangement, which seemed to fulfil her desire of seeing all the inhabitants of Amsterdam collected around her.

A clear blue sky extended above their heads, and the old-fashioned, grotesque houses of the market formed the background of the picture.

The chief dignitaries of the town attended the queen at table, and she conversed with them, during the repast, with a gracious affability of manner peculiar to herself.

Madame van Marseeven presided at the table of the courtiers: she was seated between the Duke of Argyle and the Countess Urica.

The dazzling beauty of the latter attracted universal attention; even the queen, who was much attached to her beautiful maid of honour, said to her after dinner, as she shook her finger laughingly, "Ah, you malicious beauty! you have robbed me of the triumph of my royal honour. There was no arresting the attraction of those who hypocritically bent the knee before me, when once their eyes had strayed from my throne to your table. Did not Van Tromp tell me, when I asked him which were the Spanish colours he carried off at Dunkirk, blue and silver; for when he turned round to look he saw only you."

Urica was, indeed, attired in blue and silver, and the elegance and magnificence of her dress, as usual, did credit to her exquisite taste.

She remarked with some displeasure that Argyle wore her colours, but uncertain whether this proceeded from chance or design, she refrained from expressing her disapprobation. Besides, she had been too greatly agitated by the occurrences of the morning to pay as much attention as usual to outward circumstances.

Her heart bled beneath the painful convictions she had that morning received; of the sad reality which left a sting behind for the rest of her life, and had so cruelly disappointed the ardent longing she had cherished from her earliest youth. The haughty expression that usually dwelt upon her countenance was softened by the melancholy recollection of poor Angela, and her eye no longer sparkled with pride, but seemed to glance dreamily into the future.

Men are never shy of drawing favourable conclusions, and Argyle, striving to forget his defeat, built new hopes on Urica's softened manner.

At length Mynheer van Marseeven, who had been deputed to lead his wife to the queen, said, approaching his beautiful cousin: "If you turn your eyes towards that central window, you will see in the middle of the seat just before us, behind the balustrade, a certain inimitable cherry-coloured surtout, and a bright fiery scarlet mantle, which will prove that I have attended to your wishes. The worthy wearer of these articles is safely disposed of up there till the end of the feast; you need not fear being annoyed by him; he will not stir; for, in the first place, he feels himself honoured by occupying his present position; and, secondly, I have given orders to prevent his passing."

When Madame van Marseeven had repaired to the queen with her husband, Urica bent across the empty chair that was left between her and Argyle, and whispered hastily, "Will you do me a great service to-day?" and before Argyle could express his readiness to do so, she added, eagerly, "the service of a true knight—it is to afford me assistance and protection to pass through the streets of this crowded and excited city of Amsterdam, unknown and unnoticed."

Argyle could not suppress his astonishment; a smile of exultation passed over his features, and betrayed his satisfaction. Urica was much annoyed at observing this, yet she could not give him up, for she required his services on this occasion. "I thank you," said she, therefore, rather coldly, as he somewhat too readily expressed his willingness to attend her. "A black cloak with a cap and mask are prepared for me; you must provide yourself with a similar disguise; then wait till the dancing begins; one of Madame van Marseeven's pages will approach you, and you must follow him whithersoever he leads."

"I will do all that you require," said Argyle, unable to disguise his triumph.

But Urica would not allow him, even for a moment, to enjoy this misunderstanding. "I assure you," said she, "I should at once acquaint you with the cause of my request, were it not that I had to touch on subjects that would excite me too painfully at the present moment. But as you possess my confidence with regard to this affair, I shall only remind you that I am in search of my sister."

Argyle was now fully undeceived, and his wounded vanity caused him to betray his mortification. "I shall be happy to protect you," said he,

in a cold, distant tone, "but I trust Madame van Marseeven's page will prove a sure guide, for I am a perfect stranger in Amsterdam."

A few hours later, two black figures might have been seen gliding along the streets of Amsterdam, under the shadows of the houses, following the steps of a little guide wrapped in a dark cloak. They stopped at the iron gate of the old house of the Purmerands, and knocked softly. Angela opened it and walked silently before them, till they reached the little door that led into the court of pleasure.

The night was calm, the air mild and balmy. The stars sparkled in the cloudless sky, and the moon shone so clearly that it illumined the court with the brightness of day. A gentle breeze wafted around the perfume of Angela's flowers, which encompassed the open space of the court like a broad frame. Beneath the shade of the old lime-tree sat the poor maniac. Her slumbers were so short and broken, and her uneasiness so great when she was carried to her bed, that Angela would often pass the night here sitting by her side, and keeping watch over the slumbers of her poor mother, with whom the hours seem to glide away, without exciting weariness or fatigue.

When Angela had admitted her visitors into the court, Urica, half suffocated with emotion and excitement, threw off her cloak, cast an anxious glance around her, and advanced to within a few steps of the pale figure of poor Brigitta.

The latter seemed struck by the dazzling appearance of Urica. She smiled even more sweetly than usual, raised her hands, and her eyes sought Angela, as if she wished to express the satisfaction she felt at the sight of the beautiful countess. Urica now approached and sat down beside the unfortunate one.

"Ah," said Brigitta, with an air of pleasure, "so fair!" and she passed her hand over Urica's brow. As the hand descended it caught in the ringlets of her hair. Urica seized that pale hand and found one of her ringlets was turned round a small ring on the little finger—it was a ruby curiously set in wrought gold—and she at once recognised the ring of her ancestors, which had been so often described to her, on this little finger which had but two joints.

"It is she," exclaimed Urica, uttering a loud cry as she fell down before the gentle sufferer, and threw both her arms round her neck. "It is my poor unfortunate sister Brigitta."

This was a moment of the most painful agitation, for alas! the final discovery of these long-lost relatives was but a new sorrow that admitted of no cure. Urica felt this with an acuteness which threatened to break her heart, and Angela with that disconsolate resignation which offers no resistance to misfortune.

The poor maniac in the meanwhile played with Urica like a child. She raised the beautiful face that was buried in her lap, and smiled kindly; played with Urica's ringlets, touched her splendid ornaments, and contemplated her fingers. She became more lively and excited every moment, and suddenly drew forth from her bosom the picture of her mother, which was suspended by a riband from her neck, kissed it tenderly, and then bent over Urica and laughed aloud: it was evident she had been impressed with the resemblance between this little picture and the figure that was kneeling before her. Urica's heart was ready to burst; she sprang up, wrung her hands, and catching hold of Susa, from whom it had been

agreed she was to receive once more an account of all the circumstances of her sister's flight, led her into the shadow of the wall, where Argyle was waiting, and drawing her down on a seat beside her, entreated the poor faithful creature to begin her recital.

"Stay, my lord duke," said she, in the most painful excitement, as Argyle was preparing to withdraw; "stay, and hear how utterly miserable I have become by the final discovery of my dear sister and niece; and learn how true it is that the fulfilment of our wishes often plunges us into the deepest distress."

Angela had remained beside her mother, who soon relapsed into her usual state of unconsciousness; she heard the whispering voices of her aunt and Susa, and she fell into that dreamy state of mind which does away with distinct impressions, and makes life appear like a trance, through which we have flitted without consciousness or volition.

Our readers have passed with Susa through the events which she related in her simple and melancholy way to Urica, thus removing the last doubts of the countess regarding the identity of her relatives.

When the recital was ended, the countess arose, deeply affected by what she had heard; an air of melancholy resignation dwelt on her countenance; it seemed to relieve her heart to observe an expression of sincere sympathy in Argyle's face. She gave him her hand, and sighed almost involuntarily, "What is to be done next?"

"That cannot be settled to-day, dear countess," answered the duke, warmly. "This is a case of too much importance to decide on rashly. You are now aware of all the circumstances, and can no longer doubt the truth; but you require time to recover from your agitation, before you can decide on the course you have to pursue."

"You are right, my lord," replied Urica; "I am not equal to forming a resolution now. My thoughts are confused; I must wait till to-morrow, when I shall be more collected, and that will be time enough, since we do not leave the city till the evening."

"And now," said Argyle, "had not we better return? I fear our absence will be remarked at the banquet."

Urica started up, hurriedly bade farewell to her unfortunate relations, and hastened with Argyle to the place whose frivolous merriment was now more than ever repugnant to her feelings.

The festivities were protracted to a late period of the night, and almost every hour brought with it some flattering allusion or some delicate attention to the queen. When at length she rose to depart, she was reconducted with every mark of respect by the chief authorities of the town even to the entrance of her apartments. Queen Henrietta bore all these fatiguing attentions, and these constant demands on her smiles and courtesy, with that power of endurance which only crowned heads can command.

But when at length the curtain dropped before the closing doors, and the queen, casting a hasty glance around, saw only her faithful and trusty followers beside her, she uttered a piercing scream, and fell to the ground in convulsions. Amid all the gaiety and festivity of the evening, she had never lost sight of her end. She had sought to interest all those in her views and plans whose assistance she deemed requisite; but her efforts had been unsuccessful. She saw there was no hope of obtaining official succours for her consort against his rebellious subjects; and the secret assistance she might hope to procure, by great

and humiliating sacrifices, would thus lack the moral influence, which was of even more importance than actual support.

On the following morning the queen pleaded illness as an excuse for not appearing in public. The cares and anxieties which oppressed her mind had caused her to pass a sleepless night; yet she persisted in her intention of leaving Amsterdam on the evening of that day.

The Countess van Casambort had, perhaps, passed as uneasy a night as her royal mistress. After holding council with the Countess Comenes, she had come to the determination of seeing her niece early in the morning, in order, as far as possible, to settle the affairs of the latter before her departure.

Van der Néess was in a state of great perturbation. He felt that things were going on in a different manner from what he had expected, and that he was unaccountably prevented from taking any part in the proceedings; even Angela, hitherto a submissive instrument in his hands, was no longer subject to his influence. Yet there was no mystery observed—nothing that he could complain of; only he felt he was totally undervalued and disregarded.

Angela told him next morning, in the grave, melancholy tone she had assumed of late, that her aunt, the Countess van Casambort, had acknowledged her poor mother and herself, and that she was going by her aunt's desire to see her.

She replied to all Néess's impatient and inquisitive demands with perfect truth, and concealed nothing from him: thus he was made acquainted with her aunt's suggestion of a separation between him and Angela. Néess was quite paralysed with horror when he heard this. He stood stupified for a while, and then fell into such fearful convulsions that his life seemed in danger. This sad incident appeared to reawaken all Angela's former love for Néess, and she strove to soothe him by the most affectionate attentions. The fact was, that Néess, although influenced by the most wretched avarice, was yet passionately attached to Angela; but this feeling, in him, took the same gloomy character of covetousness into which every sensation of his mind was metamorphosed. At length, exhausted by the violence of his feelings, he involuntarily sank into a deep slumber; and Angela took advantage of this opportunity to repair to her aunt at the appointed hour. Her spirits were painfully depressed by what she had just witnessed, and therefore it was with a sad and thoughtful air she appeared before her brilliant aunt.

"Child, child!" cried the latter, "how ill you look. Good heavens! Countess Comenes, we must give her something to strengthen her. My poor child! it is no wonder you should be deeply affected and disturbed by the discovery of your real situation; yet place your confidence in me and this worthy lady. We shall not suffer you to remain any longer in the power of this worthless fellow!"

Angela shrank back.

"Aunt," said she, sadly, "I wish you could think a little better of Van der Néess, and not try to persuade me he is worse than I ever thought possible. You cannot imagine how unhappy it makes me to think that Néess, my plighted husband, should be so wicked a person that my aunt cannot endure him in her sight."

"Oh, my poor niece!" said Urica, advancing towards her. "If I were not firmly persuaded that I shall be enabled to release you from this man, I should be doing very wrong in opening your eyes to his un-

worthiness; but, believe me, the law will stand by us: we can prove that he obtained your consent under false pretences, and that he ought not, and dared not have married you, since he knew who you were."

"Alas!" replied Angela, "you forget that I knew that also. Perhaps the only thing really unjustifiable was my having been brought up with such low ideas, and permitted to grow up so ignorant, that I was unable to appreciate the advantages of high birth."

"What a just view you take of the case," cried Urica, glancing at the sympathising Countess Comenes. "Angela, I prophesy that you will easily fulfil the demands of your station, when once you are placed in your proper position."

"Do not hope for that," said Angela, looking up, disconsolately; "I have been reflecting on that also, aunt. I had never thought seriously before, and it was necessary that I should become unhappy in order to do so. It was therefore the Almighty afflicted me with that dangerous illness. New thoughts occurred to my mind, and by degrees I learnt to comprehend and arrange them. A new light broke upon me, and I felt as though I had only really known what life was, and become fully acquainted with Néess, since the day of our attendance at church, and of our visit to the chief burgomaster."

"And is it possible, dearest Angela, that while you feel conscious of such rapid progress, you are doubtful of being able to acquire the external refinement our rank demands?"

"Alas! I feel convinced it is not merely external," said Angela, as her eye wandered inquiringly around the elegant apartment, then rested on the Countess Comenes, and finally on Urica. "I can never be on a level with you—never! never! Only look here," said she, displaying her red hands. "But that is not all; I have examined my face also; for I was so anxious to discover what it was that made you so infinitely superior to me. See, I am plain and ugly, and you are fair and beautiful as a queen of heaven! Yet it is not beauty that makes the distinction of which I speak. Madame van Marseeven is not in the least handsome, and yet she is not so very different from you. This noble and honourable lady is no longer young, and yet she can stand her ground with you. Ah! my dear aunt, there is something else. The world has treated me harshly ever since I left my obscurity, and thus I have soon acquired the painful conviction that there is something contemptible about Néess and me, which forms the distinction and the most effectual barrier between us and you."

"Good heavens! my dear," said the Countess Comenes, "what can you mean? Perhaps you are tormenting yourself without a cause."

"My aunt herself," said Angela, heaving a deep sigh, "and many, many others, perhaps even you, have expressed it: Néess and I are vulgar-looking people."

Urica threw her arms round Angela's neck. "Oh forgive me, forgive me for the pain I have caused you. I will atone for it with the warmest affection of my heart. Never, never again shall the Countess van Casambort's niece have to endure such words and such looks. Oh yield to my wishes, and come with your beloved mother to stay with me."

Angela seemed scarcely to hear these words. As she had just confessed, it was only now her powers of thinking had developed themselves, and she felt irresistibly impelled to follow out every new train of reflection that presented itself.

"I have thought much, too, about that word vulgar," she continued, "and I have discovered that its application to me must arise from the circumstance of my having been brought up from my earliest childhood as a menial, ignorant of any higher condition, and always attired in coarse clothing, owing to which even now I feel ill at ease in fine things; and further, because our whole mode of life, and everything about us, is so totally different from what I see here; for although Néess has made great changes and improvements during the last year, all with us is on a far inferior scale to what *you* are accustomed to, and yet it is too grand for me, who have been used to do with so little."

"But it is for that very reason you must leave all that and come to me; you will soon learn to value the luxuries of life," said Urica, whose emotion increased with every moment. "Oh, come with me and my good Countess Comenes, and I will protect you and watch over you, and guide your conduct. Once away from here, in my princely mansion in the Hague, surrounded by all that belongs to our rank in life, you will insensibly form your manners accordingly. The blood of the Casamborts will awake in you, you will in no manner dishonour the noble name of Gröneveldt, which you shall then resume, and never again shall that horrible epithet be applied to you which has so deeply wounded you."

"I tremble at the thought of all this," said Angela, shuddering as she spoke. "I shall never recover it; I shall never again be so strong and healthy as I was before the unhappy Sunday, when my heart was light and courageous. Indeed, my dear aunt, when I hear you speak thus of the blood of the Casamborts, and hope so much from the circumstance of its flowing in one's veins, I begin to think I must have been changed at nurse, for if in truth it makes its possessor as beautiful and noble as you and the Countess Comenes and Madame van Marseeven, what must I be? An impostor I sometimes think; and I begin myself to doubt that you have been fairly dealt with."

"Oh this is heart-rending!" cried Urica, in the deepest distress; "I entreat you do not give yourself up thus, it breaks my heart to hear you. Ah! we have wounded you too deeply in the very beginning; I see you cannot forget it."

It was painfully discouraging to Urica that nothing she said seemed to affect Angela, who stood silent and thoughtful, accounting for all things to herself as if she were alone in the world. Her thoughts afforded her a new and interesting occupation, and were to her a higher authority than anything that could be said by others.

"I cannot understand all this," continued she, with a sigh. "I cannot enter into your views. If, indeed, your blood flows in my veins, it has degenerated, for it does not stir me up. On the contrary," said she, in a voice half choked with agitation, "something within me urges me away from hence—from you. I must return to my little peaceful court, and to my poor mother, and watch over her till she dies."

"I believe, Angela," said Urica, suddenly, "that this very resistance of yours betrays your proud blood. Your feelings have been wounded in consequence of the deficiencies in your outward appearance, and you hate everything that reminds you of the humiliations you have received. You cling to your low station because you feel yourself suited to it; because there you are the first, and have nothing to learn, and you fear that for a time you will be the last amongst us."

This speech startled Angela.

"How!" cried she, in a tone of artless surprise, as she looked up to Urica. "Do you really think so, aunt? If it were as you say, would that prove I possessed your blood?"

"Examine your own thoughts," continued Urica. "It appears to me that there is much pride in your expressions, and this would prove in the first place that you are influenced by this noble blood; and in the second, that you are bound to give it free range, by entering on a new course of life."

"But Néess," said Angela; for Urica's words had really led her into a new train of thought regarding her future life. "What do you mean to do with Néess?"

"I will give him money," cried Urica, hastily, "and he may stay where he is."

"Do you know," said Angela, relapsing into her former mood, "that he was ready to die of grief when I told him you wished us to be separated?"

"He is afraid of losing your fortune if you leave him," replied Urica, harshly; "that is the whole reason of his distress. If we offer him money he will be satisfied."

"Oh, merciful God!" cried Angela, suddenly wringing her hands in despair. "If that were indeed the case—if you were right, I should be utterly wretched, for then it would be to no purpose I have become so unhappy; then I could no longer stay with him; then—yes, then, indeed, I should wish you could take me with you, and my mother too, or that you would give some safe and solitary asylum, where Néess could never penetrate."

Urica was silent; she marked with pain the effect she had produced on her unfortunate niece, and felt uncertain as to the result. At length she said thoughtfully—

"We will charge Mynheer van Marseveen to make proposals to Néess, and then hear what he says. We shall be able to determine by his answers whether we have judged too harshly of him."

"No," said Angela; "I must do that myself. If I were not present, I should always think Néess had been put into a rage before he understood that the affair regarded me. Néess easily loses the use of his reason; but I will treat him so as to make him preserve his right judgment, and he shall decide. I will offer him money. Oh, gracious God!" exclaimed she, in a disconsolate tone, rising and walking to the door without a parting salute. The Countess Comenes followed, to detain her for a moment, and with some difficulty succeeded in making her comprehend that she and the Countess Urica would leave the city towards evening. Angela nodded her head without raising her eyes from the ground, and then silently departed.

No sooner had she disappeared than Urica gave way to all the agitation of mind she had till then sought to repress.

"What have I done?" cried she, in a despairing tone. "I have plunged her I wished to save and befriend into the greatest misery! Ah, she is in the right with her plain good sense. It has taught her to distinguish even more clearly than I did the wide difference between our relative situations, and the difficulty of reconciling them. How confounded I was by the recital of the sufferings which condemned her noble nature to eternal degradation! Yes, it is too late—it is, indeed, too late. Oh, she is right! Much as I wished to deny it to myself, her simple

reasoning has convinced me against my own will. Oh, I have much to reproach myself with. I have neglected much. Why did I wait till I was independent? Why did not I force those selfish narrow-minded people to take the steps which have now been taken too late?"

"You are too ready to torment yourself," interrupted the Countess Comenes, anxious to soothe her distress; "you forget that, urged by your entreaties, your relatives have for years instituted the most careful researches, and that even here, in Amsterdam, your own agents took measures three years ago which ought to have led to the attainment of your end. But the inscrutable determinations of Providence intercept our views, and defeat our anxious curiosity; and when at length the veil is raised, the object for which we have so eagerly wished too often disappoints our hopes."

"I have received a hard lesson, Countess Comenes," said Urica. "Alas, I have been suffered to grow up fancying myself destined to be the instrument of bloody revenge. If I confess the truth—and in these last days I have often asked myself this question—I must own that it was not only the pure yearning of natural affection, not the holy desire of atoning to these unfortunate creatures for their hard fate by regaining for them their former rights, that urged me on; it was the thirst for revenge on the tyrant who shed the blood of these martyrs; and after his death it was still the wish to wreak that revenge on his successor, which impelled me to restore to honour and dignity the name of the family towards whom his haughty race have conducted themselves so shamefully. A thousand times I have pictured to myself the honours and the splendour to which I would raise them. I saw my sister in imagination a noble and dignified matron; my niece, a lovely delicate girl, who had grown up in solitude and retirement, endowed with every charm of mind and beauty. I spurned in thought the noblest wooers for her hand. He who would be worthy of carrying off the prize was to add the names of Casambort and Gröneveldt to his own; for never should these names die away; never should they cease to wound the ear of the haughty prince, in conjunction with the highest and most ancient names in the land. Alas! alas! and what have I found? My plans of revenge are wholly frustrated. My pride has received the deepest humiliation. My hopes are crushed; no one will arise to expose in the eyes of the world those who have committed these murders, which call for the vengeance of Heaven; and the noble race of the Gröneveldts must perish irretrievably with these its last scions."

The Countess Comenes was not accustomed to seek at a higher source for comfort in the trials of life; she had, therefore, no other than the cold, hollow consolations of wordliness to offer to Urica. She saw nothing to find fault with in Urica's conduct, except that she had not kept this affair sufficiently private. Her chief aim was, therefore, to prevent anything more concerning these disappointed expectations from getting abroad. She secretly hoped that Angela and her mother would remain in their obscurity, and then she trusted it would be easy to bury the whole affair in oblivion, and ward off all further humiliations from Urica. She thought of inventing some story that would give a favourable colouring to the whole, in case any explanation should be found needful; and her mind was fully occupied with this plan even before Angela had recrossed the threshold of her own home.

TOMBSTONES AND BURIAL-PLACES OF THE GERMANS.

THE Germans carry their simplicity, and often their eccentricity, with them to their graves.

In a little artificial island in the beautiful park of Gotha, the traveller is shown the graves of the three last reigning Dukes of Saxon Gotha-Altenburg, mouldering side by side; not "in marble monuments 'neath the pompous cupolas," but simply beneath the sward and shade of the weeping willow. The centre grave contains the ashes of Frederick III., called by his people "the justest of princes, and the most conscientious of men." Impressed with some whimsical notions of futurity, this prince requested to be buried in the following manner:—

Believing that coffins and vaults impeded the march or flight of souls to their celestial abodes, he ordered that a hole simply dug in the earth might be his only sepulchre; and, fancying that a prince could not better appear before his Maker and Judge than as he did before his people, he requested that his daily garments might be his only shroud, and his breastplate his funeral tablet. In this manner he is literally buried.

On his right lie the ashes of his son and successor, Augustus, whose grave is distinguished from that of his father by a profusion of flowers that bloom over it in the summer months, intended to be symbolical of his taste for pomp and parade. On the left of the centre grave reposes the last of the line of the house of Saxon Gotha, Frederick IV., and the inscription over his remains is simply the Apostate's Cross, having abandoned the religion of his fathers to embrace that of the Pope.

The inscription over the entrance of the cemetery of Dessau, the capital of the principality of Anhalt Dessau, is encouraging enough to those who visit these scenes and dwellings of the departed, impressed, as they generally are, with sentiments of awe and horror:—

Der Todt ist kein Todt
Es ist nür eine Veränderung der Natür.*

In this *Père-la-Chaise* of the people of Dessau, in this *Saint Denis* of the princes of the house of Anhalt, and in this republic of the dead, where princes and people, rich and poor, side by side, are mouldering into dust, lie the remains of the late eccentric Duke Leopold Franz, the founder of Worlitz, the Versailles of his principality, and perhaps of all Germany, in the very centre of the cemetery, and underneath an humble bed of shrubs; who, after having reigned rather *among* than *over* his subjects during the space of sixty years, would not be parted from them even in death!

Nor is the great Frederick, the idol of the Prussian people, the philosopher of Sans-Souci, the purloiner of Silesia and Poland, the statesman who increased his subjects from 2,000,000 to 6,000,000, the financier who, after having ruined himself and his country by his victories, made Potsdam rise the rival of Versailles, more pompously entombed. In a dusky recess, enclosed in a mahogany coffin, in the garrison church of Potsdam, are the remains of this great mountebank. His horse and dogs are almost as Christianly buried in the grounds of Sans-Souci, for they are honoured with sepulchres, and their marbles with inscriptions.

* Death is not death,
'Tis but a change of nature.

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not our intention to delay the reader by detailing the events of the few following days, by narrating how *fête* followed *fête*, and how each noble did his devoir, like a true knight, in the many tournaments which succeeded each other; one of which, given in honour of the marriage of the Countess de Brederode with the Lord of Chantonnay, brother of Granvella, was attended with circumstances of extraordinary splendour. Nor shall we pause to describe the solemnity of high mass in the beautiful church of our Lady, which had been attended each morning by the members of the imperial family, as well as by all those whose degree permitted them to follow in their train; but we will hurry them at once to the fifth and last day of the sojourn of the court at Antwerp.

The holy duty of the morning had been concluded about two hours, when a lady attired in a rich morning-dress, having a veil of black lace thrown carelessly over her head, took her way through several of the superbly decorated chambers allotted to the use of the imperial party at the abbey. She did not deign to cast a look around her as she passed along; but, with a firm step, advanced towards the arras, and raised it from before a small door, the lock of which she turned with an unhesitating hand, and immediately stood in the presence of another, whose mild pale features were those of the Queen of Hungary.

"You here, my dear lady?" exclaimed the intruder, with some surprise. "I have in vain been seeking you in your own apartments;" and, throwing back the veil which concealed her masculine, ill-favoured countenance, Margaret of Parma took the hand of her aunt, and pressed it to her lips.

Between these ladies no after circumstances had in the least impaired the intimacy of past years. Queen Mary had ever remained, through every trial, the best, truest, and most loving friend to Margaret. She had given up none of the privileges of the instructress, nor had Margaret resigned those of the child, which she had acquired in earlier days, when, by the death of her first protectress, Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and of Mary of Burgundy, she found herself removed to the care of her father's sister; Charles being as jealous in the selection of a guardian and instructress to this child of an early passionate love, as if she had been heir to his many crowns. Queen Mary had not accepted the charge merely to obey the wishes of her imperial and imperious brother; she had taught herself to love a child whom nature had endowed with most of the qualities inherent in her house. Margaret was now seven-and-twenty, and although even youth could not throw a softening charm over her features, which, like those of her brother, Prince Philip, were naturally forbidding, still her form was erect and majestic, her eye flashed with intelligence, and a firmness amounting to harshness was visible in every line of her haughty countenance.

"I have been waiting for some time in this closet, my child, said the

queen, "for, having heard that you had been called to his majesty's presence, I was anxious to hear the result."

"I am afraid you must have been very weary, my sweet lady and aunt, for my audience lasted long."

"Nay, I was not without my companion," replied Queen Mary, pointing to her missal, which, bound in black velvet, and ornamented with knobs and clasps of silver, lay on the table before her; "but tell me, pray, was the prince present?"

"He was," answered Margaret; and, pausing, she placed one hand on the table, covered with richly-wrought carpet-work, whilst she suffered the other for an instant to cross her brow, as if to concentrate some thought.

The queen, leaning back in her chair, looked anxiously up into her niece's countenance, upon which the light from the solitary window in the small apartment fell full, and displayed the hesitation stamped upon it. Margaret permitted not her eyes to encounter those of Queen Mary, but allowed them to scan in turn the holy subjects represented by the hangings on the wall, whilst a deeper shade crimsoned her cheek. The embarrassment was, however, but momentary; and having, perhaps, extracted some additional wisdom from the somewhat protracted examination of King Solomon's countenance, she added,

"My dearest aunt, I ought not to tell you what passed."

"Has it been required of you not to do so?"

"No; no prohibition whatever was made, but the subject naturally —"

"Was not meant to reach my ear? But, my dearest child, if it concern these lands, with whose government I have so long been thought worthy to be entrusted, methinks none ought to be more interested—none have a greater right to be informed. Speak, Margaret, I entreat you."

"It referred not, my dear lady, to anything that could possibly interfere with your rights, believe me. His majesty spoke to the prince and myself of times which, I trust and hope, are far, far distant; and I confess, so extraordinary and so painful did his words sound in my ears, that I feel yet quite bewildered."

"Then I guess all that has been told you," said the queen, with a smile that showed how much her mind was relieved. "The emperor has spoken of the time when he designs to give up these lands to Philip, whether it pleases God to call him hence or not, as being very near at hand; is it not so?"

Margaret looked her astonishment.

"You imagined this communication had never been breathed before to mortal ear?"

"I confess it is difficult to conceive how that which never could have entered my thoughts even in their wildest flight, which even now that it has been forced upon my belief seems more like a dream than a reality, could have been guessed by any one."

"Perhaps it was not a mere guess, Margaret," continued the queen. "There are yet two things I wish to impress upon your mind, my dear child. One is, that you ought very seldom, if ever, to believe yourself the first, or the only repository of the secret of a sovereign, be it of whatever nature it may. A longer experience will teach you what mine

has taught me, that the thoughts and words of princes, like birds of the air, have wings; the other, that you should not believe accomplished everything that is spoken."

"However much of truth the first axiom may contain, my dear madam, the second sounds far more consoling in my ears."

"I will continue to touch upon all the subjects mentioned to you this morning," said the queen. "Your imperial father has advised his son, when the day shall arrive on which the elder generation of his family must pass away, to follow an example already crowned with success in two instances; again to entrust to a female hand the government of these states. Do not blush,—do not speak, Margaret," continued she, smiling affectionately on her niece, and taking within hers the hand that had until then rested on the table. "Were these lands mine to bequeath, in your hands, my dear child, would I gladly deposit them. It has been with hopes of this kind warming at my heart, that I have, so often, lifted for you the veil of my actions and words, with which rulers should so carefully enshroud them, and have shown you my motives, my ultimate objects, even when they appeared most at variance with the means I employed. It has been a great source of gratification to me, Margaret, to reflect, that, when my spirit shall be exalted to higher regions, yours may be as full of tender mercy for these poor states, as mine was whilst yet lingering on my earthly pilgrimage."

"I am afraid," said Margaret, after a pause, "that great and high-minded as Philip must be,"—a meaning look interchanged between the ladies expressed some doubt on this head,—"yet, should he ever exalt me to the place I would that I could live never to see vacated, one circumstance would render it more difficult, more thorny, than it can ever have proved to you, my dear aunt. The estates of my husband would, unavoidably, lay at his mercy; his interests and those of my children would be in his hands. A delegated authority brings with it all the responsibility, but none of the conveniences of power."

"It may, however, be turned to advantage when prevarication is necessary," said Queen Mary; "and much good may be effected, much evil prevented, in such a sphere of action, although to you, Margaret, it appears so limited."

"Your own noble deeds prove it," answered Margaret, warmly. "But the genius of the emperor makes all dealings with him more easy than, perhaps, they may prove with his successor. He, like us, was born in these lands, and loves his country-people, although he has ever found them a most fractious race; but my brother may entertain very different feelings towards them when he comes, as has always been the fate of the princes of his house, to any struggle with them."

"God avert this, my child! It would be indeed most sad if the event you thus allude to as inevitable were ever to take place."

"When has it been otherwise?" answered the princess; "the Duke Charles, the Emperor Maximilian, and my noble father himself, have in vain tried to curb them."

"Respect their liberties," said the queen, "and you may lead them with a silken rein."

"One might be led by them. I fear that must be my version of your meaning, my dear aunt."

"Nay, you have too much of your father's spirit in you, my child. With a wise mingling of conciliation and a well-timed severity, much may be effected with the Flemings; even their wide-spreading privileges may be curtailed unperceived by their jealous eye. But if one attempt to destroy these altogether, mark my words, Margaret, whosoever shall attempt this will fail. Let us, however, speak on other, and to me less painful, subjects. Let me give you a word of warning, which may prove one day essential to your happiness."

"I listen with humble gratitude to any hints you may deign to give, my beloved lady, although I trust so great a charge as that which you now possess may never fall to my lot."

"I know not if your words be spoken in sincerity," said the queen; "perhaps at this moment they may. But should you ever have to fulfil this arduous duty, trust not, nor make enemies of, any trained in so great a school of state policy as those whom the emperor has distinguished with his confidence, and initiated in the secrets of his councils. They will be too wise to be tools; and of all adversaries the most dangerous."

"I understand," said Margaret. "The Prince of Orange, for instance—Granvella; but one seems too young for——"

The queen hastened to interrupt her.

"The prince is already three-and-twenty; and the mind ripens fast that has been nurtured in the hot-bed of state policy. Since his earliest years he has ever been your father's especial favourite, and may yet live to become his right hand. He lacks not talent; and I read but poorly the human countenance if he prove deficient in the craft of applying it to his own purposes. Upon the whole, Margaret, the nobility of these states are the most difficult members to deal with: too much favour might, indeed, make them overbearing, but, depend upon it, too little will make them something worse."

What more might have been said by the queen and princess, upon a subject which interested them so deeply, was interrupted by a summons from his majesty, to prepare to attend him, immediately, to the tournament. On the square before the Stadthuys had been erected, as we have already mentioned, a long open gallery, terminating at either end in an elegant pavilion, and supported by a treble row of pillars.

Early on the morning of the fifth and last day of the *fêtes* the front of this gallery was decorated, throughout its length, with hangings of differently-coloured velvets, trimmed with deep gold or silver fringes, and embroidered with the armorial bearings of the illustrious persons who were to sit within it. Opposite to this was raised a kind of tribune, which also exhibited on its front the heraldic ensigns of those who were to occupy it. Barriers had been placed to prevent the crowd, which had been collected around the lists since daybreak, from pressing forward in a manner that might interfere with the full career of the cavaliers. A tent, gay with the colours of the adverse parties and streaming banners, rose at either end; and, at half-past one exactly, the whole scene began to assume a more lively and splendid appearance.

The gallery now began to receive its noble guests,—the Queens Mary of Hungary and Eleanor of France, with their suite of lovely ladies, the Duchess of Parma and the Princesses of Brunswick, with their trains;

and the wives and daughters of the noblemen, about to engage in the contest, surrounded the emperor with a galaxy of beauty, both foreign and native, which might well add fresh lustre to the scene. In the tribune sat the Duke of Alba, and many of the highest in rank, who were to be arbiters on this occasion.

The combatants were divided into two bands. One headed by the Prince of Piedmont, bearing the colours of the town; the other by Florent de Montmorency, Lord of Humbermont. These two noblemen had been appointed to fill the places of Jacques, Lord of Herbais, Deputy Marquis of Antwerp, and the Count of Aremborg, both of whom were prevented from leading their parties by wounds received at the grand tournament given at Binns by Queen Mary. The prince, to show favour to the city, enrolled himself amongst those who bore its colours of red and white. Many were the nobles in consequence who crowded to that side of the lists, amongst whom were conspicuous the Counts of Mansfeldt and Hooghstraten, and the lords of Fraiseigny and Courlaon. No less distinguished was the adverse party, including the Counts of Egmont, Berghen, Horn and Meghen.

The knights as well as their horses were resplendent in cloth of gold and silver, interwoven with the colours of their band. Each was attended by two pages, two varlets, and two squires on horseback, the latter bearing the shield of their lord; thus, although the visor was down, each noble might be easily recognised. The trumpets had not yet sounded, and the opposite parties were pausing at either end of the lists, under a battery of bright eyes belonging to all stations in life. The windows and balconies that surrounded the square were thronged with eager faces. At one of the former the Van Meerens had been stationed for some hours with their friends, Paul having with no small difficulty obtained this advantageous situation. Turning to her ready informer, Van Diest, Mary demanded,

"Whom may those arms belong to in the violet and yellow band?"

"The three red horns on a golden field?" said Van Diest, who had undergone incredible fatigue, and mingled with all sorts of people on the market-place since early dawn, that he might ascertain to a nicety every trifle, however minute, connected with that morning's festivity. "Those are the arms of the Count of Horn."

"And those," said Mary, "nearest to us?"

"The eight chevrons red and gold," continued Van Diest, "are the arms of the house of Egmont."

"Why do they not bear the Lions of Gueldre?" demanded Paul, sharply. "Is he not a lineal descendant? But," added he, as none present seemed able to answer his question, "when the duchy was wrung from the race to whom it belonged, no wonder they were robbed of the arms that might remind them of their rights!"

In the mean time, where sat the emperor and his bevy of lovely companions, at the farthest extremity of the gallery, one remarkably beautiful young lady whispered to another *filie d'honneur*,

"Do you know, dearest Philippine, under what banner the young Lord of Chantonnay, the happy bridegroom, is to fight?"

"Why, my dear De Torcy, I see his arms are borne in the band of Aremborg."

"That is not a very clear answer to a poor foreigner like myself, Philippine. I am now forced to a fresh question, and it is your fault if I weary you; which is the band of Aremberg?"

"Is it possible, my dear, that you have not recognised the banner?" said the Flemish maid of honour of Queen Mary, opening her large blue eyes to their fullest extent on the laughing, inquisitive countenance of the French demoiselle of Queen Eleanor. "Why, do you not see? it is gules three roses or."

"And the argent, three towers gules, with the hands in chief?"

"Are the arms of the town, and, as you see, the double eagle has enlisted itself on that side. The prince fights for his own to-day."

"Is it true," continued Mademoiselle de Torcy, in the lowest of whispers, for the new bride was not far off; "is it true what has been rumoured amongst us, that the Granvellas are the children of a common locksmith?"

"Grandchildren, my dear," answered the Flemish maid of honour, with much gravity.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the startled French girl; "and the Brederodes are descendants of your Dukes of Holland, are they not? What a terrible thing this marriage must be for them!"

"Pray be silent," said the other lady, with an air of fear; "my queen has already looked twice our way, and——"

Here all conversation was abruptly terminated, for the trumpets sounded, and, starting forward with a headlong impulse, the horsemen were only checked in their career by the shock of mutual resistance. The air re-echoed with the clanging of their armour and the rushing hoofs of the chargers, and lances' heads, helmets, and plumes soon flew in every direction about the combatants. At first the *mêlée* was so confused that no eye could have correctly ascertained the fate of any individual; but when the adversaries began to separate, and to engage in more detached parties, every eye was riveted on the person of the prince.

The parties engaged for considerable time with varying success, when that headed by the Prince of Piedmont began sensibly to give way; knight after knight went down before the irresistible lances of their opponents. The Count of Egmont, whom the band of Montmorency seemed to regard as their champion, distinguished himself greatly by his superb horsemanship and the grace and courtesy that marked his every movement, and attracted no small share of attention and admiration from all present. More than once he found himself personally opposed to the prince, and had, from respect to his illustrious antagonist, hitherto carefully evaded the encounter; but as he and De Horu, now nearly the only remaining horsemen of their party who retained energy for action, were on the point of rushing, simultaneously, on the small fatigued group that stood awaiting the shock, Philip adroitly wheeled his horse between them and the object of their attack; and whether it was that their horses checked thus suddenly destroyed the equilibrium of their riders, or that the blows of the prince fell on the advancing knights before they had recovered sufficient presence of mind to parry them, both the noblemen rolled upon the ground, their helmets and bright plumes lying prostrate in the dust at some distance from them.

A half-smothered shriek from the window, where sat Mary van Meeren,

drew the attention of all who were there stationed to gaze in surprise upon her blanched cheek, which did not recover its hue until she saw the Count of Egmont, whom her eyes had followed throughout every evolution of the day with a strange and, even to herself, unaccountable interest, safely disengaged from his horse by his men, and led from the ground to one of the tents. Little did Egmont guess, when the shouts and acclamations of joy from the throng proclaimed his defeat and the success of his august antagonist, that it conveyed so sincere a pang to the heart of one in that multitude who was linked by no association whatever to his destiny.

The occupation of the morning was over, and for a time every one in that vast mass of human beings sought his home for a few hours' repose. When the supper hour was past and the evening was closing in, a banquet, which the authorities of the town gave in honour of the emperor and his court, reunited in the pavilion the heroes of the day, and the same galaxy of beauty that had graced their feats with their presence, still more splendidly arrayed than in the morning. Tables groaning under their sumptuous loads were arranged along the apartment, at one of which the members of the imperial party took their places according to their right of precedence.

A general admiration was excited by the extreme ingenuity and skill with which every auxiliary to the banquet had been executed in pure sugar. The many-branched candelabras, the plates, the dishes, the goblets, and wine-flagons, contrived to imitate various species of glasses, metals, and porcelains; all sorts of animals, fruits, vegetables, vases and their flowers, even the diminutive triumphal arches that decorated the table, accurate resemblances of those constructed in the streets, and from which floated tiny silken banners exquisitely embroidered, were all of the same production. But so delicate were the viands, so tempting their perfume, that beyond the first applause which the novelty of the conception and the success of its execution elicited, few could find time to discuss anything else but the savoury dishes which were presently handed round.

"How pretty is this emblem of the town," said Margaret of Parma to the Prince of Piedmont, who had been placed near her, as she took up one of the many little white dogs executed in sugar, bearing their motto "Fidelity and Candour" on small banderolles depending from their mouths. "How beautiful is this exhibition of native skill and industry. Although I had seen and heard much of the affluence and ingenuity of the citizens of Antwerp, what I have these days witnessed exceeds anything I could have imagined."

"They have conferred upon themselves a lasting honour," replied the prince. "Perhaps these *fêtes* will be mentioned in after days with revived astonishment."

"Then," said Margaret, "they will serve as a striking example of what commercial prosperity may effect; for no town in the Netherlands has distinguished itself to the same degree, although all have celebrated the joyous event of the prince's first visit to these lands to the best of their power."

"Yes," replied the prince; "I heard his majesty say as much to the officers of the town on our entrance here to-night, and express to the prince his hope that one day, when he, in his turn, might, perchance,

assist at similar rejoicings on a similar occasion, the town might have lost nothing of its splendour ; for that it should increase in wealth and importance he deemed utterly impossible."

Margaret's eyes sought the countenances of the sovereign and his heir; but at that moment the hereditary propensity of both was strong within them. The eyes of father and son were wandering towards the table where sat, resplendent in youth and beauty, the fair maids of honour. The gaze of the former was frank, that of the latter more covert, but still the object was the same; and Margaret having noticed, by the smile that involuntarily curled his lip, that the Prince of Piedmont had looked in the same direction as herself, became painfully embarrassed. To divert the thoughts of both into another channel, she said, somewhat abruptly,

"I do not see the Count of Egmont here to-night. Was his fall so serious as to prevent his appearance?"

"Surely not," answered the prince. "But is not your highness aware that he asked and obtained his gracious majesty's permission to absent himself from the banquet, that he might hasten his return to Brussels?"

"What could call for such celerity, when the whole court will be on the road no later than to-morrow?"

"I think," answered her companion, "I heard of a daughter being born to him, and his wishing to be with the countess as soon as might be."

"And the Count of Horn?" asked the princess; "he, too, is absent. Has he, also, a daughter born to him? I trust these gentlemen do not see an evil omen in their morning's overthrow, and, consequently, shun the presence of the prince."

"Assuredly no, madam. The circumstance was really extraordinary, and is only to be accounted for by the well-known skill of his royal highness. I believe, however, De Horn has really somewhat suffered from his fall, to which his absence must be attributed."

The banquet lasted till a late hour, when, by order of the emperor, the tables were withdrawn, and the musicians, who, ensconced in a small, well-draped gallery, had charmed away the weariness of the protracted meal by their soft and solemn strains, were bid to exchange them for merrier measures. A circle was formed, and the young and the gay gave themselves wholly up to the pleasures of the dance.

Not so the Princess of Parma. She had too well noticed the swollen hands of the emperor, and his vain efforts to subdue an occasional expression of suffering, as the sharp pains of that most tormenting of maladies, the gout, overcame his strong resolution. She was in the habit of watching too narrowly his every movement to remain a stranger to the fit which had seized him thus untimely. For her all pleasure was at an end: if, indeed, so grave a character could know any in such a scene. And it was a mere matter of form which induced her to tread a *courante* with the Prince of Piedmont.

Whilst the high-born were enjoying the gaiety within the pavilion, without, amusements of another sort had been amply provided. Among many things erected in the square for the gratification of the mass, was one of a somewhat curious nature. It consisted of a large wooden

structure, resembling a tree rich in leaves and fruits, two figures of natural height, tolerably well carved, representing Adam and Eve, and the serpent, which, hanging from the tree, encircled the feet of the woman. Numberless were those whom curiosity induced to contemplate this piece of machinery—for such it proved—with the closest scrutiny. Mary van Meeren, not content with contemplating it from a casement—the dubious light of the torches being insufficient to throw out the object that excited such general attention—in spite of all the representations of her husband and his brother, insisted strenuously on being taken amidst the crowd of gazers beneath. Her friends, after much dissuasion, were compelled to yield to her desire. Accordingly they descended into the street; and, with some difficulty, made way through the crowd, until they gained a position at no great distance from the tree itself.

Scarcely, however, had Mary attained this much desired situation, when, suddenly, gunpowder concealed within the hollow of the figures exploded with a reverberation that shook the very houses to their foundation. None in the crowd were prepared for this result, and a general panic and flight ensued. Loud screams rent the air, and the people ran as if the serpent with flames bursting from its mouth were literally behind them, seeking whom it might devour. During the first confusion, to remove the terrified Mary van Meeren became impossible; and when, one after the other, Adam, Eve, and the serpent had burst asunder and been consumed, she was compelled to endure with increasing bewilderment fresh and continued explosions, as leaf and apple went off with the successive rattle of small fire-arms, until the whole became a general conflagration. By this time the alarm of others had pretty well cleared the space immediately around, and Paul and Cornelius, turning this circumstance to advantage, bore Mary away; but relief came too late, she had fainted.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF FALSTAFF.

We are certain that, with all his selfishness, there were many kind and loving feelings about that heart, which neglect and desertion would deeply touch; and when at last we see him, in poor Dame Quickly's description of his deathbed, "fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger-ends," we involuntarily exclaim, "Poor Jack, farewell."—CHARLES KNIGHT.

WHAT can be more touching—more instinct with the very essence of pathos—than that *quasi*-comic scene, headed, "London. Mrs Quickly's House in Eastcheap," in the third act of "King Henry V.;" wherein familiar gossip discusses the last moments of Sir John Falstaff—he that so lately, by Doll Tearsheet's verdict, was as valorous as Hector of Troy, worthy five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies?

"How *now*, Mistress Doll?"—"Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth." But the calm is that of death—the imperturbable silence of the grave. Even that tun of man, two yards about in the waist, was a plethoric composite of dust, and unto dust hath he returned. The year of Agin-

court was also the year of the fat knight's *obit*—not so long after the old epicurean had protested, "Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end." He revolted at the idea of patching up his old body for heaven.

The description given by Mistress Quickly of the dying words and dying looks of Sir John is so perfectly true to nature, so intensely real, so characteristic, and so suggestive, that it must attract the attention and dwell in the memory of one who is even unacquainted (if that be supposable) with the history and table-talk of the knight, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and the two parts of "Henry IV." It is a picture in itself. But how one's interest is multiplied, when it is regarded as one picture in a brilliant series—the last one of all—the conclusion of the whole matter! We stand by the deathbed of an old acquaintance, who, disreputable fellow though he be, has somehow planted his fingers about our heartstrings, and tugs at them vehemently now that his own are giving way. Shakspeare would even have it so, for he loved the "impudent, embossed rascal," in spite of his manifold rogueries; and who can but indulge a *penchant* for the corpulent *habitué* of the Boar's Head Tavern, when he reasons thus: "Thou knowest, in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what shall poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty." Not that Shakspeare justifies his course of life. Far from it—whatever haters of Shakspeare and all his works may please to say. The earnestness of the true moralist finds utterance in the remonstrance of the newly-made king (Henry V.):—

I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandising; know, the grave doth gape
For thee twice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not that I am the thing I was:
For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.

There spake our author; there his love of good did utter forth a voice. His morality was too high, too noble to conserve a life in base appliances. The reader of Southey's "Common-place Book" (first series) may have noted a certain extract from an early number of the *Eclectic Review*, wherein an angry denunciation is hurled at the Jovian front sublime of the wicked, soul-destroying bard of Avon, and at all who countenance the study of his leprous productions. Mr. Bowles—a clergyman as well as a poet—holds, on the contrary, that the drama is far more effective as a corrector of crimes, in many instances, "than *some* places of worship where anti-moral doctrines of different shades are preached." Says Christopher North, "Mr. Corder, the murderer of Maria Martin, to whom he was betrothed, rose from his knees in a *chapel*, and hastened to dip his hands in her blood. What hideous work must *some* preaching make among all the thoughts produced on the mind

by conscience! What utter confusion and reversal of all the sanctities of nature!" The debauchee, who becomes such in imitation of Falstaff, would have been a profligate though his eyes had never gloated on that exemplar of *roués*. It is not Shakspeare that ruins him; for Shakspeare makes Sir John a monument whereupon to affix grave reminders, "practical suggestions," and sober, yet stirring reflections, for his whole Christendom of readers.

The epilogue to "Henry IV." (part II.) more than half promises the renewed *entrée* of fat Jack, "to die of a sweat" in France (unless already killed with hard opinions). But we never see him again, after that rebuff from his former comrade in excesses by night and day. We leave him in the hands of the Chief Justice's *pursuivants*, who hurry him and his company to the Fleet—place of base durance and contagious prison. And the next we hear of him is from bustling, kind-hearted Mrs. Quickly—that best of all the *genus* Malaprop—who piteously entreats Corporal Nym, and Ancient Pistol, and gruff salamander-faced Lieutenant Bardolph, to look in at the sick knight whose heart the king had killed—whose fate it clearly was to yield the crow a pudding one of these days. "As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart, he is so shaken of a burning *quotidian tertian*, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him." And anon it is all over. Pistol, ever in Cambyzes's vein, mouths lugubrious metre on the decease of his patron, and gives sorrow words after the approved magniloquent rhythm—

For Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Poor Bardolph, who has more heart than the rest, however frail may be his head-piece (all the virtue being concentrated in his nose), expresses his grief in a longing to be with the departed knight, wherever that may be, "either in heaven or in hell." He missed the bullying jokes that fell like snow-drifts about the purple grace of his nasal member, and had become so habituated to such stinging pleasantries that now he could hardly live without them. He clings to the portly sinner, and will not be shaken off even at the grim gateway of *l'Inferno*. But our hostess repudiates the notion of Falstaff being *there*—for she indulges a benevolent little theory of optimism of her own, which rains kindly influences on all within her reach. "Nay, sure he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any Christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John?" quoth I: "what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone." Surely Shakspeare's own eyes were dim with natural drops when he

penned this speech of the hostess ; moved he must have been, or he could never have indited words so moving. How could he part without a pang from one of the chiefest creatures of his fancy—

What, old acquaintance!—Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man—

had he not made this “ Sir John Sack-and-Sugar ” the mouth-piece of running commentaries of exhaustless wit—whiling away time with sweet wag, Prince Hal, in the palace at Westminster and the tavern at Eastcheap—sworn brother at occasion to a leash of drawers ; had he not followed his panting hulk step-by-step along the Gadshill-road, and prompted him with his immortal apologetics touching the men in buckram ; had he not sent to sleep this “ oily rascal, known as well as St. Paul’s,” and bid us hark ! how hard he fetches breath, while that bill is rifled from his pockets, which apportions one half-pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack ? We cannot forget—assuredly Shakspeare had not forgotten—the sparkling colloquy with Bardolph—Sir John’s confession that he had forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, and his promise to amend his life, if Bardolph would amend his face, and his comparisons of that worthy’s nose to an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of fire, a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light, which had saved his patron a thousand marks in links and torches ; then again those incomparable wranglings with Mrs. Quickly, or, as he styles her, dame Partlet the hen ; the march to Coventry, his whole military charge, consisting of slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted canvas, where the glutton’s dogs licked his sores—discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ; the scene on the battle-field of Shrewsbury, with Falstaff’s practical adaptation of his theory that the better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part he saves his life—slowly rising from his recumbent posture, not without misgivings of that gunpowder Percy, lest *he* should counterfeit death too, and start up on his legs—and ultimately averring (“ how this world is given to lying ! ”) that he and dead Percy had fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock ; the glorious *rencontre* with my lord chief justice, who is sensibly thawed of his frigidity and smoothed in his angular prejudices during the facetious interview ; the exegesis of the knight’s letter to Prince Hal, signed “ Jack Falstaff, *with my familiars* ; John, *with my brothers and sisters* ; and Sir John *with all Europe* ; ”—the noisy tavern brawls, with Doll and Pistol (why thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead !) ;—the ludicrous sayings and doings down in Gloucestershire, at the house of Justice Shallow, *custos rotulorum*, with his favourite parenthesis, “ O, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead ! ”—not to speak of the manifold accidents patent in the “ Merry Wives of Windsor,”—a play which we thank Mr. Knight for preferring, chronologically speaking, to “ Henry V.,” for we shrink from supposing Shakspeare ready to throw Falstaff into a buck-basket, and subject him to like moving accidents by flood and field, after standing by his death-bed and drawing the picture we have seen of the poor patient. Who doubts whether Shakspeare felt strongly, deeply ? Schiller tells us *he*

doubted it once ; for, with his foreign notions of art, he could not imagine how a warm-hearted author could utter jests amid scenes of melting pathos, and ally together Lear and the fool, Hamlet and the clown—so that for awhile the author of “The Robbers,” was angered at “Shakspeare’s coldness,”—but he lived to review and rescind such criticism, and to declare, in reference to it, that he was not then capable of comprehending Nature at first hand, but merely admired her image, reflected in the understanding, and put in order by rules. The sonnets, so rarely studied of our greatest poet, would surely convert the most dogged sceptic in this matter ;—passion, tenderness, enthusiasm, in their intensest form, burst forth therein with an energy which the concentrated weepings and wailings of all our “storm and power-men” have never equalled. But for ourselves, we are content to abide by Mrs. Quickly’s tale of the death of Falstaff as an all-sufficient proof of the warm-heartedness and poignant feeling of William Shakspeare. And hard it were, we repeat, to make us believe that he had dry eyes when he committed those words to paper, and bade farewell, a long farewell to so much “greatness.”

“They say he cried out of sack,” quoth Corporal Nym, and our hostess corroborates the rumour ; Bardolph adds, “And of women”—which the “Boy” confirms with a “Yes, that ’a did.” Mrs. Quickly—blessings on her kindly heart, ever ready with an apology for the old fellow who almost drove her to pawn plate and tapestry to maintain his prodigality—Mrs. Quickly affirms that he was “rheumatic” when he talked so ; what she remembered of his last moments was a feverish fumbling with the sheets, and playing with the flowers, and babbling of green fields. There lay one whose plump outer man had ministered exhaustless provocatives to mirth, alike to himself and his friends—and now his nose was sharp as a pen, and those limbs were, from the feet upwards, cold as any stone, cold as any stone.

Telle est la vie. Shakspeare is the profoundest, but the least obtrusive, of moralists. His morals are interwoven with his characters, infused into the living presences of his *dramatis personæ*, not framed and glazed into a formal appendix or addendum, fated to be skipped by every ninety-nine readers in a hundred. In this manner he allures to goodness, and not to what Coleridge aptly calls *goody-ness*. He could see a moral even in “Poor Jack” as he bade him farewell—and the same is possible for us as we do likewise.

THEATRES, *PRO AND CON.*

BY E. P. ROWSELL, ESQ.

I AM not a saint; I would fain hope I am not an utterly-lost sinner. I am not about to pen a moral lecture. I do not propose defending vice and immorality; moreover, I do not intend writing by any means a long article. My purpose is simply to say a few words in a friendly spirit touching theatrical amusements—their advantages and attendant drawbacks.

Some people visit a theatre once or twice-a week regularly; others would almost fall off their chairs aghast on hearing the name mentioned.

Why is this? The latter class contend that at a theatre there is learnt unmitigated ill; they see no advantage; they allow not a tittle of benefit in visiting a theatre. You may go—and may be pleased,—but your eternal part has been placed in increased jeopardy (we say *increased* jeopardy, because grievous is the fact—and I speak with all solemnity—that in that respect every one of us stands in a sorrowfully critical position), and you have, as it were, added a little to that “*deuced balance*” which, as Byron tells us, on making up our accounts at the age of three-score (if we live so long), we are certain to find standing in our name in the books of his Satanic majesty.

What say the other class? They aver that theatrical amusements are utterly free from every sort of objection; that the charge against them of encouraging immorality entirely falls to the ground; that they have a tendency to elevate the intellect and expand the heart; that they confer upon us a delightful amount of unalloyed good.

There is, of course, an intermediate opinion. Theatres may be visited in moderation,—then they are the means of benefit. Witnessing a play now and then is good,—frequently is bad; extremes should be avoided; and so forth. This is really a sensible opinion, though not founded upon a correct basis; for the assent to the propriety of an occasional visit to the theatre is not arrived at through any conclusion of the understanding, but merely through a feeling that the ill accruing therefrom, with reference to morality (if any), cannot be of such amount, that if the visit be but a rarity, any serious and permanent injury can be sustained.

No; let the question be decided on its merits. Are theatrical amusements bad, or are they not? If they are at all injurious, then to indulge in them in the least is foolish. If they are the means of good, then it is equally foolish to abstain altogether from them. Of course, allowing them to be beneficial, the question as to the measure in which they may be sought remains to be determined by balancing the advantage they bestow with the extent of our leisure and pecuniary resources, &c.

Now, we believe that a visit to the theatre brings good in this way. If I go to see the performance of an ably and eloquently written tragedy, the lofty thoughts, conveyed in vigorous and poetical language, that I hear expressed,—the ecstatic joy,—the fearful anguish,—the overpowering passion,—the calm despair,—the furious rage,—the perfect peace,—the undaunted courage,—and the abject fear,—all these several emotions which in their turn I see exhibited, cannot but strongly arouse and excite my feelings and make me conscious that the mind of man may glow with ideas, the heart of man may throb with sensations, such as perhaps were never conceived by me in the even course of my humble existence. Or supposing that I only now see acted what before I have read, still the probability is that the effect produced on me by such reading will have been as nothing compared with the impression created

by the utterance of the same words by a talented and painstaking actor. I was gratified by the perusal of "Othello;" but it will be with a much deeper feeling that I view the representation of "Othello." I was delighted when reading "Hamlet;" but my admiration is intense now that I see "Hamlet" performed. We are satisfied that no one has a true appreciation of the beauties of a play until he has seen it acted; and if there be a good purpose in that play, if there be in it a proper spirit and a moral tendency (and plays of doubtful morality are very seldom represented now-a-days), then I say that the witnessing its representation with the object of bringing more vividly before us its beauty and its worth is not only a legitimate, but a laudable proceeding.

The case with comedy is different. The intellectual benefit derived from witnessing a comedy cannot, perhaps, be so much insisted on; the advantage here is of another cast. In this dreary, dismal world, with the mountain loads of care and anxiety that are always pressing upon us and weighing us down to the earth, anything that can draw from us, in spite of ourselves, a free and hearty laugh, cause us to forget for a time our cares and troubles, make us feel lighter and more cheerful, on better terms with ourselves and those around us—cast into shadow the painful portion of our prospects, and bring vividly to view the pleasing and encouraging—renew our courage—re-arouse our spirit (and we emphatically contend, that the exciting our risible faculties for the space of three or four hours *will* produce all these effects), we say, anything capable of doing us this important service ought, indeed, very highly to be regarded and very eagerly to be secured.

Our view, then, is in *favour* of theatrical performances. That is to say, we believe that the majority of pieces acted in the present day are at all events unobjectionable with reference to morality, and have a laudable effect in the rendering always beneficial amusement, and oftentimes useful instruction. Then supposing the theatre be visited only so often as the leisure time and circumstances of the individual may warrant him in attending it, we are decidedly of opinion that there are no direct arguments to be urged against theatrical entertainments.

The indirect argument is this: a young man (we know of no objections in the case of middle-aged people)—a young man may undoubtedly, through attending the theatre, become acquainted with profligate characters, and so fall into bad habits, late hours, intemperance, and so forth. Now, if it could be shown that this result ensued to any extent, we should not have another word to say. It would be so lamentable a consequence, that although it might seem hard on those wiser visitors who received good, not evil, from their attendance, we should say every well-disposed person would be called upon to exert himself to procure the shutting up of every theatre in London. We by no means, however, believe that the amount of ill wrought in this way is other than insignificant. Some mischief does accrue there is no doubt, but placing the good against the bad (which is the fair way of dealing with the question), we believe that the former greatly outweighs the latter.

Let us endeavour to survey all these questions without paltry prejudice. Do not let us, merely because an amusement be not to our taste, at once denounce it as bad and improper. If theatrical entertainments can be proved to work injury, we will join the cry of a certain class for their abolition; but we hate the selfish practice, which is so common, of protesting against others partaking of a gratification simply because such gratification be not of the class finding favour in our eyes.

THE RUIN OF ZÄHRINGEN, NEAR FREIBURG IN BRISGAU.

Oh sieh wie rund umher, alles grünt und bleicht! Die sinkenden Ruinen müssen selbst zum Schmuck des ganzen dienen.—KAMIRSKY.

THE dukes of Zähringen were once the most powerful lords of Suabia. They originally lived in the Castle of Lymburg, which was the cradle of the family, but of which there remains now but little to be seen. This castle was built upon a jut of the Alps, called Lynsburg, not far from the little town of Weithelm, on the Neckar. In the year 1080, Berchold, the proprietor of Lynsburg, or, as it is now called, Limburg, left his paternal mansion, and emigrated into Brisgau; and, at a short distance from the town of Freiburg, upon a mountain in the Black Forest, at the foot of which the village Zähringen stood, he built a castle, which, after the fashion of those days, he called by the name of the village below.

The popular origin of the house of Zähringen is, perhaps, too romantic to be believed. The forefathers of Berchold were nothing more than common charcoal-burners, who dwelt in forests and mountains, and existed on the sweat of their brow. It happened that one of these wood-burners, after having collected together his pile of wood, covered it over with earth, in order to prevent the heat from expanding itself into flame, and thus evaporate. When the wood was reduced to the requisite property, and removed away, he found, to his great astonishment, at the bottom of the pile, among the ashes, an immense mass of silver, which the heat of the fire had extracted from the earth. His fortune was now made, and he continued to extract the same in considerable quantities; when it happened that a king (the legend does not give his name), who had been driven from his country, came with his family, and took refuge in the neighbourhood of his hut; when he announced to the world that he would make a duke of that man, and, moreover, give him his daughter in marriage, who would assist him in regaining his crown. This offer reached the ears of the wood-burner, who, ignorant as he was, had instinct enough to know that money must be the first object necessary to attain this end; accordingly, he left his hut with a bag of the precious metal on his shoulders, and, presenting himself before the dethroned monarch, thus addressed him:—

“Sire, give me thy daughter in marriage, and make me duke of the country round my hut, and I will give thee such a treasure in silver as will enable thee to recover thy kingdom.” And he cast the bag of silver at the feet of the astonished monarch, who, seeing himself already reinstated in his dominions, made him immediately his son-in-law, and created him duke of the land he coveted. After this, his wealth went on increasing to such a degree that he was enabled to build castles and towns; and among others, those of Zähring and Freiburg. But among the ignorant and low born, a rapid excess of opulence often begets a sensual and depraved taste, and this was the wood-burner’s lot: he became tyrannical and cruel, and forgot that he once existed upon dry bread and water. His taste grew so corrupted that he yearned to know the relish of human flesh, and in order to satisfy this horrible desire he ordered his cook to roast him an infant. Unwillingly did the servant follow his

master's cruel orders ; but he did so ; and when the roasted baby appeared upon the table, the inhuman duke was so horror-struck that he instantly repented his cruelty, and, by way of atoning for it, erected two cloisters in the Black Forest, which he called the Holy Ruprecht, and the Holy Peter, both of which exist to this day. The castle of Zähringen was originally small, but strong. When the house of Hohen Staufen, however, made its way to the throne of Charlemagne, and when Conrad III. one of the members of that family, was elected Emperor of Germany, the Duke Conrad of Zähringen refused him his allegiance, upon which the emperor despatched his brother, Frederick of Suabia, to exact it by force. Frederick so closely besieged the duke that he was compelled to surrender himself and castle. The emperor acted generously towards him, and reinstated him in his possessions. From this period the power of the Zähringen family considerably increased, and especially in Switzerland. The burg came into the possession of the Counts of Freiburg and afterwards often changed masters, until it finally fell into the hands of the monks of the Cloisters of St. Peter's, in the Black Forest. The ruin is now very insignificant ; but the view from it is magnificent, and extends as far as the mountains in Alsace and Lorraine.

VALDARNO; OR, THE ORDEAL OF ART-WORSHIP.

A BIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XII.

So long as I was inactive my love had been almost endurable, but the little energy that was requisite, and had been demanded to confront the chieftain, was also enough to stir up within me a firm resolve to bear my misery no more. Soon was I on the high road to Italy, travelling day and night, with but short snatches of rest in the cities through which lay my route. An impulse had arisen ; while it projected me forward in my determination, it seemed, as with wheels, to crush every suggestion that arose in opposition to its power. My spirit became, as it were, concentrated into a vow to obtain the object of its longings. In what restless dream had I passed the preceding year ! Hopes and fears had weakened each other's purpose, and had kept me apart from the true business of life. I had not even perused my father's last wishes ; his papers remained at Aula unread.

At this epoch, while thus agitated by my thoughts, it occurred to me almost for the first time with any force, that besides my vacillating will there was another guide to which I ought to look—the provident power. But how had it affected me hitherto ? I was its offspring, among millions of other scattered children, and neither Pulci nor my earthly father, who was no more, but whose piety and faith I had beheld had been able to establish the relation of child and parent between me and my Maker. The Eternal was surrounded by his angelic ministry, and he recognised upon earth an elected, those whose actions and virtues he most approved. But how far removed was I from the celestial throne ! My work was centered in the gloom of self ; my career placed within the limits of

one human understanding, one isolated series of desires. The very use of my genius, whether it stretched through the infinite towards God, or sank back mortified within itself, seemed incapable of other application than to promote its own welfare. With every worldly gift at my disposal, the heart was but a trouble to itself; all that it proposed to do proved only that it was hollow; its longings met a check at every stage; its laughter had an echo that laughed not. Time itself was as a perpetual rest from doing good—a holiday of toil up the hill of leisure, which ends like a Sunday passed in hell!

I reached the Ferrini domain unexpected, unasked; the family was at home; I was welcomed. The marquis conducted me to his charming mother, whose place was still the couch. She was pale and lovely as before, with the delicate blush still looking through her alabaster face, and her eyes full of the sweetest joy. She received me with a tear, which she tried to conceal under smiles.

"You are come to remain with us?" said she.

"For a little time," I replied; "but I have not lately heard from home, and may have occasion to return: my secretary has travelled forward for news."

"You have passed a year abroad, have you not?"

"Yes: I am a subject of Calabria as well as Tuscany. I have been at Valanidi."

"Do we call you Prince of Valanidi now?"

"No; my aunt lives: I take my father's name and rank at present."

I thought a shadow passed over her face as she muttered,

"The Count of Aula!"

Then, as if to rectify herself, she made inquiry about my sister.

"She passes her time with the Lady Trivulzio," I replied to this last question, "and is sometimes at Volterra, sometimes at Aula; all her letters breathe a strong desire for my return."

"And your father is no more! Of late years we met but rarely—indeed, my health has confined me to home."

"I did not know that you had ever met; he never spoke of you to me."

At this moment Melissa entered the room, and gracefully welcomed my return. A sigh escaped the marchioness, but this the daughter did not observe.

I felt myself embarrassed, and therefore commenced a conversation on indifferent topics; among others, my visits along the coast, and excursions to the shores of Sicily. I described the phosphorescence of the ocean, as at night we clove its plain; the noiseless ascent of Etna as the foot sinks into the ashes—a silence almost fearful; the splendour of its irruptions when witnessed from the sea, in its fury hurling huge and blazing trees into the world beneath it. I touched upon my adventure with Scoronconcolo, and ended with an account of my solitary life and pursuits at the château: and my narrative excited interest in the party. Poor Ferrini was in high spirits at my return. But there was a certain sadness about the women which they vainly tried to throw off; probably, influenced by the past, my own manner was tinged with melancholy, which insensibly affected the tenderer natures of beings interested in my fate.

Calmed by the sight of those whom I so much loved, felicity seemed to await me. Providence had, in appearance, brought together the elements of a thrice-blessed future; and these had only to be united for sorrow to have thenceforth disappeared from my path. The period of my absence from Melissa seemed not as time lost, but to have had the effect of naturalising my friends, and her especially, to my heart. She was my morning star! Recurring to my father's love, I thought of her as she might prove in sickness, in distress, in age and infirmity. Through all it was the soul I loved; the soul on which time puts no mark; youthful whether the habitant of youth and beauty, or age and decay; in the new temple, or within the grey ruin, the same young unspotted soul on which eternity itself could not print a single vestige of time. In most women we discover qualities of which we have seen enough before we become well acquainted; in Melissa every charm seemed new and inaccessible. Thanatos returned with my letters. The first I opened was from my sister. She hailed my return with words of joy, which I all day long repeated in my mind. Dear child! how undoubtedly did I love her; and, methinks, I spoke of her oftener than pleased even Melissa herself.

My sister had sent, by my desire, the packets which my father had left behind him for me. As I broke the seals in company with the marchioness and Melissa, the former spoke again of the late Count of Aula, and seemed interested concerning both his life and death. She questioned me about his pursuits, the causes of his seclusion, and especially asked me how he bore my mother's loss. On all these matters I said exactly what I felt and knew.

"I discovered, during his last illness, that his retired and peaceful life had been but one of exile and suffering. He had long made the vain pursuit after peace, but found it only when this world was melting from his eyes. The mild uses to which he applied his gifts, the fruits of which were as perfect as Grecian eye could have approved, had a soothing influence upon him; and his lofty virtues supported him to a degree which faith itself only could have surpassed. Yet what a miserable man he was!"

"You say he found peace at last: in what way?" inquired the marchioness with eagerness.

"It was religious comfort, which came to him in a dream from heaven, and made all his past anguish appear as nought."

"Pray explain that dream."

"He was an unbeliever in the necessity of an atonement, and had never been able to cast his sorrows upon his Saviour, and they were greater than he himself could bear. They killed him at last; and he uttered, with almost his last breath, his words piercing me with grief, 'Oh, Adonai! how long it takes to break the heart!'"

The marchioness was in tears. I was greatly surprised to see her so much affected.

"Let not what I say distress you thus, dear lady; perhaps my manner of speaking is sad, affected as I am sensibly at the recollection of my parent's end."

At these words the marchioness sobbed convulsively, and looked the picture of grief; when Melissa, whose eyes had been bent towards the

ground, approached and caressed her mother. The latter repulsed her gently, and made a strong effort to recover her composure.

"Be not surprised, my dear son—for so I must call you—but all that you say reminds me so forcibly of events in my own family, that I cannot quite control my tears. Proceed without noticing me, I pray you. Was he convinced at last of redemption?"

"Convinced most painfully. In his delirium he thought that the crucifix smote his eyes, and blinded him." And here I related the whole history of the death-bed scene, in as far as it related to my father's marvellous conversion.

The lady shuddered at the recital, and seemed to ponder within herself whether to ask for more particulars of this last illness. At length she inquired what effect the vision had produced on his mind. Surprised still at the interest she manifested, I told her of the charm it had exercised in calming feelings which time had wholly failed to soothe.

In this manner I confined myself to general replies, unwilling to divulge the secret which had gnawed at my parent's heart. She made some struggles to draw me into particulars, but refrained for some time from pressing me to a full relation of them.

"How did he bear the loss of your dear mother?" asked the marchioness again. "When I was young, she was my most intimate friend."

How is it then, thought I, that if the parents were once familiar the intercourse has so long ceased, and their children have been strangers to each other? I said, "I was at Rome when my mother died, and was not witness to the first transports of his grief; on my return, which took place without delay, he was in his usual mood—reserved and melancholy."

"Did he show much attachment to you and your sister? No doubt he was a kind, but was he also a fond parent?"

This question agitated me to a degree that at this moment I feel ashamed to admit. It seemed to awaken the remembrance of all the mortifications that I had been accustomed to from childhood, and almost to mock the love which my father had expressed for me on his death-bed. I repressed my emotion, however, as well as I could, but it did not pass unheeded. Then, addressing the marchioness, I said,

"Dear lady, your voice sinks into me like a mother's, so sweet and soothing are its tones. Had you been my parent, I could not have loved you more than at present. My heart shall be opened to you; it shall conceal nothing. Learn then, dear lady, that my father—so did I hear from his dying lips—before he had been married many years, became intimate with a beautiful and high-minded young woman, a relative of my mother, who was engaged to a nobleman, whose name did not once transpire. My father appeared to have attached himself to my mother out of pure love, but when he beheld this lady he discovered that she was the only being whom thenceforward he could invest with his affections. She had visited my mother at Valanidi, where her presence interrupted the even tenour of my father's days, and impressed upon his mind an indelible image of her virtues. They returned each other's passion in silence; she was assisted in governing it by religion, he only by a sense of honour. She became happy, so firmly was she supported by heavenly grace; he miserable, so feebly was he propped up by the religion of nature. In what terms of rapture did he speak of that lovely being, and how constant was he to her memory!"

The face of the marchioness was concealed all this time in the hollow of her hands, in which she but ill-concealed the tears which trickled one by one through her fingers.

"Tell me, sweet lady," said I, "what mysterious sympathy is it that makes you so sensible to the griefs almost of strangers—those whom you have not seen for years?"

"Poor Aula!" said she, with vehemence; "then all thy retirement, thy fine pursuits, thy lofty disdain of the world, arose from this! Peace to thy dear soul!"

"Peace!" I responded; "and if it be the Supreme will to permit it, may that soul be rewarded in the world to come! Oh, lady! it was my father's last hope that a union was reserved for him in heaven—a union which Divine Providence had ordained, as he thought, for earth itself, but which was marred by human fatality."

She continued to weep in silence, and I paused; when she implored me passionately to proceed, which I did.

"That hope was strong in death. Only a few days before he died, he pronounced words to this effect:—'Adonai! I love her, now that her youth is past, as much as ever. I adore her. To press her to my heart at this moment would be a bliss equal to the utmost that I can expect in heaven. Were she toothless, decrepid, grey, a hag in the sight of men, it would still be ecstasy to press her to my heart before I die.'"

The marchioness appeared unable to endure my narrative any longer, and rose to quit the room, making a sign to me to follow, which I obeyed.

When we reached the ante-chamber, she said again—

"Did your father love you?"

I replied, "Not until a few days before his death, when he became a believer."

"Did he not mention the name of the lady in his illness?"

"Her Christian name only."

"You remember it?"

"I do."

"And have you never heard my Christian name?"

"Never, dear lady; strange to say, your son has always written your kind messages to me."

"My name is Dione!"

Saying this, she clasped me in her arms, and uttered—

"My son! my spiritual son!"

CHAPTER XIII.

In a few moments I rejoined Melissa, who at my smile shone out in all the splendour of her youth. She imposed no restraint on the pleasure she felt at seeing me again; and how beautiful is the candour of love! I thought it right to tell her all that I had felt since I saw her first, and I commenced with a history of my attachment. No sooner had I begun than she breathed fast, and grew pale; then came smiles, and to them were added looks of beaming affection, so sweet that from that moment Heaven need have invented no new raptures for the blessed.

When I had told her of my love, it was not less consistent with my high sense of her value to acquaint her with my misgivings. I related to her

in general terms the misfortunes of my father, and tried to persuade her that all who acted with impulse were liable to find their happiness blasted in like manner by some accidental event when least expected. My next step, which with much pain I achieved, was to acknowledge the impression which I had received from my father concerning the deceptive character of love; and finally I touched on my indecision respecting herself, confessing my doubts on that one element in the constitution of her mind which had so long disturbed my peace. Indeed, I avowed to her that signs of pride had at times escaped her, and that whenever a sense of her virtue and loveliness filled my thoughts most, the one error caused me to tremble, and chased every hope from me.

As I thus proceeded my eyes were downcast, and on looking up into Melissa's face for a reply which would set my mind at ease, I saw displeasure. This was discouraging; but I implored her, nevertheless, to reflect on my words, and protested with passionate assurance that my hopes were centred in her affection. She forced herself to say that she would endeavour to correct her faults; it was her duty, and she thanked me for the admonition I had given her. With an expression in her eyes allied to mortification she retired, thanking me afresh, and assuring me that she could meet with no one so able as myself to guide her; a remark which made me the more sensible of my own errors, and alive to my selfishness in thus asking her to be faultless for my sake.

But when left alone, musing deeply on the great trouble which had haunted me, and the meagre remedy I had applied, the ill success of my candour appeared certain. A woman requires to be thought perfect by her lover, though she knows that she is far otherwise: there is a great charm in believing that love is blind! What could I have done? Never, while pride held a place in her spirit, could I know perfect union with her; yet her beautiful face and the marvellous charms of her manner had firmer possession of me than ever. Had she loved me to the full extent of so fine a nature as her own, would she not have humbled herself, and dispelled all cause for reproach with tears? Had she declared that she was aware of that one failing, and regretted it, I should have owned that my worship of her saintly soul was acceptable at the mighty fountain itself of so much human goodness. She then might have commanded me to do all that she listed; have trampled upon my deep pride; have corrected my faults which were so many; and have raised me to the elevation on which her own character was based—to reach which would have been the ambition of my mind, at that period generous, confiding, and ready ever to exalt my love to the furthest limit of adoration.

When we met again, I threw myself at her feet and implored pardon. On my knees, before her statue-like form, I exclaimed,

“Oh, Melissa! let our human differences be judged of in the sight of Heaven. If you can love thus, despise not an honest man; think it flattery, not disrespect, that I should have confessed to you my only trouble. I lay my heart open, with all its faults, before you; judge me fairly, and despise not my failings. Do what you will with me, for I am in slavery; the bonds of love shackle all my powers; order me to repent of my candour, and, self-condemned, I will lead you to the altar!”

To this impassioned address she made me no reply, and only regarded me coldly. I bore the silent taunt, and, looking into her face with agony, besought her to utter a word while yet the angel of hope, whose

wings were fast drooping, was near. She drew a deep breath, with agitated bosom, and said, with the air of one injured,

"You still deem me proud; how then can I make you happy?"

She thus aimed at conquest. At those words I sprang upon my feet, and gazed fiercely at her with the haughtiness of my race. If emotion were to have been believed, I should at that moment have been the loftiest of human beings, for my pride appeared to expand within me to such a degree as to occupy a wider range of existence than had been allotted to my entire soul. She looked at me with consternation, and sank upon the couch, pale, hysterical, and convulsed; every breath she drew was accompanied by sobs. How bitter was then my remorse! For the first time in my life I felt a desire to perish by my own hand: the fire of suicide blazed through me. What had I done? I had vanquished her; subdued her by brutal force. I said all in my power to allay the distress I had caused her, and soon succeeded in making her smile through her tears, while on her forehead I imprinted a kiss which burned into her flesh.

Fresh letters from home acquainted me that my sister had engaged her affections to Count Pallavicini, a man of birth but not of fortune; and the Lady Trivulzio invited me to return home.

Though the seal was broken, I had not perused my father's packet. I drew it forth, and Melissa, as if by a simultaneous impulse, left the room. It ran thus:—

"Oh, my son, neglected as thou hast been by me, but not less loved, and destined, I hope, to be nearer my heart hereafter than thou hast been on earth, when thou readest this I shall be a relic of mortality, like a shell undisturbed at the bottom of the sea. I hear, oh, Adonäi! that thou lovest one who is as my own daughter; the Melissa Ferrini. I loved her mother when she married, and she returned my passion, though Heaven strengthened us, and we did not reveal to each other what we suffered. We have not ceased to love up to this hour. Consider then, oh, my child! whether I am not justified in thinking of Melissa as my own, as the child of my soul! If thou canst realise the pure affection of thy father, if thou canst adopt it, thou wilt love Melissa as a sister. Should my neglect of thee, my son, have destroyed the filial piety which belongs to human nature, then wilt thou be at liberty to reject all sympathy with a father's wishes, and make Melissa thy wife.

"Shouldst thou take the higher course, it will greatly exalt the union of us all which I await in the next world; if the lower, reflect well; lay thy heart open to Dione. She will tell thee whether thou art likely to love any one better. She hath suffered, and can judge both for thee and her child; and she would not willingly permit another to experience a fate similar to hers and my own."

The paper fell from my hands; my doom was sealed by it. Could I, the lofty-minded Adonäi, take any but the higher course with an appeal to me thus issuing from the grave? I was created, indeed, to fulfil all the higher destinies intended by the Creator for man, and though set at an immeasurable distance from his audience-chamber, I hoped by degrees to approach that place of mercy. Such did I truly feel, though not in the milder tone of a Christian, but rather with that platonic sentiment which was experienced by the favoured heathen preparatory to his ascent into the saintly philosophy of Jesus; of him whom the Atheist himself cannot believe to have been merely human.

I placed my father's papers without delay into the hands of the marchioness; she saw their purport; she retired to her private chamber to peruse them, unable, perhaps unwilling, to control every emotion that such a subject might give rise to. I at once resolved on my line of conduct with respect to Melissa; yet had I a lingering hope that she would not readily resign my affection. But I had heard a voice from the grave calling on me to complete the sacrifice of my youth to my parent's manes. It must be done.

In two hours the marchioness returned to me with the papers. Her eyes were red with weeping; she appeared to have been subdued, not by the force of self-control, but by the mild hand of religion. The sweetest resignation played over her face and breast; she was harmonised not by the music but by the will of Heaven. There was no emotion; a holy spirit was at rest upon her eyes and cheeks: when she smiled upon me I experienced the power of that spirit present in her which is said by Scripture to unite the good above with that of earth, to attract into one union, however dispersed, the souls of the pure. At that moment the remembrance of my father's love rushed into my heart; large tears filled my eyes; I sank at the feet of the marchioness and embraced her garments. She bent her head towards my forehead, and impressed on it a maternal kiss.

"Are you prepared, my well-beloved son, to obey the wishes of your father? He advises you for your good; however much you may love my child, believe me you might both be more happy than in each other. She has told me in bitterness of heart what has passed between you; think of her no more."

She spoke these words in an affecting manner. I wept like a child.

"It is our duty, my dear marchioness, my spiritual mother, to obey you, to obey our father; henceforth Melissa must be to me a sister. Time will purify our souls, and remove from our breasts the less immortal desires which have been kindled. If we resign each other, oh, my mother! may we not retain those ties, the earliest which lovers know, the uniting sentiments of children? Though in us those feelings no longer merely float like separate atmospheres upon each other, but have been blended, it is not impossible for us, assisted by each other, to recall the tender joys, and remember only the love which sisters and brothers know. Will Melissa consent to this?"

"She will!" said Melissa, entering through the open door; "she will ever love you as a brother."

"This, then," said I, passionately, "is no longer a day of sorrow; I have gained another sister."

"And I have obtained a brother," said Melissa.

"Bless you, my sister!" continued I, "as you have blessed me. And now would I ask one more favour of you; let me press you to my heart."

At these words she fell upon my breast, and with my arms around her I pressed her to me in anguish, and held her fast. At first the most delicious feelings arose calm from within me, such as might have been experienced by those who at length were united for ever. But our sobs mingled; I pressed her nearer to my heart, and soon the glow of love burst out into a flame. I then extended my embrace in silence towards Dione. Saluting both once more, and blessing them, I left the beloved beings in each other's arms, and sought the haunts in which my love the year before had ripened.

The days of my visit to Siena were then numbered. It was decided that Dione and Melissa should visit the family seat in Lombardy, and that I should remain with the marquis as long as was agreeable to myself. But my thoughts reverted to home, to my other sister; my task was now to see that her dear heart was not broken too.

On the evening before our separation, as I entered the saloon, I saw Melissa reclining; she, tired with her walk, had sunk on the couch and dropped asleep. I stood over her for some minutes; and in her face, that calm mirror of my past hopes, saw now but a blank on which I tried to read my destiny. Pictures of loveliness came over it, and passed away, as if to portray the joys of some unknown, and to warn me from her. Then could I have snatched her to my breast, and have taken flight; or have leapt, with the stolen one in my arms, into drowning waters, that our souls might have arisen from death in the same embrace as that in which they perished. But I stirred not; spell-bound by the vision of peace.

On that evening a deep gloom came over me; my mind, too much awake, seemed hurried forward as through the coming journey of night.

"Oh, Melissa!" said I, "what is it that has happened? My mind is clouded with sorrows; they are too dark for me to bear."

"Dear Adonai, grieve not: it has been the will of Heaven." And she crushed with her eyelashes the confirming tear.

In the morning I stood at the carriage door as soon as it drove into the lawn. Melissa and her mother came, and ascended the steps. I looked up at the former, as at a statue which returns not the glance; surveyed her features and her dress. All that she wore was new, her face lovelier than ever, yet strange in her new habiliments. I was shocked certainly to see her thus newly clad, thus prepared to please strangers, when I, alas! should behold her no more. She leaned forward to give me a short manuscript in her own handwriting which I had asked her for, and would have spoken, but emotion checked her utterance. Dione threw out her hand as she had been wont, but I could not return her salute, and the carriage rolled away. I watched the rapid vehicle out of sight, and gazed long after it was invisible, till, recollecting it would never return, I wept with my face towards the departed.

By this time my horses appeared. I had not been able to tell Ferrini my plan, and mounted without taking my leave of him. He had but just left, and seeing me, he hobbled back as fast as his lameness would permit, exclaiming,

"You will not leave me; tell me where you are going?"

I looked mildly at him, and pointed towards the Volterrana, replying,

"To my sister's wedding."

CHAPTER XIV.

Thus did I ride away again, accompanied by my Calabrian page Mezzofonte: but I was calm; more so than when formerly I took my leave of the villa. Then my thoughts lived in the tumult of hope, now they were as the desultory dreams of the dead. They came and went of their own accord, flitting through me, and through one another; but the soul's individuality was distinct from them as a wide apathy across which they fitfully picked

their way. What I had lost for ever at Siena appeared, though but for a moment, recoverable at Florence; at the villa of Bello Sguardo, where Melissa had shone equally in beauty. Repelled thence, the recollection of Marsino and Savatelli crossed me; and with them, but as in an atmosphere wherein no one knew another, the image of the young Giuditta Piccolomini, and that with a vividness which surpassed my conscious impression of her person. Then methought a sound of hoofs struck up behind me, while at the same instant I was, as if in silence, looking into the mirror of Dione's eyes. I considered my last conversation with the Countess Strozzi in reference to my father, and saw that it was not her but Dione whose heart had spoken at that interview. And then Angus had seemingly overtaken me as formerly; he was silent; and after a brief interval, he was repeating his farewell, and departing like the unseen wind. I roved in fancy from the idol-worship of the countess's model love to the art-worship of Melissa's form, she who had become to me as the marble Venus again which in real life she was to personate still, while to me she would exist as in statuary; as in the cold resembling image which she had left for my soul to remember after the fire of love had gone out.

Again there was a sound of hoofs, not like that which had before occupied me—a memory; but one which bore with it evidence of some one following on the road.

"It is remarkable that I should join you once more at this very spot," said Angus, holding forth his hand.

"Is it you?" cried I.

"I have tracked you from Valanidi to Siena."

"How warmly do I rejoice at this meeting," I said.

"You know that I told you we should meet again."

I raised my head, but he did not; he forbore to scrutinise my looks as he might have done, for he had said that we should not meet until after my doubts respecting Melissa were set at rest. And, as if he were aware of what was passing in my mind, he resumed speaking; but confined himself to the present.

"I have been spending my time in the East," continued he, "and have again visited Sicily, where I heard tidings of you from a priest at Syracuse. I traced you to Brancalone, thence to Valanidi; in a word, I have tracked your steps through Calabria and the South to this very place."

"Did you call at the villa of Ferrini?"

"I did; and finding you had just left, I followed."

"Who welcomed you?"

"The domestics: their master was out, and the ladies, as you know, are gone into Lombardy."

We rode on. Angus was in good spirits; he talked freely, with his usual abruptness. Our conversation reverted almost unavoidably to our past visit at Siena; it however only touched on the approaching alliance of Savatelli with the elder Piccolomini, and of Marsino with the second daughter of that house.

"I am going to Florence," he said, "on purpose to see your poor father's sculpture gallery: you will show it me? I am told there is nothing better worth seeing at Rome."

"Can I show it you? No, I fear not even you."

"Why not?"

"There are associations connected with it which, at present, I am bound by sad ties to respect: you can see it alone."

"Is there anything associated with it, beyond the loss of a parent, to distress you?"

"There is; and methinks I could almost tell you all, and find comfort."

Angus saw by my manner, more than by my words, that some family secret was at the bottom of my indisposition to become his escort through the collection—the labours of the broken-hearted!

At my last words he became changed, and assumed a mild tone, which greatly charmed me; and I was led, at his pressing request, to tell him all. I poured out the doubts, events, and sorrows of my recent life, to which he attended with a sympathy which often amounted to affection. I entrusted my father's history and death to his ear; told him of the solemn warnings with which my parent had affrighted me; and, as I proceeded, detailed to him my own ambitious views in the cultivation of letters and other arts. As we drew to the end of our journey, long after nightfall, he said, "I have a plan of remaining a few days at Florence. I should like sometimes to pass my mornings with you." It was in vain that I urged him to take up his abode at the Aula palace; so it was agreed that he should be with me at the breakfast hour.

On reaching home I found that my sister and the Lady Trivulzio were at Volterra, and would join me at Florence after a brief delay.

When Angus sat down with me the next day to the early repast, his first words were, "I take the deepest interest in all that concerns you, and am determined to learn from you the history of your early life. Are you disposed at once to gratify my wish? It is not altogether from curiosity; for there is a link in the chain of past events in my possession which you may one day miss, if I am not mistaken. It connects dis severed ends, not perhaps visible to you yet, which may one day reveal a gap in things concerning you nearly."

I could not but think that he alluded to Ippolito: indeed I asked the question whether it were not so.

"Never mind," was his answer; "the time will arrive when you shall hear, if necessary; at present let us confine ourselves to the purpose for which we, I hope, have met. Once more I tell you candidly that your whole character interests me more deeply than I can express; and having heard from you a narrative of your recent life, I am curious—most curious—to learn what befel you as a child, and in what manner you were brought up by your parents."

"Ah!" exclaimed I, "had a true position been assigned us in society, we should have taken our station among artists. My father, as you have heard, excelled in sculpture. For my part, I regard his works as unequalled for their peculiar excellence by the moderns. I could never look at them without awe and astonishment. The air of stillness which rests upon them is so startling—the peace they diffuse is so unattainable! An emotion akin to that of eternal solitude is actually awakened within me whenever I am among them—so cold, so grand look those marble souls! Since their author departed I have not entered their chamber, nor can I yet find strength to encounter their looks, which, like voices, would tell me my father's history again!"

"And were you his pupil; for you say you are a worshipper of art?"

"And where will that worship end! Yes, I was his pupil; and

learned from him the rules of art: but I never pleased him as my sister did in her studies of sculpture. The art most congenial to my taste was painting, but my style was the very reverse of my father's; nor would he attend to my vivid productions. My mind took its tone from my mother's; and she was the most impassioned of women."

"You ask where this art-worship is to end: do you not know? The further it advances, the less does it satisfy; until at length it gets absorbed in religion."

Here was a truth which had never seized on my attention, though it had been before me in every painted chapel from my childhood. The thought was painful to me then, and I was not willing to pursue it.

"The great Ariosto," I continued, "was the first who befriended my intellect. He was then ripe of wit, and his name had grown famous. I feel deep obligations to this illustrious man, who took as much pains with me as if teaching had been his profession. His reputation charmed me; for his was a glory of that universal and enduring kind which an individual age can rarely boast. Who would refuse to recognise the ties of consanguinity between Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and such a name? Lesser lights may continue to revolve in their native orbits, but these and their like must burst their first relations to dwell among equals in a higher sphere."

"Well said!" exclaimed Angus, with animation. "Genius itself is always childless; and wisely is it ordained to be so. Its ties are like those of marriage, irrespective of blood, and its children are strangers. Were genius hereditary, we should have had giant races of the mind. The Platos would have descended upon us in succession through the dark ages, and have waged perpetual war on revelation; the Copernici would have held for ever the key of the firmament; and the sons of Homer would have made history an unceasing song."

"Still, if it be a law of nature for genius not to reproduce itself, I must confess myself at a loss to conceive its source."

"My observation was limited to the male succession," resumed Angus, playfully; "the daughters of Homer and Plato are heirs in trust of their fathers' gifts, which they bear into new families, and their sons become the Ficini and Pichi. Thus, my dear prince, to the divine Comedian descended the muse from the songsters of Greece and Rome. What think you of my attempt at philosophy?"

"It refers to subjects on which I have not reflected," said I.

"How does it apply to your own case?" said Angus; "for let me beg you to understand that I must consider you highly gifted; but it is quite sufficient that your talent is acknowledged, if not yet by the world itself, at least by its intellectual master, Ariosto. Let me tell you, by way of encouragement, that my mother was among the uncommon women of her day; while my father, who lives, excels in nothing. Behold in me the result! I would not assert that a son may not sometimes resemble an intellectual father, but only that, as a general rule, all great men have had clever mothers. Now, inquire into this rule with respect to yourself."

"The truth is," I replied, "that both my parents were endowed with uncommon qualities. My father had acquired the rare faculty of outwardly subduing every emotion, however powerful, and of living in a state of the utmost apparent calm. My mother, on the other hand, was impassioned beyond belief, and had probably seldom exercised self-control;

she was all but ignorant that such a virtue flourished. Her imagination was of the highest order; had her other intellectual powers been commensurate with it, the heroines of Grecian tragedy might have lived again in her. Her passions were as high as theirs; but she wanted their other elements, and had only a confused sense of the grandeur and destiny of ambition. She was the most changeable woman I ever knew, and having much power in her own hands, was too well able to gratify her will. Fancy, however, oftentimes created plans for her which she did not execute, but still enjoyed with an ardour transcending reality. Projects were formed and abandoned in one day, resumed in another; and were so numerous, and arose in such rapid succession, that I now remember them with the wonder which attaches to some strange dream.

"My mother was strong in her affections. She loved her husband and children dearly;—but not as she loved the dead. Towards the living she was inconstant: in one moment she could love fondly and playfully; in another, if accidentally offended, she could almost hate; but towards the dead her devotion was mighty, and unchangeable. The remembrance of her princely father, her brothers, her mother, after forty years of separation, caused tears to flood her cheeks, and sobs to convulse her bosom, quite as much as if she had experienced a recent bereavement. Vanity was also a powerful constituent of her nature, and, if wounded, gave rise to much the same distress of mind as is just described.

"Her character was difficult to fathom, for she appeared to have a double soul, in which every noble quality and its reverse were comprehended. Humility and pride, playfulness and anger, generosity and meanness, love and hatred, laughter and tears;—these followed each other in quick succession. But though the dark side of her nature was terrible, and often remained long uppermost, the bright one was the most true; for in all her more important proceedings she proved to us that good was the prevailing tendency of her heart.

"The sense of parental authority was strong in her, as much so as that of the divine right in kings. But when opposed, she did not bear resentment beyond the hour of her displeasure, during which, however, she forgot the ties of maternity—almost of human nature.

"How different was my father, the cultivator of repose! For my own part I resemble both parents; I am governed by the extremes of passion and calm, a circumstance that apports to me an almost infinite range of emotion.

"The vast and varied elements of my mother's soul would have supplied the materials of the loftiest tragic genius, but they required an intellect of the first class to govern and reduce them to order. Such, however, it is not the lot of woman to possess. The same character conjoined with a masculine understanding must have entailed both a sense of power and a desire of greatness: such has it conferred on me. Blest woman! how I have loved her—how totally ceased to feel the wrongs with which she visited my youth! I have no right, indeed, to complain. If she neglected my education, my religion, and with them all my interests in life, how much more did she neglect herself! Peace was what she sought; but she knew not its path! Among all her fiery qualities, each of which antagonised the great aim of her being, there was but one sentiment which struggled profoundly to attain its end; that was the hope of peace! That hope, alas! was a dream allied to platonic affections, which floated like music through the brain."

GUY FAWKES.

An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK III.—THE CONSPIRATORS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW GUY FAWKES WAS PUT TO THE TORTURE.

INTIMATION of the arrest of Guy Fawkes having been sent to the Tower, his arrival was anxiously expected by the warders and soldiers composing the garrison, a crowd of whom posted themselves at the entrance of Traitor's Gate, to obtain a sight of him. As the bark that conveyed the prisoner shot through London Bridge, and neared the fortress, notice of its approach was given to the lieutenant, who, scarcely less impatient, had stationed himself in a small circular chamber in one of the turrets of Saint Thomas's or Traitor's Tower, overlooking the river. He hastily descended, and had scarcely reached the place of disembarkation, when the boat passed beneath the gloomy archway; the immense wooden wicket closed behind it; and the officer in command springing ashore, was followed more deliberately by Fawkes, who mounted the slippery stairs with a firm footstep. As he gained the summit, the spectators pressed forward; but Sir William Waad, ordering them in an authoritative tone to stand back, fixed a stern and scrutinising glance on the prisoner.

"Many vile traitors have ascended those steps," he said, "but none so false-hearted, none so bloodthirsty as you."

"None ever ascended them with less misgiving, or with less self-reproach," replied Fawkes.

"Miserable wretch! Do you glory in your villany?" cried the lieutenant. "If anything could heighten my detestation of the pernicious creed you profess, it would be to witness its effects on such minds as yours. What a religion must that be, which can induce its followers to commit such monstrous actions, and delude them into the belief that they are pious and praiseworthy!"

"It is a religion, at least, that supports them at seasons when they most require it," rejoined Fawkes.

"Peace!" cried the lieutenant, fiercely, "or I will have your viperous tongue torn out by the roots."

Turning to the officer, he demanded his warrant, and glancing at it, gave some directions to one of the warders, and then resumed his scrutiny of Fawkes, who appeared wholly unmoved, and steadily returned his gaze.

Meanwhile, several of the spectators, eager to prove their loyalty to the king and abhorrence of the plot, loaded the prisoner with execrations, and finding these produced no effect, proceeded to personal outrage. Some spat upon his face and garments; some threw mud, gathered from the slimy steps, upon him; some pricked him with the points of their halberds; while others, if they had not been checked, would have resorted to greater violence. Only one bystander expressed the slightest commiseration for him. It was Ruth Ipgreve, who, with her parents, formed part of the assemblage.

A few kindly words pronounced by this girl moved the prisoner more than all the insults he had just experienced. He said nothing, but a slight and almost imperceptible quivering of the lip told what was passing within. The jailer was extremely indignant at his daughter's conduct, fearing it might prejudice him in the eyes of the lieutenant.

"Get hence, girl," he cried, "and stir not from thy room for the rest of the day. I am sorry I allowed thee to come forth."

"You must look to her, Jasper Ipgreve," said Sir William Waad, sternly. "No man shall hold an office in the Tower who is a favourer of papacy. If you were a good Protestant, and a faithful servant of King James, your daughter could never have acted thus unbecomingly. Look to her, I say,—and to yourself."

"I will, honourable sir," replied Jasper, in great confusion. "Take her home directly," he added, in an under tone to his wife. "Lock her up till I return, and scourge her if thou wilt. She will ruin us by her indiscretion."

In obedience to this injunction, Dame Ipgreve seized her daughter's hand, and dragged her away. Ruth turned for a moment to take a last look at the prisoner, and saw that his gaze followed her, and was fraught with an expression of the deepest gratitude. By way of showing his disapproval of his daughter's conduct, the jailer now joined the bitterest of Guy Fawkes's assailants; and ere long the assemblage became infuriated to such an ungovernable pitch, that the lieutenant, who had allowed matters to proceed thus far in the hope of shaking the prisoner's constancy, finding his design fruitless, ordered him to be taken away. Escorted by a dozen soldiers with calivers on their shoulders, Guy Fawkes was led through the archway of the Bloody Tower, and across the Green to the Beauchamp Tower. He was placed in the spacious chamber on the first floor of that fortification, now used as a mess-room by the Guards. Sir William Waad followed him, and seating himself at a table, referred to the warrant.

"You are here called John Johnson. Is that your name?" he demanded.

"If you find it thus written, you need make no further inquiry from me," replied Fawkes, "I am the person so described. That is sufficient for you."

"Not so," replied the lieutenant; "and if you persist in this stubborn demeanour, the severest measures will be adopted towards you. Your sole chance of avoiding the torture is in making a full confession."

"I do not desire to avoid the torture," replied Fawkes. "It will wrest nothing from me."

"So all think till they have experienced it," replied the lieutenant; "but greater fortitude than yours has given way before our engines."

Fawkes smiled disdainfully, but made no answer.

The lieutenant then gave directions that he should be placed within a small cell adjoining the larger chamber, and that two of the guard should remain constantly beside him, to prevent him from doing himself any violence.

"You need have no fear," observed Fawkes. "I shall not destroy my chance of martyrdom."

At this juncture a messenger arrived, bearing a despatch from the Earl of Salisbury. The lieutenant broke the seal, and after hurriedly perusing it, drew his sword, and desiring the guard to station themselves outside the door, approached Fawkes.

"Notwithstanding the enormity of your offence," he observed, "I find his majesty will graciously spare your life, provided you will reveal the names of all your associates, and disclose every particular connected with the plot."

Guy Fawkes appeared lost in reflection, and the lieutenant, conceiving he had made an impression upon him, repeated the offer.

"How am I to be assured of this?" asked the prisoner.

"My promise must suffice," rejoined Waad.

"It will not suffice to me," returned Fawkes. "I must have a pardon signed by the king."

"You shall have it on one condition," replied Waad. "You are evidently troubled with few scruples. It is the Earl of Salisbury's conviction that the heads of many important Catholic families are connected with this plot. If they should prove to be so—or, to be plain, if you will accuse certain persons whom I will specify, you shall have the pardon you require."

"Is this the purport of the Earl of Salisbury's despatch?" asked Guy Fawkes.

The lieutenant nodded.

"Let me look at it," continued Fawkes. "You may be practising upon me."

"Your own perfidious nature makes you suspicious of treachery in others," cried the lieutenant. "Will this satisfy you?"

And he held the letter towards Guy Fawkes, who instantly snatched it from his grasp.

"What ho!" he shouted, in a loud voice, "what ho!" and the guards instantly rushed into the room. "You shall learn why you were sent away. Sir William Waad has offered me my life, on the part of the Earl of Salisbury, provided I will accuse certain innocent parties—innocent, except that they are Catholics—of being leagued with me in my design. Read this letter, and see whether I speak not the truth."

And he threw it among them. But no one stirred, except a warder, who, picking it up, delivered it to the lieutenant.

"You will now understand whom you have to deal with," pursued Fawkes.

"I do," replied Waad. "But were you as unyielding as the walls of this prison, I would shake your obduracy."

"I pray you not to delay the experiment," said Fawkes.

"Have a little patience," retorted Waad. "I will not balk your humour, depend upon it."

With this he departed, and, repairing to his lodgings, wrote a hasty despatch to the earl, detailing all that had passed, and requesting a warrant for the torture, as he was apprehensive, if the prisoner expired under the severe application that would be necessary to force the truth from him, he might be called to account. Two hours afterwards the messenger returned with the warrant. It was in the handwriting of the king, and contained a list of interrogations to be put to the prisoner, concluding by directing him "to use the gentler torture first, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*. And so God-speed you in your good work!"

Thus armed, and fearless of the consequences, the lieutenant summoned Jasper Ipgreve.

"We have a very refractory prisoner to deal with," he said, as the jailer appeared. "But I have just received the royal authority to put him through all the degrees of torture if he continues obstinate. How shall we begin?"

"With the Scavenger's Daughter and the Little Ease, if it please you, honourable sir," replied Ipgreve. "If these fail, we can try the gauntlets and the rack; and lastly, the dungeon among the rats, and the hot stone."

"A good progression," said the lieutenant, smiling. "I will now repair to the torture-chamber. Let the prisoner be brought there without delay. He is in the Beauchamp Tower."

Ipgreve bowed and departed, while the lieutenant, calling to an attendant to bring a torch, proceeded along a narrow passage communicating with the Bell Tower. Opening a secret door within it, he descended a flight of stone steps, and traversing a number of intricate passages, at length stopped before a strong door, which he pushed aside, and entered the chamber he had mentioned to Ipgreve. This dismal apartment has already been described. It was

that in which Viviana's constancy was so fearfully approved. Two officials in the peculiar garb of the place—a sable livery—were occupied in polishing the various steel implements. Besides these, there was the chirurgion, who was seated at a side table, reading by the light of a brazen lamp. He instantly arose on seeing the lieutenant, and began with the other officials to make preparations for the prisoner's arrival. The two latter concealed their features by drawing a large black capoch, or hood, attached to their gowns over them, and this disguise added materially to their lugubrious appearance. One of them then took down a broad iron hoop, opening in the centre with a hinge, and held it in readiness. Their preparations were scarcely completed, when heavy footsteps announced the approach of Fawkes and his attendants. Jasper Ipgreve ushered them into the chamber, and fastened the door behind them. All the subsequent proceedings were conducted with the utmost deliberation, and were therefore doubly impressive. No undue haste occurred, and the officials, who might have been mistaken for phantoms or evil spirits, spoke only in whispers. Guy Fawkes watched their movements with unaltered composure. At length Jasper Ipgreve signified to the lieutenant that all was ready.

"The opportunity you desired of having your courage put to the test is now arrived," said the latter to the prisoner.

"What am I to do?" was the reply.

"Remove your doublet, and prostrate yourself," subjoined Ipgreve.

Guy Fawkes obeyed, and when in this posture began audibly to recite a prayer to the Virgin.

"Be silent," cried the lieutenant, "or a gag shall be thrust into your mouth."

Kneeling upon the prisoner's shoulders, and passing the hoop under his legs, Ipgreve then succeeded, with the help of his assistants, who added their weight to his own, in fastening the hoop with an iron button. This done, they left the prisoner with his limbs and body so tightly compressed together that he was scarcely able to breathe. In this state he was allowed to remain for an hour and a half. The chirurgion then found on examination that the blood had burst profusely from his mouth and nostrils, and in a slighter degree from the extremities of his hands and feet.

"He must be released," he observed in an under tone to the lieutenant. "Further continuance might be fatal."

Accordingly, the hoop was removed, and it was at this moment that the prisoner underwent the severest trial. Despite his efforts to control himself, a sharp convulsion passed across his frame, and the restoration of impeded circulation and respiration occasioned him the most acute agony.

The chirurgion bathed his temples with vinegar, and his limbs being chafed by the officials, he was placed on a bench.

"My warrant directs me to begin with the 'gentler tortures,' and to proceed by degrees to extremities," observed the lieutenant, significantly. "You have now had a taste of the milder sort, and may form some conjecture what the worst are like. Do you still continue contumacious?"

"I am in the same mind as before," replied Fawkes, in a hoarse but firm voice.

"Take him to the Little Ease, and let him pass the night there," said the lieutenant. "To-morrow I will continue the investigation."

Fawkes was then led out by Ipgreve and the officials, and conveyed along a narrow passage, until arriving at a low door, in which there was an iron grating, it was opened, and disclosed a narrow cell, about four feet high, one and a few inches wide, and two deep. Into this narrow receptacle, which seemed wholly inadequate to contain a tall and strongly-built man like himself, the prisoner was with some difficulty thrust, and the door locked upon him.

In this miserable plight, with his head bent upon his breast—the cell being so contrived that its wretched inmate could neither sit, nor recline at full length within it—Guy Fawkes prayed long and fervently; and no longer troubled by the uneasy feelings which had for some time haunted him, he felt happier in his present forlorn condition than he had been when anticipating the full success of his project.

"At least," he thought, "I shall now win myself a crown of martyrdom, and whatever my present sufferings may be, they will be speedily effaced by the happiness I shall enjoy hereafter."

Overcome, at length, by weariness and exhaustion, he fell into a sort of doze—it could scarcely be called sleep—and, while in this state, fancied he was visited by Saint Winifred, who, approaching the door of the cell, touched it, and it instantly opened. She then placed her hand upon his limbs, and the pain he had hitherto felt in them subsided.

"Your troubles will soon be over," murmured the saint, "and you will be at rest. Do not hesitate to confess. Your silence will neither serve your companions nor yourself."

With these words the vision disappeared, and Guy Fawkes awoke. Whether it was the effect of imagination, or that his robust constitution had in reality shaken off the effects of the torture, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that he felt his strength restored to him, and attributing his recovery entirely to the marvellous interposition of the saint, he addressed a prayer of gratitude to her. While thus occupied, he heard—for it was so dark he could distinguish nothing—a sweet low voice at the grating of the cell, and imagining it was the same benign presence as before, paused and listened.

"Do you hear me?" asked the voice.

"I do," replied Fawkes. "Is it the blessed Winifred who again vouchsafes to address me?"

"Alas, no!" replied the voice; "it is one of mortal mould. I am Ruth Ipgreve, the jailer's daughter. You may remember that I expressed some sympathy in your behalf at your landing at Traitor's Gate to-day, for which I incurred my father's displeasure. But you will be quite sure I am a friend, when I tell you I assisted Viviana Radcliffe to escape."

"Ha!" exclaimed Guy Fawkes, in a tone of great emotion.

"I was in some degree in her confidence," pursued Ruth; "and, if I am not mistaken, you are the object of her warmest regard."

The prisoner could not repress a groan.

"You are Guy Fawkes," pursued Ruth. "Nay, you need have no fear of me. I have risked my life for Viviana, and would risk it for you."

"I will disguise nothing from you," replied Fawkes. "I am he you have named. As the husband of Viviana—for such I am—I feel the deepest gratitude to you for the service you rendered her. She bitterly reproached herself with having placed you in so much danger. How did you escape?"

"I was screened by my parents," replied Ruth. "It was given out by them that Viviana escaped through the window of her prison, and I was thus preserved from punishment. Where is she now?"

"In safety, I trust," replied Fawkes. "Alas! I shall never behold her again."

"Do not despair," returned Ruth. "I will try to effect your liberation; and though I have but slender hope of accomplishing it, still there is a chance."

"I do not desire it," returned Fawkes. "I am content to perish. All I lived for is at an end."

"This shall not deter me from trying to save you," replied Ruth; "and I still trust there is happiness in store for you with Viviana. Amid all your sufferings, rest certain there is one who will ever watch over you. I dare not remain here longer, for fear of a surprise. Farewell."

She then departed, and it afforded Guy Fawkes some solace to ponder on the interview during the rest of the night.

On the following morning Jasper Ipgreve appeared, and placed before him a loaf of the coarsest bread, and a jug of dirty water. His scanty meal ended, he left him, but returned in two hours afterwards with a party of halberdiers, and desiring him to follow him, led the way to the torture-chamber. Sir William Waad was there when he arrived, and demanding in a stern tone whether he still continued obstinate, and receiving no answer, ordered him to be placed in the gauntlets. Upon this, he was suspended from a beam by his hands, and endured five hours of the most excruciat-

ing agony—his fingers being so crushed and lacerated that he could not move them.

He was then taken down, and, still refusing to confess, was conveyed to a horrible pit, adjoining the river, called, from the loathsome animals infesting it, "the dungeon among the rats." It was about twenty feet wide and twelve deep, and at high tide was generally more than two feet deep in water.

Into this dreadful chasm was Guy Fawkes lowered by his attendants, who, warning him of the probable fate that awaited him, left him in total darkness. At this time the pit was free from water; but he had not been there more than an hour, when a bubbling and hissing sound proclaimed that the tide was rising, while frequent splashes convinced him that the rats were at hand. Stooping down, he felt that the water was alive with them—that they were all around him—and would not, probably, delay their attack. Prepared as he was for the worst, he could not repress a shudder at the prospect of the horrible death with which he was menaced.

At this juncture, he was surprised by the appearance of a light, and perceived at the edge of the pit a female figure bearing a lantern. Not doubting it was his visitant of the former night, he called out to her, and was answered in the voice of Ruth Ippgrave.

"I dare not remain here many minutes," she said, "because my father suspects me. But I could not let you perish thus. I will let down this lantern to you, and the light will keep away the rats. When the tide retires you can extinguish it."

So saying, she tore her kerchief into shreds, and tying the slips together, lowered the lantern to the prisoner, and without waiting to receive his thanks, hurried away.

Thus aided, Guy Fawkes defended himself as well as he could against his loathsome assailants. The light showed that the water was swarming with them—that they were creeping by hundreds up the sides of the pit, and preparing to make a general attack upon him.

At one time, Fawkes determined not to oppose them, but to let them work their will upon him; but the contact of the noxious animals made him change his resolution, and he instinctively drove them off. They were not, however, to be easily repulsed, and returned to the charge with greater fury than before. The desire of self-preservation now got the better of every other feeling, and the dread of being devoured alive giving new vigour to his crippled limbs, he rushed to the other side of the pit. His persecutors, however, followed him in myriads, springing upon him, and making their sharp teeth meet in his flesh in a thousand places.

In this way the contest continued for some time, Guy Fawkes speeding round the pit, and his assailants never for one moment relaxing in the pursuit, until he fell from exhaustion, and his lantern being extinguished, the whole host darted upon him.

Thinking all over, he could not repress a loud cry, and it was scarcely uttered, when lights appeared, and several gloomy figures bearing torches were seen at the edge of the pit. Among these he distinguished Sir William Waad, who offered instantly to release him if he would confess.

"I will rather perish," replied Fawkes; "and I will make no further effort to defend myself. I shall soon be out of the reach of your malice."

"This must not be," observed the lieutenant to Jasper Ipgreve, who stood by. "The Earl of Salisbury will never forgive me if he perishes."

"Then not a moment must be lost, or those ravenous brutes will assuredly devour him," replied Ipgreve. "They are so fierce, that I scarcely like to venture among them."

A ladder was then let down into the pit, and the jailer and the two officials descended. They were just in time. Fawkes had ceased to struggle, and the rats were attacking him with such fury that his words would have been speedily verified but for Ipgreve's timely interposition.

On being taken out of the pit, he fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood; and when he came to himself, found he was stretched upon a couch in the torture-chamber, with the surgeon and Jasper Ipgreve in attendance. Strong broths and other restoratives were then administered; and his strength being sufficiently restored to enable him to converse, the lieutenant again visited him, and questioning him as before, received a similar answer.

In the course of that day and the next, he underwent at intervals various kinds of torture, each more excruciating than the preceding, all of which he bore with unabated fortitude. Among other applications, the rack was employed with such rigour, that his joints started from their sockets, and his frame seemed torn asunder.

On the fourth day he was removed to another and yet gloomier chamber, devoted to the same dreadful objects as the first. It had an arched stone ceiling, and at the further extremity yawned a deep recess. Within this there was a small furnace, in which fuel was placed, ready to be kindled; and over the furnace lay a large black flag, at either end of which were stout leathern straps. After being subjected to the customary interrogations of the lieutenant, Fawkes was stripped of his attire, and bound to the flag. The fire was then lighted, and the stone gradually heated. The writhing frame of the miserable man ere long showed the extremity of his suffering; but as he did not even utter a groan, his tormentors were compelled to release him.

On this occasion there were two personages present who had never attended any previous interrogation. They were wrapped in large cloaks, and stood aloof during the proceedings. Both were treated with the most ceremonious respect by Sir William Waad, who consulted them as to the extent to which he should continue

the torture. When the prisoner was taken off the heated stone, one of those persons advanced towards him, and gazed curiously at him.

Fawkes, upon whose brow thick drops were standing, and who was sinking into the oblivion brought on by overwrought endurance, exclaimed, "It is the king!" and fainted.

"The traitor knew your majesty," said the lieutenant. "But you see it is in vain to attempt to extort anything from him."

"So it seems," replied James; "and I am greatly disappointed, for I was led to believe that I should hear a full confession of the conspiracy from his own lips. How say you, good master surgeon, will he endure further torture?"

"Not without danger of life, your majesty, unless he has some days' repose," replied the surgeon, "even if he can endure it then."

"It will not be necessary to apply it further," replied Salisbury. "I am now in full possession of the names of all the principal conspirators; and when the prisoner finds further concealment useless, he will change his tone. To-morrow, the commissioners appointed by your majesty for the examination of all those concerned in this dreadful project will interrogate him in the lieutenant's lodgings, and I will answer with my life that the result will be satisfactory."

"Enough," said James. "It has been a painful spectacle which we have just witnessed; and yet we would not have missed it. The wretch possesses undaunted resolution, and we can never be sufficiently grateful to the beneficent Providence that prevented him from working his ruthless purpose upon us. The day on which we were preserved from this Gunpowder Treason shall ever hereafter be kept sacred in our church, and thanks shall be returned to Heaven for our wonderful deliverance."

"Your majesty will act wisely," replied Salisbury. "The ordinance will impress the nation with a salutary horror of all Papists and traitors—for they are one and the same thing—and keep alive a proper feeling of enmity against them. Such a fearful example shall be made of these miscreants as shall, it is to be hoped, deter all others from following their cause. Not only shall they perish infamously, but their names shall for ever be held in execration."

"Be it so," rejoined James. "It is a good legal maxim—*Crescente malitiâ, crescere debuit et pœna.*"

Upon this he left the chamber, and, traversing a number of subterranean passages with his attendants, crossed the drawbridge near the Byward Tower to the wharf, where his barge was waiting for him, and returned in it to Whitehall.

At an early hour on the following day, the commissioners appointed to the examination of the prisoner met together in a large room on the second floor of the lieutenant's lodgings, after-

wards denominated, from its use on this occasion, the Council Chamber. Affixed to the walls of this room may be seen at the present day a piece of marble sculpture, with an inscription commemorative of the event. The commissioners were nine in number; and included the Earls of Salisbury, Northampton, Nottingham, Suffolk, Worcester, Devon, Marr, and Dunbar, and Sir John Popham, lord chief justice. With these were associated Sir Edward Coke, attorney-general, and Sir William Waad.

The apartment in which the examination took place is still a spacious one, but at the period in question it was much larger and loftier. The walls were panelled with dark lustrous oak, covered in some places with tapestry, and adorned in others with paintings. Over the chimney-piece hung a portrait of the late sovereign, Elizabeth. The commissioners were grouped round a large heavily carved oak table, and, after some deliberation together, it was agreed that the prisoner should be introduced.

Sir William Waad then motioned to Topcliffe, who was in attendance with half a dozen halberdiers, and a few moments afterwards a panel was pushed aside, and Guy Fawkes was brought through it. He was supported by Topcliffe and Ipgreve, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could drag himself along. So severe had been the sufferings to which he had been subjected, that they had done the work of time, and placed more than twenty years on his head. His features were thin and sharp, and of a ghastly whiteness, and his eyes hollow and bloodshot. A large cloak was thrown over him, which partially concealed his shattered frame and crippled limbs; but his bent shoulders, and the difficulty with which he moved, told how much he had undergone.

On seeing the presence in which he stood, a flush for a moment rose to his pallid cheek, his eye glowed with its wonted fire, and he tried to stand erect—but his limbs refused their office—and the effort was so painful, that he fell back into the arms of his attendants. He was thus borne forward by them, and supported during his examination. The Earl of Salisbury then addressed him, and enlarging on the magnitude and horrible nature of his treason, concluded by saying that the only reparation he could offer was to disclose not only all his own criminal intentions, but the names of his associates.

"I will hide nothing concerning myself," replied Fawkes; "but I shall be for ever silent respecting others."

The earl then glanced at Sir Edward Coke, who proceeded to take down minutes of the examination.

"You have hitherto falsely represented yourself," said the earl. "What is your real name?"

"Guy Fawkes," replied the prisoner.

"And do you confess your guilt?" pursued the earl.

"I admit that it was my intention to blow up the king and the

whole of the lords spiritual and temporal assembled in the Parliament House with gunpowder," replied Fawkes.

"And you placed the combustibles in the vault where they were discovered?" demanded Salisbury.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative.

"You are a Papist?" continued the earl.

"I am a member of the Church of Rome," returned Fawkes.

"And you regard this monstrous design as righteous and laudable—as consistent with the religion you profess, and as likely to uphold it?" said the earl.

"I did so," replied Fawkes. "But I am now convinced that Heaven did not approve it, and I lament that it was ever undertaken."

"Still you refuse to make the only reparation in your power—you refuse to disclose your associates?" said Salisbury.

"I cannot betray them," replied Fawkes.

"Traitor! it is needless," cried the earl; "they are known to us—nay, they have betrayed themselves. They have risen in open and armed rebellion against the king; but a sufficient power has been sent against them; and if they are not ere this defeated and captured, many days will not elapse before they will be lodged in the Tower."

"If this is the case, you require no information from me," rejoined Fawkes. "But I pray you name them to me."

"I will do so," replied Salisbury; "and if I have omitted any, you can supply the deficiency. I will begin with Robert Catesby, the chief contriver of this hell-engendered plot,—I will next proceed to the superior of the Jesuits, Farther Garnet,—next, to another Jesuit priest, Father Oldcorne,—next, to Sir Everard Digby,—then, to Thomas Winter and Robert Winter,—then, to John Wright and Christopher Wright,—then, to Ambrose Rookwood, Thomas Percy, and John Grant,—and lastly, to Robert Keyes."

"Are these all?" demanded Fawkes.

"All we are acquainted with," said Salisbury.

"Then add to them the names of Francis Tresham, and of his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle," rejoined Fawkes. "I charge both with being privy to the plot."

"I have forgotten another name," said Salisbury, in some confusion, "that of Viviana Radcliffe, of Ordsall Hall. I have received certain information that she was wedded to you while you were resident at White Webbs, near Epping Forest, and was cognisant of the plot. If captured, she will share your fate."

Fawkes could not repress a groan.

Salisbury pursued his interrogations, but it was evident, from the increasing feebleness of the prisoner, that he would sink under it if the examination was further protracted. He was therefore ordered



The Magna Carta, 1215

THE MAGNA CARTA, 1215

to attach his signature to the minutes taken by Sir Edward Coke, and was placed in a chair for that purpose. A pen was then given him, but for some time his shattered fingers refused to grasp it. By a great effort, and with acute pain, he succeeded in tracing his Christian name thus:—

Gynido —

While endeavouring to write his surname, the pen fell from his hand, and he became insensible.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THE TROUBLES OF VIVIANA.

ON coming to herself, Viviana inquired for Garnet; and being told that he was in his chamber alone, she repaired thither, and found him pacing to and fro in the greatest perturbation.

"If you come to me for consolation, daughter," he said, "you come to one who cannot offer it. I am completely prostrated in spirit by the disastrous issue of our enterprise; and though I tried to prepare myself for what has taken place, I now find myself utterly unable to cope with it."

"If such is your condition, father," replied Viviana, "what must be that of my husband, upon whose devoted head all the weight of this dreadful calamity now falls? You are still at liberty—still able to save yourself—still able, at least, to resist unto the death, if you are so minded. But he is a captive in the Tower, exposed to every torment that human ingenuity can invent, and with nothing but the prospect of a lingering death before his eyes. What is your condition, compared with his?"

"Happy—most happy, daughter," replied Garnet; "and I have been selfish and unreasonable. I have given way to the weakness of humanity, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for enabling me to shake it off."

"You have indulged false hopes, father," said Viviana, "whereas I have indulged none, or rather, all has come to pass as I desired. The dreadful crime with which I feared my husband's soul would have been loaded is now uncommitted, and I have firm hope of his salvation. If I might counsel you, I would advise you to surrender yourself to justice, and by pouring out your blood on the scaffold, wash out your offence. Such will be my own course. I have been involuntarily led into connexion with this plot; and though I have ever disapproved of it, since I have not revealed it I am as guilty as if I had been its contriver. I shall not shun my

punishment. Fate has dealt hardly with me, and my path on earth has been strewn with thorns, and cast in grief and trouble; but I humbly trust that my portion hereafter, will be with the blessed."

"I cannot doubt it, daughter," replied Garnet; "and though I do not view our design in the light that you do, but regard it as justifiable, if not necessary, yet, with your feelings, I cannot sufficiently admire your conduct. Your devotion and self-sacrifice is wholly without parallel. At the same time, I would try to dissuade you from surrendering yourself to our relentless enemies. Believe me, it will add the severest pang to your husband's torture to know that you are in their power. His nature is stern and unyielding, and, persuaded as he is of the justice of his cause, he will die happy in that conviction, certain that his name, though despised by our heretical persecutors, will be held in reverence by all true professors of our faith. No, daughter, fly and conceal yourself till pursuit is relinquished, and pass the rest of your life in prayer for the repose of your husband's soul."

"I will pass it in endeavouring to bring him to repentance," replied Viviana. "The sole boon I shall seek from my judges will be permission to attempt this."

"It will be refused, daughter," replied Garnet, "and you will only destroy yourself, not aid him. Rest satisfied that the Great Power who judges the hearts of men, and implants certain impulses within them, for his own wise but inscrutable purposes, well knows that Guy Fawkes, however culpable his conduct may appear in your eyes, acted according to the dictates of his conscience, and in the full confidence that the design would restore the true worship of God in this kingdom. The failure of the enterprise proves that he was mistaken—that we were all mistaken, and that Heaven was unfavourable to the means adopted; but it does not prove his insincerity."

"These arguments have no weight with me, father," replied Viviana; "I will leave nothing undone to save his soul, and whatever may be the result, I will surrender myself to justice."

"I shall not seek to move you from your purpose, daughter," replied Garnet, "and can only lament it. Before, however, you finally decide, let us pray together for directions from on high."

Thus exhorted, Viviana knelt down with the priest before a small silver image of the Virgin, which stood in a niche in the wall, and they both prayed long and earnestly. Garnet was the first to conclude his devotions; and as he gazed at the upturned countenance and streaming eyes of his companion, his heart was filled with admiration and pity.

At this juncture the door opened, and Catesby and Sir Everard Digby entered. On hearing them, Viviana immediately arose.

"The urgency of our business must plead an excuse for the interruption, if any is needed," said Catesby; "but do not retire, madam. We have no secrets from you now. Sir Everard and I have fully completed our preparations," he added, to Garnet. "Our men are all armed and mounted in the court, and are in high spirits for the enterprise. As the service, however, will be one of the greatest danger and difficulty, you had better seek a safe asylum, father, till the first decisive blow is struck."

"I would go with you, my son," rejoined Garnet, "if I did not think my presence might be an hinderance. I can only aid you with my prayers, and those can be more efficaciously uttered in some secure retreat, than during a rapid march or dangerous encounter."

"You had better retire to Coughton, with Lady Digby and Viviana," said Sir Everard. "I have provided a sufficient escort to guard you thither, and, as you are aware, there are many hiding-places in the house, where you can remain undiscovered in case of search."

"I place myself at your disposal," replied Garnet. "But Viviana is resolved to surrender herself."

"This must not be," returned Catesby. "Such an act at this juncture would be madness, and would materially injure our cause. Whatever your inclinations may prompt, you must consent to remain in safety, madam."

"I have acquiesced in your proceedings thus far," replied Viviana, "because I could not oppose them without injury to those dear to me. But I will take no further share in them. My mind is made up as to the course I shall pursue."

"Since you are bent upon your own destruction, for it is nothing less, it is the duty of your friends to save you," rejoined Catesby. "You shall not do what you propose; and when you are yourself again, and have recovered from the shock your feelings have sustained, you will thank me for my interference."

"You are right, Catesby," observed Sir Everard; "it would be worse than insanity to allow her to destroy herself thus."

"I am glad you are of this opinion," said Garnet. "I tried to reason her out of her design, but without avail."

"Catesby," cried Viviana, throwing herself at his feet, "by the love you once professed for me—by the friendship you entertained for him who unhesitatingly offered himself for you, and your cause, I implore you not to oppose me now!"

"I shall best serve you, and most act in accordance with the wishes of my friend, by doing so," replied Catesby; "therefore, you plead in vain."

"Alas!" cried Viviana. "My purposes are ever thwarted. You will have to answer for my life."

"I should, indeed, have it to answer for, if I permitted you to

act as you desire," rejoined Catesby. "I repeat, you will thank me ere many days are passed."

"Sir Everard," exclaimed Viviana, appealing to the knight, "I entreat you to have pity upon me."

"I do sincerely sympathise with your distress," replied Digby, in a tone of the deepest commiseration; "but I am sure what Catesby advises is for the best. I could not reconcile it to my conscience to allow you to sacrifice yourself thus. Be governed by prudence."

"Oh, no—no!" cried Viviana, distractedly. "I will not be stayed. I command you not to detain me."

"Viviana," said Catesby, taking her arm, "this is no season for the display of silly weakness either on our part or yours. If you cannot control yourself, you must be controlled. Father Garnet, I intrust her to your care. Two of my troop shall attend you, together with your own servant, Nicholas Owen. You shall have stout horses, able to accomplish the journey with the greatest expedition, and I should wish you to convey her to her own mansion, Ordsall Hall, and to remain there with her till you hear tidings of us."

"It shall be as you direct, my son," said Garnet. "I am prepared to set out at once."

"That is well," replied Catesby.

"You will not do me this violence, sir," cried Viviana. "I appeal against it, to you, Sir Everard."

"I cannot help you, madam," replied the knight; "indeed I cannot."

"Then Heaven, I trust, will help me," cried Viviana, "for I am wholly abandoned of man."

"I beseech you, madam, put some constraint upon yourself," said Catesby. "If, after your arrival at Ordsall, you are still bent upon your rash and fatal design, Father Garnet shall not oppose its execution. But give yourself time for reflection."

"Since it may not be otherwise, I assent," replied Viviana. "If I must go, I will start at once."

"Wisely resolved," replied Sir Everard.

Viviana then retired, and soon afterwards appeared, equipped for her journey. The two attendants and Nicholas Owen were in the court-yard, and Catesby assisted her into the saddle.

"Do not lose sight of her," he said to Garnet, as the latter mounted.

"Rest assured I will not," replied the other.

And taking the direction of Coventry, the party rode off at a brisk pace.

Catesby then joined the other conspirators, while Sir Everard sent off Lady Digby and his household, attended by a strong escort, to Coughton. This done, the whole party repaired to the

court-yard, where they called over the muster-roll of their men, to ascertain that none were missing, examined their arms and ammunition, and, finding all in order, sprang to their steeds, and putting themselves at the head of the band, rode towards Southam and Warwick.

CHAPTER III.

HUDDINGTON.

ABOUT six o'clock in the morning the conspirators reached Leamington Priors, at that time an inconsiderable village; and having ridden nearly twenty miles over heavy and miry roads—for a good deal of rain had fallen in the night—they stood in need of some refreshment. Accordingly, they entered the first farmyard they came to, and proceeding to the cow-houses and sheepfolds, turned out the animals within them, and fastening up their own steeds in their places, set before them whatever provender they could find. Those, and they were by far the greater number, who could not find better accommodation, fed their horses in the yard, which was strewn with trusses of hay and great heaps of corn. The whole scene formed a curious picture. Here was one party driving away the sheep and cattle, which were bleating and owing—there, another rifling a hen-roost, and slaughtering its sucking inmates. On this hand, by the direction of Catesby, two stout horses were being harnessed with ropes to a cart, which he intended to use as a baggage-waggon; on that, Sir Everard Digby was interposing his authority to prevent the destruction of a fine porker.

Their horses fed, the next care of the conspirators was to obtain something for themselves, and ordering the master of the house, who was terrified almost out of his senses, to open his doors, they entered the dwelling, and causing a fire to be lighted in the chief room, began to boil a large kettle of broth upon it, and to cook other provisions. Finding a good store of eatables in the larder, rations were served out to the band. Two casks of strong ale were likewise broached, and their contents distributed; and a small teg of strong waters being also discovered, it was disposed of in the same way.

This, however, was the extent of the mischief done. All the conspirators, but chiefly Catesby and Sir Everard Digby, dispersed themselves amongst the band, and checked any disposition to plunder. The only articles taken away from the house were a couple of old rusty swords and a caliver. Catesby proposed to the farmer to join their expedition. But having now regained his courage, the sturdy churl obstinately refused to stir a foot with them, and even ventured to utter a wish that the enterprise might fail.

"I am a good Protestant, and a faithful subject of King James, and will never abet popery and treason," he said.

This bold sally would have been answered by a bullet from one of the troopers, if Catesby had not interfered.

"You shall do as you please, friend," he said, in a conciliatory tone. "We will not compel any man to act against his conscience, and we claim the same right ourselves. Will you join us, good fellows?" he added, to two farming men who were standing near their master.

"Must I confess to a priest?" asked one of them.

"Certainly not," replied Catesby. "You shall have no constraint whatever put upon you. All I require is obedience to my commands in the field."

"Then I am with you," replied the fellow.

"Thou'rt a traitor and rebel, Sam Morrell," cried the other hind, "and wilt come to a traitor's end. I will never fight against King James. And if I must take up arms, it shall be against his enemies, and in defence of our religion. No priests—no papistry for me."

"Well said, Hugh," cried his master; "we'll die in that cause, if need be."

Catesby turned angrily away, and giving the word to his men to prepare to set forth, in a few minutes all were in the saddle; but on inquiring for the new recruit, Sam Morrell, it was found he had disappeared. The cart was laden with arms, ammunition, and a few sacks of corn, and the line being formed, they commenced their march.

The morning was dark and misty, and all looked dull and dispiriting. The conspirators, however, were full of confidence, and their men, exhilarated and refreshed by their meal, appeared anxious for an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. Arrived within half a mile of Warwick, whence the lofty spire of the church of Saint Nicholas, the tower of Saint Mary's, and the ancient gates of this beautiful old town could just be discerned through the mist, a short consultation was held by the rebel leaders as to the expediency of attacking the castle, and carrying off the horses with which they had learnt its stables were filled.

Deciding upon making the attempt, their resolution was communicated to their followers, and received with loud acclamations. Catesby then put himself at the head of the band, and they all rode forward at a brisk pace. Crossing the bridge over the Avon, whence the castle burst upon them in all its grandeur and beauty, Catesby dashed forward to an embattled gate commanding the approach to the structure, and knocking furiously against it, a wicket was opened by an old porter, who started back on beholding the intruders. He would have closed the wicket, but Catesby was too quick for him, and springing from his steed, dashed aside the feeble opposition of the old man, and unbarred the gate. Instantly mounting again, he galloped along a broad and winding path cut

so deeply in the rock, that the mighty pile they were approaching was completely hidden from view. A few seconds, however, brought them to a point, from which its three towers reared themselves full before them. Another moment brought them to the edge of the moat, at this time crossed by a stone bridge, but then filled with water, and defended by a drawbridge.

As no attack like the present was apprehended, and as the owner of the castle, the celebrated Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, to whom it had been recently granted by the reigning monarch, was then in the capital, the drawbridge was down, and though several retainers rushed forth on hearing the approach of so many horsemen, they were too late to raise it. Threatening these persons with destruction if any resistance was offered, Catesby passed through the great entrance, and rode into the court, where he drew up his band.

By this time, the whole of the inmates of the castle had collected on the ramparts, armed with calivers and partisans, and whatever weapons they could find; and though their force was utterly disproportioned to that of their opponents, they seemed disposed to give them battle. Paying no attention to them, Catesby proceeded to the stables, where he found upwards of twenty horses, which he exchanged for the worst and most jaded of his own, and was about to enter the castle in search of arms, when he was startled by hearing the alarm-bell rung. This was succeeded by the discharge of a culverin on the summit of the tower, named after the redoubted Guy, Earl of Warwick; and though the bell was instantly silenced, Rookwood, who had dislodged the party from the ramparts, brought word that the inhabitants of Warwick were assembling, that drums were beating at the gates, and that an attack might be speedily expected. Not desiring to hazard an engagement at this juncture, Catesby gave up the idea of ransacking the castle, and ordered his men to their horses.

Some delay, however, occurred before they could all be got together, and, meanwhile, the ringing of bells and other alarming sounds continued. At one time, it occurred to Catesby to attempt to maintain possession of the castle; but this design was overruled by the other conspirators, who represented to him the impracticability of the design. At length, the whole troop being assembled, they crossed the drawbridge, and speeded along the rocky path. Before the outer gate they found a large body of men, some on horseback, and some on foot, drawn up. These persons, however, struck with terror at their appearance, retreated, and allowed them a free passage.

On turning to cross the bridge, they found it occupied by a strong and well-armed body of men, headed by the sheriff of Warwickshire, who showed no disposition to give way. While

the rebel party were preparing to force a passage, a trumpet was sounded, and the sheriff, riding towards them, commanded them in the king's name to yield themselves prisoners.

"We do not acknowledge the supremacy of James Stuart, whom you call king," rejoined Catesby, sternly. "We fight for our liberties, and for the restoration of the holy Catholic religion, which we profess. Do not oppose us, or you will have cause to rue your temerity."

"Hear me," cried the sheriff, turning from him to his men: "I promise you all a free pardon in the king's name, if you will throw down your arms, and deliver up your leaders. But, if after this warning, you continue in open rebellion against your sovereign, you will all suffer the vilest death."

"Rejoin your men, sir," said Catesby, in a significant tone, and drawing a petronel.

"A free pardon and a hundred pounds to him who will bring me the head of Robert Catesby," said the sheriff, disregarding the menace.

"Your own is not worth half the sum," rejoined Catesby; and levelling the petronel, he shot him dead.

The sheriff's fall was the signal for a general engagement. Exasperated by the death of their leader, the royalist party assailed the rebels with the greatest fury, and as the latter were attacked at the same time in the rear, their situation began to appear perilous. But nothing could withstand the vigour and determination of Catesby. Cheering on his men, he soon cut a way across the bridge, and would have made good his retreat, if he had not perceived, to his infinite dismay, that Percy and Rookwood had been captured.

Regardless of any risk he might run, he shouted to those near to follow him, and made such a desperate charge upon the royalists, that in a few minutes he was by the side of his friends, and had liberated them. In trying, however, to follow up his advantage he got separated from his companions, and was so hotly pressed on all sides, that his destruction seemed inevitable. His petronels had both brought down their mark; and in striking a blow against a stalwart trooper his sword had shivered close to the handle. In this defenceless state his enemies made sure of him, but they miscalculated his resources.

He was then close to the side of the bridge, and, before his purpose could be divined, struck spurs deeply into his horse, and cleared the parapet with a single bound. A shout of astonishment and admiration arose alike from friend and foe, and there was a general rush towards the side of the bridge. The noble animal that had borne him out of danger was seen swimming towards the bank, and, though several shots were fired at him, he reached it in safety. This gallant action so raised Catesby in the estimation of

his followers, that they welcomed him with the utmost enthusiasm, and rallying round him, fought with such vigour, that they drove their opponents over the bridge, and compelled them to flee towards the town.

Catesby now mustered his men, and finding his loss slighter than he expected, though several were so severely wounded that he was compelled to leave them behind, rode off at a quick pace. After proceeding for about four miles along the Stratford road, they turned off on the right into a narrow lane leading to Snitterfield, with the intention of visiting Norbrook, the family residence of John Grant. On arriving there, they put the house into a state of defence, and then assembled in the hall, while their followers recruited themselves in the court-yard.

"So far, well," observed Catesby, flinging himself into a chair; "the first battle has been won."

"True," replied Grant; "but it will not do to tarry here long. This house cannot hold out against a prolonged attack."

"We will not remain here more than a couple of hours," replied Catesby; "but where shall we go next? I am for making some desperate attempt, which shall strike terror into our foes."

"Are we strong enough to march to the Earl of Harrington's mansion near Coventry, and carry off the Princess Elizabeth?" asked Percy.

"She were indeed a glorious prize," replied Catesby; "but I have no doubt, on the first alarm of our rising, she has been conveyed to a place of safety. And even if she were there, we should have the whole armed force of Coventry to contend with. No—no, it will not do to attempt that."

"Nothing venture, nothing have!" cried Sir Everard Digby. "We ought, in my opinion, to run any risk to secure her."

"You know me too well, Digby," rejoined Catesby, "to doubt my readiness to undertake any project, however hazardous, which would offer the remotest chance of success. But in this I see none, unless, indeed, it could be accomplished by stratagem. Let us first ascertain what support we can obtain, and then decide upon the measures to be adopted."

"I am content," returned Digby.

"Old Mr. Talbot of Grafton is a friend of yours, is he not?" continued Catesby, addressing Thomas Winter. "Can you induce him to join us?"

"I will try," replied Thomas Winter; "but I have some misgivings."

"Be not faint-hearted," rejoined Catesby. "You and Stephen Littleton shall go to him at once, and join us at your own mansion of Huddington, whither we will proceed as soon as our men are thoroughly recruited. Use every argument you can devise with Talbot—tell him that the welfare of the Catholic cause depends on

our success—and that neither his years nor infirmities can excuse his absence at this juncture. If he will not, or cannot come himself, cause him to write letters to all his Catholic neighbours, urging them to join us, and bid him send all his retainers and servants to us.”

“I will not neglect a single plea,” replied Thomas Winter; “and I will further urge compliance by his long friendship towards myself. But, as I have just said, I despair of success.”

Soon after this, he and Stephen Littleton, with two of the troopers well-mounted and well-armed, rode across the country through lanes and by-roads, with which they were well acquainted, to Grafton. At the same time, Catesby repaired to the court-yard, and assembling his men, found there were twenty-five missing. More than half of these it was known had been killed or wounded at Warwick; but the rest, it was suspected, had deserted.

Whatever effect this scrutiny might secretly have upon Catesby, he maintained a cheerful and confident demeanour, and, mounting a flight of steps, harangued the band in energetic and exciting terms. Displaying a small image of the Virgin to them, he assured them they were under the special protection of Heaven, whose cause they were fighting, and concluded by reciting a prayer, in which the whole assemblage heartily joined. This done, they filled the baggage-cart with provisions and further ammunition, and forming themselves into good order, took the road to Alcester.

They had not gone far when torrents of rain fell, and the roads being in a shocking condition, and ploughed up with ruts, they turned into the fields wherever it was practicable, and continued their march very slowly, and under excessively disheartening circumstances. On arriving at the ford across the Avon, near Bishopston, they found the stream so swollen that it was impossible to get across it. Sir Everard Digby, who made the attempt, was nearly carried off by the current. They were therefore compelled to proceed to Stratford, and crossed the bridge.

“My friends,” said Catesby, commanding a halt at a short distance of the town, “I know not what reception we may meet with here—probably much the same as at Warwick. But I command you not to strike a blow, except in self-defence.”

Those injunctions given, attended by the other conspirators, except Percy and Rookwood, who brought up the rear, he rode slowly into Stratford, and proceeding to the market-place, ordered a trumpet to be sounded. On the first appearance of the troop, most of the inhabitants fled to their houses, and fastened the doors, but some few courageous persons followed them at a wary distance. These were harangued at some length by Catesby, who called upon them to join the expedition, and held out promises, which only excited the derision of the hearers.

Indeed, the dejected looks of most of the band, and the drenched and muddy state of their apparel, made them objects of pity and contempt, rather than of serious apprehension; and nothing but their numbers prevented an attack being made upon them. Catesby's address concluded amid groans of dissatisfaction; and finding he was wasting time and injuring his own cause, he gave the word to march, and moved slowly through the main street; but not a single recruit joined him.

Another unpropitious circumstance occurred just as they were leaving Stratford. Two or three of his followers tried to slink away, when Catesby, riding after them, called to them to return; and no attention being paid to his orders, he shot the man nearest him, and compelled the others, by threats of the same punishment, to return to their ranks. This occurrence, while it occasioned much discontent and ill-will among the band, gave great uneasiness to their leaders. Catesby and Percy now brought up the rear, and kept a sharp look-out, to check any further attempt at desertion.

Digby and Winter, being well acquainted with all the Catholic gentry in the neighbourhood, they proceeded to their different residences, and were uniformly coldly received, and in some cases dismissed with reproaches and menaces. In spite of all their efforts, too, repeated desertions took place; and long before they reached Alcester their force was diminished by a dozen men. Not thinking it prudent to pass through the town, they struck into a lane on the right, and fording the Arrow near Ragley, skirted that extensive park, and crossing the hills near Weethly and Stoney Moreton, arrived in about an hour and a half, in a very jaded condition, at Huddington, the seat of Robert Winter. Affairs seemed to wear so unpromising an aspect, that Catesby, on entering the house, immediately called a council of his friends, and asked them what they proposed to do.

"For my own part," he said, "I am resolved to fight it out. I will continue my march as long as I can get a man to follow me, and when they are all gone, will proceed alone. But I will never yield."

"We will all die together, if need be," said Sir Everard Digby. "Let us rest here to-night, and in the morning proceed to Lord Windsor's mansion, Hewel Grange, which I know to be well stocked with arms, and, after carrying off all we can, we will fortify Stephen Littleton's house at Holbeach, and maintain it for a few days against our enemies."

This proposal agreed to, they repaired to the court-yard, and busied themselves in seeing the wants of their followers attended to; and such a change was effected by good fare and a few hours' repose, that the spirits of the whole party revived, and confidence was once more restored. A slight damp, however, was again thrown upon the satisfaction of the leaders by the return of

Thomas Winter and Stephen Littleton from Grafton. Their mission had proved wholly unsuccessful. Mr. Talbot had not merely refused to join them, but had threatened to detain them.

"He says we deserve the worst of deaths," observed Thomas Winter, in conclusion, "and that we have irretrievably injured the Catholic cause."

"And I begin to fear he speaks the truth," rejoined Christopher Wright. "However, for us there is no retreat."

"None whatever," rejoined Catesby, in a sombre tone. "We must choose between death upon the battle-field or on the scaffold."

"The former be my fate," cried Percy.

"And mine," added Catesby.

An anxious and perturbed night was passed by the conspirators, and many a plan was proposed and abandoned. It had been arranged among them that they should each in succession make the rounds of the place, to see that the sentinels were at their posts,—strict orders having been given to the latter to fire upon whomsoever might attempt to fly,—but, as Catesby, despite his great previous fatigue, was unable to rest, he took this duty chiefly upon himself.

Returning at midnight from an examination of the court-yard, he was about to enter the house, when he perceived before him a tall figure, with a cloak muffled about its face, standing in his path. It was perfectly motionless, and Catesby, who carried a lantern in his hand, threw the light upon it, but it neither moved forward, nor altered its position. Catesby would have challenged it, but an undefinable terror seized him, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. An idea rose to his mind that it was the spirit of Guy Fawkes, and, by a powerful effort, he compelled himself to address it.

"Are you come to warn me?" he demanded.

The figure moved in acquiescence; and withdrawing the cloak, revealed features of ghastly paleness, but resembling those of Fawkes.

"Have I long to live?" demanded Catesby.

The figure shook its head.

"Shall I fall to-morrow?" pursued Catesby.

The figure again made a gesture in the negative.

"The next day?"

Solemnly inclining its head, the figure once more muffled its ghastly visage in its cloak, and melted from his view.

For some time Catesby remained in a state almost of stupefaction. He then summoned up all the resolution of his nature, and instead of returning to the house, continued to pace to and fro in the court, and at last walked forth into the garden. It was profoundly dark, and he had not advanced many steps when he sud-

denly encountered a man. Repressing the exclamation that rose to his lips, he drew a petronel from his belt, and waited till the person addressed him.

"Is it you, Sir John Foliot?" asked a voice, which he instantly recognised as that of Topcliffe.

"Ay," replied Catesby, in a low tone.

"Did you manage to get into the house?" pursued Topcliffe.

"I did," returned Catesby; "but speak lower. There is a sentinel within a few paces of us. Come this way."

And grasping the other's arm, he drew him further down the walk.

"Do you think we may venture to surprise them?" demanded Topcliffe.

"Hum!" exclaimed Catesby, hesitating, in the hope of inducing the other to betray his design.

"Or shall we wait the arrival of Sir Richard Walsh, the sheriff of Worcestershire, and the *posse comitatús*?" pursued Topcliffe.

"How soon do you think the sheriff will arrive?" asked Catesby, scarcely able to disguise his anxiety.

"He cannot be here before daybreak—if so soon," returned Topcliffe; and then we shall have to besiege the house; and though I have no fear of the result, yet some of the conspirators may fall in the skirmish; and my orders from the Earl of Salisbury, as I have already apprised you, are, to take them alive."

"True," replied Catesby.

"I would not for twice the reward I shall receive for the capture of the whole party that that desperate traitor, Catesby, should be slain," continued Topcliffe. "The plot was contrived by him, and the extent of its ramifications can alone be ascertained through him."

"I think I can contrive their capture," observed Catesby; "but the utmost caution must be used. I will return to the house, and find out where the chief conspirators are lodged. I will then throw open the door, and will return to this place, where you can have our men assembled. If we can seize and secure the leaders, the rest will be easy."

"You will run great risk, Sir John," said Topcliffe, with affected concern.

"Heed not that," replied Catesby. "You may expect me in a few minutes. Get together your men as noiselessly as you can."

With this, he hastily withdrew.

On returning to the house he instantly roused his companions, and acquainted them with what had occurred.

"My object," he said, "is to make Topcliffe a prisoner. We may obtain much useful information from him. As to the others, if they offer resistance we will put them to death."

"What force have they?" asked Sir Everard Digby, with some uneasiness.

"It is impossible to say precisely," replied Catesby; "but not more than a handful of men, I should imagine, as they are waiting for Sir Richard Walsh."

"I know not what may be the issue of this matter," observed Robert Winter, whose looks were unusually haggard; "but I have had a strange and ominous dream, which fills me with apprehension."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Catesby, upon whose mind the recollection of the apparition he had beheld rushed.

"Catesby," pursued Robert Winter, taking him aside, "if you have any sin unrepented of, I counsel you to make your peace with Heaven, for I fear you are not long for this world."

"It may be so," rejoined Catesby, firmly; "and I have many dark and damning sins upon my soul, but I will die as I have lived, firm and unshaken to the last. And now, let us prepare for our foes."

So saying, he proceeded to call up the trustiest of his men, and enjoining profound silence upon them, disposed them in various places, that they might instantly appear at his signal. After giving them other directions, he returned to the garden and coughed slightly. He was answered by a quickly-approaching footstep, and a voice demanded,

"Are you there, Sir John?"

Catesby answered in a low tone in the affirmative.

"Come forward, then," rejoined Topcliffe.

As he spoke there was a rush of persons towards the spot, and seizing Catesby, he cried, in a triumphant tone, while he unmasked a lantern, and threw its light full upon his face,

"You are caught in your own trap, Mr. Catesby. You are my prisoner."

"Not so, villain," cried Catesby, disengaging himself by a powerful effort.

Springing backwards, he drew his sword, and making the blade describe a circle round his body, effected his retreat in safety, though a dozen shots were fired at him. Leaping the garden wall, he was instantly surrounded by the other conspirators, and the greater part of the band, who, hearing the reports of the firearms, had hurried to the spot. Instantly putting himself at their head, Catesby returned to the garden; but Topcliffe and his party had taken the alarm and fled. Torches were brought, and, by Catesby's directions, a large heap of dry stubble was set on fire. But, though the flames revealed every object for a considerable distance around them, no traces of the hostile party could be discerned.

After continuing their ineffectual search for some time, the conspirators returned to the house, and, abandoning all idea of retiring to rest, kept strict watch during the remainder of the night. Little conversation took place. All were deeply depressed; and Catesby paced backwards and forwards within a passage leading from the hall

to the dining-chamber. His thoughts were gloomy enough, and he retraced the whole of his wild and turbulent career, pondering upon its close, which he could not disguise from himself was at hand.

"It matters not," he mentally ejaculated; "I shall not die ignominiously, and I would rather perish in the vigour of manhood than linger out a miserable old age. I have striven hard to achieve a great enterprise, and having failed, have little else to live for. This band cannot hold together two days longer. Our men will desert us, or turn upon us to obtain the price set upon our heads. And, were they true, I have little reliance upon my companions. They have no longer the confidence that can alone insure success, and I expect each moment some one will propose a surrender. Surrender! I will never do so with life. Something must be done—something worthy of me—and then let me perish. I have ever prayed to die a soldier's death."

As he uttered these words unconsciously aloud, he became aware of the presence of Robert Winter, who stood at the end of the passage, watching him.

"Your prayer will not be granted, Catesby," said the latter. "Some dreadful doom, I fear, is reserved for you and all of us."

"What mean you?" demanded the other, uneasily.

"Listen to me," replied Robert Winter. "I told you I had a strange and appalling dream to-night, and I will now relate it. I thought I was in a boat upon the river Thames, when all at once the day, which had been bright and smiling, became dark and overcast,—not dark like the shades of night, but gloomy and ominous, as when the sun is shrouded by an eclipse. I looked around, and every object was altered. The tower of Saint Paul's stood awry, and seemed ready to topple down,—so did the spires and towers of all the surrounding fanes. The houses on London Bridge leaned frightfully over the river, and the habitations lining its banks on either side, seemed shaken to their foundations. I fancied some terrible earthquake must have occurred, or that the end of the world was at hand."

"Go on," said Catesby, who had listened with profound attention to the relation.

"The stream, too, changed its colour," continued Robert Winter, "and became red as blood, and the man who rowed my boat was gone, and his place occupied by a figure masked and habited like an executioner. I commanded him to row me ashore, and in an instant the bark shot to land, and I sprang out, glad to be liberated from my mysterious conductor. My steps involuntarily led me toward the cathedral, and, on entering it, I found its pillars, shrines, monuments, and roof hung with black. The throng that ever haunt Paul's Walk had disappeared, and a few dismal figures alone traversed the aisles. On approaching them, I recognised in

their swollen, death-like, and blackened lineaments, some resemblance to you and our friends. I was about to interrogate them, when I was awakened by yourself."

"A strange dream, truly," observed Catesby, musingly, "and, coupled with what I myself have seen to-night, would seem to bode evil."

And he then proceeded to describe the supernatural appearance he had beheld to his companion.

"All is over with us," rejoined Robert Winter. "We must prepare to meet our fate."

"We must meet it like men,—like brave men, Robert," replied Catesby. "We must not disgrace ourselves and our cause."

"You are right," rejoined Robert Winter; "but these visions are more terrible than the contemplation of death itself."

"If you require further rest, take it," returned Catesby. "In an hour, I shall call up our men, and march to Hewel Grange."

"I am wearied enough," replied Robert Winter, "but I dare not close my eyes again."

"Then recommend your soul to Heaven," said Catesby. "I would be alone. Melancholy thoughts press upon me, and I desire to unburden my heart to God."

Robert Winter then left him, and he withdrew into a closet, where there was an image of the Virgin, and kneeling before it, prayed long and fervently. Arising in a calmer frame of mind, he returned to the hall, and summoning his companions and followers, their horses were brought forth, and they commenced their march.

It was about four o'clock when they started, and so dark, that they had some difficulty in finding the road. They proceeded at a slow pace, and with the utmost caution; but notwithstanding this, and though the two Winters and Grant, who were well acquainted with the country, led the way, many trifling delays and disasters occurred. Their baggage-cart frequently stuck fast in the deep ruts, while the men, missing their way, got into the trenches skirting the lane, and were not unfrequently thrown from their horses. More than once, too, the alarm was given that they were pursued, and a sudden halt ordered; but these apprehensions proved groundless, and, after a most fatiguing ride, they found themselves at Stoke Prior, and within two miles of Hewel Grange.

Originally built in the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and granted by that monarch to an ancestor of its present possessor, Lord Windsor, this ancient mansion was quadrangular in form, and surrounded by a broad deep fosse. Situated in the heart of an extensive park, at the foot of a gentle hill, it was now approached from the brow of the latter beautiful eminence by the rebel party. But at this season, and at this hour, both park and

mansion had a forlorn look. The weather still continued foggy, with drizzling showers, and though the trees were not yet entirely stripped of their foliage, their glories had altogether departed. The turf was damp and plashy, and in some places partook so much of the character of a swamp, that the horsemen were obliged to alter their course.

But all obstacles were eventually overcome, and in ten minutes after their entrance into the park, they were within gunshot of the mansion. There were no symptoms of defence apparent, but the drawbridge being raised, it was Catesby's opinion, notwithstanding appearances, that their arrival was expected. He was further confirmed in this idea when, sounding a trumpet, and calling to the porter to let down the drawbridge, no answer was returned.

The entrance to the mansion was through a lofty and machiolated gateway, strengthened at each side by an embattled turret. Perceiving a man at one of the loopholes, Catesby discharged his petronel at him, and it was evident from the cry that followed that the person was wounded. An instant afterwards calivers were thrust through the other loopholes, and several shots fired upon the rebels, while some dozen armed men appeared upon the summit of the tower, and likewise commenced firing.

Perceiving Topcliffe among the latter, and enraged at the sight, Catesby discharged another petronel at him, but without effect. He then called to some of his men to break down the door of an adjoining barn, and to place it in the moat. The order was instantly obeyed, and the door afloat in the fosse, and springing upon it, he impelled himself with a pike towards the opposite bank. Several shots were fired at him, and though more than one struck the door, he crossed the moat uninjured. So suddenly was this daring passage effected, that before any of the defenders of the mansion could prevent him, Catesby had severed the links of the chain fastening the drawbridge, and it fell clattering down.

With a loud shout, his companions then crossed it. But they had still a difficulty to encounter. The gates, which were of great strength, and covered with plates of iron, were barred. But a ladder having been found in the barn, it was brought forward, and Catesby mounting it sword in hand, drove back all who opposed him, and got upon the wall. He was followed by Sir Everard Digby, Percy, and several others, and driving the royalists before them, they made their way down a flight of stone steps, and proceeding to the gateway, threw it open, and admitted the others. All this was the work of a few minutes.

Committing the ransacking of the mansion to Digby and Percy, and commanding a dozen men to follow him, Catesby entered a small arched doorway, and ascended a winding stone staircase in search of Topcliffe. His progress was opposed by the soldiers, but beating aside all opposition, he gained the roof. Topcliffe, how-

ever, was gone. Anticipating the result of the attack, he had let himself drop from the summit of the tower to the walls, and descending by the ladder, had made good his retreat.

Disarming the soldiers, Catesby then descended to the courtyard, where in a short time a large store of arms, consisting of corslets, demi-lances, pikes, calivers, and two falconets, were brought forth. These, together with a cask of powder, were placed in the baggage-waggon. Meanwhile, the larder and cellar had been explored, and provisions of all kinds, together with a barrel of mead, and another of strong ale, being found, they were distributed among the men.

While this took place, Catesby searched the mansion, and partly by threats, partly by persuasion, induced about twenty persons to join them. This unlooked-for success so encouraged the conspirators, that their drooping spirits began to revive. Catesby appeared as much elated as the others, but at heart he was full of misgiving.

Soon afterwards, the rebel party quitted Hewel Grange, taking with them every weapon they could find. The forced recruits were placed in the midst of the band, so that escape was impracticable.

COMMON CONVERSATION.

BY E. P. ROWSELL, ESQ.

I SHOULD be sorry to reckon up the number of falsehoods I tell in a day. There, now, there's an honest confession. My lamentable deviations from the truth occur in the most innocent way—in the course of "common conversation." And though, as I have said, I should not like to ascertain their total at the end of twenty-four hours, my impression is that that total would really be insignificant—quite respectable, in fact—beside the alarming number that could be clearly proved against a great many worthy people whom I happen to know.

I fell into the above grievous error after this fashion. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, comes in. Now he is writing a book, having for its object "universal happiness." He has a scheme of appalling intricacy by which the delightful end is to be attained. He has a pleasing fondness for explaining this mighty project to any miserable victim he may have secured. He begins at the beginning, but never arrives at the end—at least, I have never heard of anybody who has had the benefit of listening to the conclusion of his arguments, for he always winds up by declaring that he's left a great deal unsaid. Now, when this agreeable companion begins to talk, I begin to think—not about what he is saying, but something widely different. Very well. The poor old gentleman is delighted with an apparently so attentive auditor. He explains and enforces in a manner that astonishes himself. He revels in his descrip-

tion for a clear twenty minutes, then stops suddenly, murmurs that he has made too long a visit, rises, and putting forth his hand, assails me with this awkward question, "Now, my good friend, do you understand my scheme in all its details?" Understand his scheme in all its details! I really could not repeat a single word that he has uttered. But do I say this? Oh, no. I seize him by the hand—vile sinner that I am, I seize him by the hand—as though in ecstasy, and declare that I do thoroughly comprehend that glorious project, and feel convinced that he will be the most important benefitter of his species who has arisen for centuries!

Now take another case. I have just completed a letter to a man, telling him that it appears to me he does not follow in that straight course which a sense of honour emphatically points out to a right-minded individual—in other words, that he is a great vagabond. But how do I conclude my letter? Why, by saying that I am his obedient servant. I have told the man he is a scoundrel, but I finish by declaring that I will act agreeably to his commands! I would prostrate him, do him dire injury, have him expelled from all decent society, if I could, yet I am this man's "obedient servant." However, I have no choice; custom requires that I should tell a fib, and I tell one accordingly.

Again. I have just had a visit from a man I do most sincerely dislike; he is a horrid bore. I caught sight of him prior to his knocking at the door, and I straightway sprung from my chair, and pacing the room, swore like a trooper. Yes; it is a melancholy fact,—I forgot myself for the moment, and swore like a trooper. Presently Mr. Smith is announced. Now observe, reader. I dart forward,—I shake him by the hand,—I smile most pleasantly,—I look hugely pleased, and thus I greet the man:—

"How do you do,—how do you do, my dear sir? *How pleased I am to see you; this is really a pleasure; what a time it is since you have paid me a visit!*"

Yes, this is what I say,—I, who the moment before was cursing the ill luck that brought such a bore into the circle of my acquaintance; yet, what can I do,—I have no alternative; the blame again rests upon custom,—one is expected to tell falsehoods,—and *one can't help oneself*. If any pious individual can suggest a way of getting over the difficulty, I shall be very much obliged if he will communicate with me forthwith.

Here again. A few days ago I was exceedingly unwell. A friend called, and not knowing that I was ill, he at once congratulated me on my good looks. Yes; he said he had never seen me looking better. Now, that miserable sinner, happening to meet a friend immediately on quitting me, said, speaking of me, as I was told afterwards (what do you think?):—"Poor fellow,—fast breaking up,—*looks very bad—shocking*. I should say, wouldn't be with us at the end of a twelvemonth." This was pretty well; yet we are accustomed to regard such a deviation from the truth as perfectly allowable,—aye, praiseworthy, in fact, and commendable.

My belief is that, when in the company of friends, every third sentence we utter contains a falsehood. We tell fibs mildly and pleasantly, and from the most amiable motives. Talking to please other people, we drop most innocently into very grievous error. We assert opinions the very

reverse of that we entertain. We admit and we deny, assent and disapprove,—really quite regardless of fact and truth,—and all through politeness and desire to please. Any man who ventured to be honest and speak as he happened to think, at any friendly gathering, would quickly find himself regarded as a sour, uncourteous, disagreeable individual, and quickly be expelled respectable society.

I offended a man desperately the other day. A little squalling infant was placed before me, and his father said with a self-satisfied smirk,—

“They tell me he’s very like me,—just my eyes and nose they say. There may be some trifling resemblance, but, dear me (here he looked inquiringly at me), it can be but trifling.”

I knew what he expected. He thought I should straightway declare that any one who could not see the most striking likeness on the part of the miserable little creature before me to his worthy father (who was a man six feet high and very stout), must be sorrowfully afflicted with impaired vision. But I was in a bad humour, and said it was impossible to perceive any resemblance; whereat my friend turned away in mighty dudgeon, and there has been quite a coolness between us since.

How few people can give a truthful description! there is some feeling generally at work that prompts the colouring a narrative, and adding or subtracting as may be. A spirit of advocacy, in fact, enters into nearly all we say or do, and we cannot prevent it. We entertain an opinion, and straightway become attached to it; we narrow the sphere of our mental vision so as to shut out objects unfavourable to the conception we have formed, and try to persuade ourselves (though we always fail—there is still an uneasy feeling within us that we are but attempting a cheat) that we are taking a wide, liberal, impartial, unprejudiced view. Our judgment gives an opinion to which our will refuses to listen; the will is victorious, and enforces a course disapproved by our judgment; thus, though every man will be ready to defend his own sayings and doings with some odd sort of idea that he is in the right, very few *dare* calmly and quietly sit down and ponder whether there be no self-delusion, and whether or no in very truth right be on their side.

Thus I come to this very delightful conclusion, that pretty well all our sayings and doings, those which are simply casual and occur without thought, and those by which we are characterised and identified, set forth the great fact of perpetual insincerity. We deceive other people; we deceive ourselves in a regular, systematic way. I fear it will always be so; it seems to me we grow worse daily. We are less ignorant and more enlightened than we were a century back, but I believe we are not one more whit more religious. There are fewer throats cut now than formerly, and fewer highway robberies—there we stop. Still, let not the few worthy individuals be disheartened; let them strive on to make the world wiser and better—a thankless but a glorious task; one which, whether anything accrue from it or not, shall not go unrewarded; one which they should toil and strain at till the eye become dim and the pulse grow feeble; one which they should only relinquish when called on to quit this wretched existence and to enter into the reward of their manifold labours.

ZIG-ZAG TO PARIS, AND STRAIGHT HOME ;

OR,

A THOUSAND MILES AND FOURTEEN DAYS FOR FOURTEEN POUNDS.

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN FRANCE, IN DECEMBER, 1848.

Friday, Dec. 15th.—Early a-foot on the road to Treport. Ville d'Eu is situated on the left bank of a deep valley, opening down to the sea. Treport stands in the jaws of this valley. A canal, communicating between the two places, traverses its bottom, fed by the stream it has superseded there. The road we took, descends its left side, looking seaward. The one by which we had reached Treport the previous night, is carried along the flat ground under the opposite bank. Evidently the bottom of the valley was formerly occupied by the sea, and has been reclaimed. Where the hills open out right and left upon the sea, they assume a bold and characteristic outline. On the left side they become rock ; and here, on a platform on their highest point, stands advantageously, as at St. Valery, the town church, a fine piece of Late Pointed. Steep flights of stone steps ascend to it from the road below, and the whole affair, rock, steps, and church, makes a very satisfactory picture. At the base of the rock and high ground, extends, facing the harbour, the business *façade* of Treport, lining a handsome quay. The harbour is formed in a great measure naturally, by the *faucés* or opening of the valley, across which, at the point inland where they begin to contract in width, bridges and other engineering works extend. The town takes advantage of a transition from steep rock to rounded and broken-up hills, where the left-hand ground approaches the sea, to extend itself, and, as you walk towards the beach, you pass a small battery,—whence, by the way, Louis Philippe taught the Comte de Paris, luckless infant, to fire his first great gun, literally teaching “the young idea how to shoot,”—and, turning suddenly to the left, you find a small assemblage of decent-looking little houses, built for the accommodation of bathing visitors, facing the sea and the sands, and sheltered behind by the return of the high ground. Here is a coquettish little pavilion, built for, and formerly occupied by, the Duchess of Orleans, having a large bow-window on the ground-floor, and above it a broad balcony, intended in hot weather to be covered by an awning,—what we should call a marine villa,—but what the Treport people call “*un tout petit château*.”

The general aspect of Treport is that of a little fishing and trading port, to which has been superadded, on a very small scale, the fashionable dignity of a sea-bathing place. There is a fine open sea and smooth broad sands, and, with the resources of Ville d'Eu and the neighbouring forest, St. Valery, Abbeville, Dieppe, &c., within reach, part of the summer or autumn might be passed here very agreeably. But the accommodation for strangers appeared exceedingly limited.

We ascended to the church. It is of the French Decorated, or almost Renaissance style, rich and beautiful in much, but impure. Of this style we afterwards had occasion to notice several very elaborate examples. The pendants of the groined roof at Treport were remarkable, descending deeply into the church, and being attached to the roof by slender

supporting ribs, with singular boldness. We noticed the same peculiarity afterwards elsewhere, but we could scarcely here, at first, believe them to be what they really are, stone. The stone however, of which the churches are built in this part of France, is in fact chalk, and masons readily cut and scrape it into any form they please. Here is a picture, purporting to represent the Abbey of Treport and its precincts, including the existing church, as they appeared about the middle of the last century. It shows a vast and magnificent extent of buildings, covering the whole hill, and of part of these we traced in fact ourselves very distinct remains. And one century had been enough to destroy nearly all!

In a shower of windy rain we remounted the hill-road to Ville d'Eu, getting there about twelve o'clock. Apropos of the rain, this day and the previous evening were the only specimens of foul weather we met with on our journey from first to last.

The Château d'Eu is a long, screenlike building of François Premier architecture, in bright red brick and very white stone, with high pitched roofs, pavilions, and here and there a small square turret; all these, with their lacework ridge ornaments, and quaint finials of wrought ironwork, forming a pleasing "sky-line," as architects term it. The building is altogether of great picturesqueness of effect. It stands close upon the edge of the town, facing the great church, between which and it extends a large paved court, partly enclosed by open railings, and partly by the palace and long low ranges of offices. The whole covers a considerable space on the hill side, the ground descending abruptly from it to the bottom of the valley. On the side of the *château* furthest from the town the gardens and park extend in the direction of Treport.

The general effect of the place is decidedly palatial. Its intimate connexion with the town is a peculiarity observable in many royal and princely residences; Versailles, Fontainebleau, St. Cloud, Windsor, and Warwick, occur as instances. The modern idea of entire privacy and seclusion does not seem to have been relished by the great in former times, for their houses are continually found thus edging upon the humbler dwellings of the commonalty,—an arrangement perhaps naturally suggested in those fighting days, by the facilities it would afford for mutual protection.

All here we found in the most perfect order inside and out, and it is so maintained at the private expense of the ex-king, whose servants are in charge. My visit to Eu entirely disabused me of an idea I had previously entertained, that Louis Philippe's present income was at any rate a very doubtful affair. It seems that the Republic has resolved, very much to its credit, to respect the private properties of the house of Orleans; that the king was in the habit of paying his debts once in five years; that a five years' accumulation of them had about accrued in February 1848, and that therefore an embargo to that extent has been laid upon his income; but that, thus charged, it is strictly regarded as his. When we were at Eu the great event there was the *Coupe des Bois*, or annual sale of forest-wood from Louis Philippe's domain in the neighbourhood. Our hotel was full of buyers, and the town was placarded with notifications on the subject. I read one with attention, in order to satisfy myself as to how the sale was conducted, and I found it was declared to be made under the joint superintendence of the house of Orleans and of the government.

The Château d'Eu has been for some years the object of Louis Philippe's special and careful attention. The apartments were all as fresh and bright as paint, gilding, and new upholstery could make them. New oak, the produce I believe, of the neighbouring forest, had been almost uniformly employed for the furniture. The decorations were in a style, which can be assigned perhaps, to no particular period, but which is rather more of the François Premier than of any other; rather more, it may be said, of the *goût épicer*, than of the François Premier,—much colour and gold,—elaborate ceilings,—great monotony and repetition. The pictures,—with which the walls are completely panelled,—all portraits of the ex-king's house and its ancestral branches. In his bedroom the bed-alcove was lined with portraits of his children, taken at various juvenile ages. There is something domestic and right in the idea. The picture of the widowed Duchess of Orleans is remarkable for its grace and amiability. The Queen of Spain is there. The various living members of this exiled family, *depicti ad vivum* as we saw them, had a peculiar interest.

On the ground floor is a large low hall, where the Queen of England dined on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit here. It is connected by an arcade, and glazed folding doors filling each arch, with two parallel halls, and, the doors being thrown open, the three form one, having rather a grandiose and striking effect. The peculiarity of this architectural arrangement is worth notice, being convenient for festive occasions.

There is a library, which we examined with much interest. *Noscitur ex libris*. The books were nearly all newly bound, and in admirable order. It appeared to be pretty much the sort of collection that a rich man would form, by the "ought to be in every gentleman's library" rule.

The effect of the whole place, good and satisfactory as it certainly was, depended mainly upon its completeness and finish. It was almost simply an affair of cost to produce it. All was carefully and elaborately done, *coûte que coûte*; and this treatment always tells. A pseudo-Gothic chapel was as bad as bad could be,—bad in itself, and bad in respect of its incongruity with the general style of the house.

In a room called the Victoria Gallery, it had been a happy idea to collect a set of pictures representing the principal events connected with Queen Victoria's visit to France and Louis Philippe's to England; including, of course, a multitude of individual portraits, the chief personages being also given *in extenso*. There were, the queen's disembarkation at Treport, and reception at Eu; a review in the forest; a *fête champêtre*; a *soirée* at the *château*,—an admirable effect of artificial light, by, I think, Eugène Lami; the king's arrivals at Portsmouth and Windsor; the presentation of an address to him by the corporation of London; with other notable scenes. It is a right thing to do, to *depict* as much as possible. How invaluable are now, the portraits of illustrious or remarkable persons who died 200 years ago, or fifty years ago! How we prize, merely because it bears a remote date, any ill-drawn, hard-lined, quaint engraving of a town, church, castle, or mansion, in which, or in the traditions of which, we take an interest! How invaluable, and what prizes would be, if they could be found, a series of good, contemporary, and authentic representations of Queen Elizabeth's reception at Kenilworth, with perfect detail, exterior and interior, of that once magnificent resi-

dence, and with the queen, lords, ladies, knights, and the whole bustling crowd, painted as they stood; and the tapestry, furniture, pots and pans, and infinite variety of things of every-day use in those days; or a sketch of the sad tragedy of the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots; or a *Daguerrotype* perspective of Fleet-street, A.D. 1649. The volumes of the *Illustrated London News* are in this respect a really important record, and by it and similar helps, the people of 2049,—if the world lasts so long,—will seem to have lived much nearer to us, in point of time, than we seem to have lived to our forefathers of 200 years back.

We next visited the church, a large and magnificent one,—which description would be peculiarly unsatisfactory of Amiens or Beauvais cathedrals, if given for description of them, but tells something of Eu, of which, perhaps, few people know at all, that it is vast and magnificent. The west front is a grand piece of Thirteenth Century, the style pervading the whole church. It is a very admirable monument. In a crypt below are the tombs of the Comtes d'Eu, wonderfully interesting as a collection of family effigies in point of feature and costume, though there is much restoration. The recumbent figures have been laid very inappropriately upon a sort of wine-cooler sarcophagi, totally out of keeping with them.

The east end of the church, viewed from the outside, is very striking and beautiful in its polygonal arrangement of side-aisles and chapels, with their pierced battlements and pinnacles rising one above the other in a pyramidal confusion of Gothic. Small symptoms of restoration in a miserable taste are visible here and there about the building, an architectural mangle, which, it is to be hoped, will not be permitted to extend itself.

We walked observingly about the town, and, among other places, visited a college, or educational establishment, founded by the wife of the Duke of Guise, surnamed Le Balafre. His and his wife's monuments are in its church, and, by a defect in the marble, it is the wife who is here the "scarred one." One of the young gentlemen of the college, pent up for bad behaviour, as we conjectured, in a vestry or some other place of solitary confinement near the church, was letting off his French steam and beguiling captivity, by screeching "*Mourir pour la patrie*," with a power of lungs that made the walls echo, and sent the revolutionary din over the whole neighbourhood.

The diligence for Abbeville was to start at half-past six, P.M. We dined at the *table d'hôte* previously. I met an ill-bred Frenchman in the *salle à manger* before dinner—*rara avis in terris*, I do believe, *simillimaque* to a blackguard. He was an *avocat*. *Apropos* of Louis Napoléon, the natural topic of the time, and also somewhat *à propos des bottes*, he took occasion to say he hoped we, the English, would not treat the nephew as we had treated the uncle. It was plain this was a remark impertinently meant, so I just told him the opportunity would not arise. Further, I recommended him not to believe all the cock-and-bull stories he might have read and heard about the treatment of Napoléon at St. Helena.

We filled up a space of a quarter of an hour before the *diligence* went, by paying two *sous* to see the exhibition of a fat girl in the market-place,—she was worth the money,—and then departed, like Cæsar, *summâ diligentia*.

The *conducteur*, by whose side we sat in the *banquette*, sang for our instruction, and sang well, "*Mourir pour la patrie*,"—which, for the singing, may be written phonetically, "*Môorêe pôor lâr pâtrêeër*,"—a fine air, having much of the character of the *Marseillaise*.

At the *Hôtel du Commerce*, nearly opposite the diligence-office at which we descended at Abbeville, we found Joseph and Daniel, the former greatly altered in appearance by the fierce effect of a well-grown moustache, and Daniel's hairy appendages,—for he has ever gone the entire animal, bristles and all, in this respect,—turned to grizzle. I had not seen him for six years.

We adjourned to the *café* to spend the evening. The most moderate order at one of these places entitles you to use shelter, stuffed velvet seats, newspapers, fire, and light,—economically smoking your own tobacco the while if you choose,—for any indefinite length of time; and all classes take advantage of the chance, from the colonel commanding the regiment in garrison, down to the peasant who has been selling his pigs at the afternoon market. It is a resource duly appreciated. I shall not easily forget the figure of fun presented by a great captain of *cuirassiers*, a veritable Goliath buttoned up in uniform, very tall and very fat, with light-coloured, close-cropped hair, and an easy-tempered, heavy face, who one night sat at the table next ours, playing at cards with himself, and solemnly smoking a common clay-pipe twelve inches long, which he very dexterously contrived to hold in his mouth without once touching it with his hands. It was the very *ne plus ultra* of being hard up for amusement in country quarters,—quite the French *pendant* to the delightful picture of the English subs spitting over the parapet of a bridge and betting upon the arrival of their respective expectorations under the arch on the other side.

The imprudence of which our open-mouthed countrymen are continually guilty on the continent, of using English as if it were an unknown tongue, which no foreigner can by any chance understand, and so abusing the whole generation of them in the most hearty terms it affords, was here one night pleasantly illustrated. A moustached Irishman,—by the way, he was *not* an Englishman after all,—having brought about a talk with our party, soon got upon the favourite topic, and warming to the work, proceeded to say just as many disagreeable things of *la grande nation* as a quarter of an hour would hold. Dear Daniel, who, luckily for our incontinent acquaintance, is a philosopher, sat in the corner with an imbibing face, now and then putting in a quiet word, utterly protected from suspicion by his excellent English. At length, when the joke was ripe, he puffed a long whiff of smoke from his mouth, and said meekly:—"I—am—a—Frenchman." It was beautiful to see how the Irishman immediately began to hedge. Had he had to deal with a less placable man than Daniel, not all the hedging in the world would have saved him from crossing swords or being kicked out of the room.

Saturday, Dec. 16th.—Breakfast at the *café*, and then on foot to St. Riquier, distant about five miles. On we went merrily together, greatly talking and laughing, much *en artiste*, and not perhaps, according to English conventionalities, much resembling four decent members of society, with wives and children, and university degrees, and government-office, and laborious professions whereby we lived, and other little

touches of gravity and respectability distributed among us as our respective belongings.

The landscape was such as was formed by long undulating sweeps of ground,—chiefly corn land,—bare and open, a patch of wood here and there, and, near the rarely occurring houses, orchards. The road went straight for St. Riquier, bordered by rows of apple-trees. It is the absence of hedges and hedge-row timber that mainly constitutes the barrenness apparent in an ordinary French landscape as compared with an English one.

St. Riquier had been a place of importance in the middle ages, and though now but an insignificant village, once contained many thousands of inhabitants. Remains of its fortifications are visible in ruin here and there. There is a tradition that in former times the sea reached up to this place, following the valley from Abbeville.

We halted on an open space opposite the west end of the church. Architecture the most elaborate Decorated,—Sixteenth Century. But before we entered fully upon our survey of it, we called on the *curé*, Monsieur Padé. He lived in a large house close to the church, having a grand hall and staircase, and altogether the air of a dignified residence. It was curious to observe the quiet, negligent, almost penurious way in which the good *curé* lived in it; the disorder of the garden through which we passed to the hall-door; the rough old maid-servant who opened it, &c. &c. Appeared shortly Monsieur Padé himself, about seventy years of age, portly, neglected of person, in rusty clothes and clouted and cobbled shoes, but courteous, venerable, and dignified, to which latter effect his robed ecclesiastical costume contributed somewhat. He led the way into his own den, a room about twelve feet long by eight wide, with his bed contrived ship-fashion at one end, and, at the other, by the fire-side, his well-worn easy chair, and a letter or triangular-shaped desk pivoting on a shaft, on which lay books and manuscripts.

All around was litter and untidiness, a feature in the place I am by no means disposed to reproach to the good old gentleman, understanding as I believe I do, the *morale* of all this.

I am told that M. Padé has an income of some 1200*l.* sterling per annum, independently of his preferment, which, doubtless, adds but little to it, for ecclesiastical pay is scanty in France. From what we saw of his style of living, I cannot suppose he spends on himself, including house rent in that remote corner of Picardy, 200*l.* a-year. He immediately ordered wine,—“*du bon vin*,”—as he added, for us; and he was evidently given to hospitality in his rough way. We sat with him in his little parlour for some time, both before and after visiting the church, and I conceived a most favourable opinion of him. The man was very transparent. You saw his character, and tone of mind, and habit of life, at once. There was a simplicity of thought, a kindness of heart, a general benevolence and goodness about him, most winning. And he did not lay himself out to win you; but as he sat in his old chair, with his hands gently clasped across his stomach, and talked at you quietly and asthmatically, it was impossible to mistake him. Never once did he lose his presence of mind, or the maintenance of his proper dignity as a priest. No man would have dared to be irreverent or loose-spoken in his presence; but for jokes, and cant sayings, and smart things, which Daniel poured out about his recent Italian travels, the politics of

the day, &c., he took them all in and enjoyed them. And I am assured that such in general is the character of these country parsons in France; simple-minded, yet shrewd; kind-hearted; charitable in the best sense of the word; doing good to all around them,—or trying to do it,—as a duty; hard-labouring in their vocation in all ways,—trudging about the country in all weathers, with thick shoes and umbrellas; veritable pastors of their flocks; well educated and gentlemen withal. Our host was a learned man, and engaged when we saw him on a translation from the Hebrew of the Psalms. Notwithstanding the poverty of all the surrounding *etceteras*, he impressed his guests most distinctly with the sense of being in company with a priest and a gentleman. He is of good family. I am told that he spends the greater part of his income,—an unusually large one for his station,—in charity, and in assistance most royally given to a large seminary for priests which stands hard by his house, and in the management of which he thus obtains an important indirect influence, though not officially connected with it.

Two bottles of excellent wine having been discussed, he led us forth to the church. And his zealous admiration of that church,—it was beautiful! He fully believed in its absolute perfection, and had fair reason, for it is a very finished specimen of its style; it is accounted, in fact, one of the best of it in France. The west front, spreading itself out across the tower and the whole church, covered with elaborate work, including much sculpture, and crossed at different stages by galleries with pierced parapets, is extremely rich and beautiful; and very satisfactory the symmetry of proportion and perfection of finish of the interior, and the effect there, of an open-work gallery running round the church above the arches of the nave, and bending itself in its course over the projections formed by the larger intermediate piers, having altogether the appearance of a large rich moulding. All over the church, inside and out, up and down its turret-stairs, and along its external parapets and galleries we went, old M. Padé accompanying us everywhere. He and Daniel had much to discuss about restoration, &c., and we spent two hours upon the building. A small chapel attached, and reached by an interior flight of steps, is remarkable for a series of very curious mural paintings, of date coeval with that of the church.

A large modern picture in the Lady Chapel, of, I think, St. Peter's Delivery from Prison, the gift of King Louis Philippe, had been painted with the artist's *toes*, he being armless.

We hastily visited the adjoining seminary,—rested and refreshed ourselves again in the *curé's* house with *hot new bread, pears, and more wine*,—and departed.

Two impressions of this day are strong upon my mind, viz., of the beautiful church and the good old *curé*. It was quite delightful to hear him say of the pope, when the subject of Roman troubles was mentioned, that all would assuredly prove to have been for the best,—that his holiness would certainly manage things well:—“*Et puis*,”—he added with solemnity, and looking upwards:—“*il y a le Saint Esprit qui le conduit*.” And when, *à propos* of our English church, Daniel said as we were departing, that we should all become good Catholics in time:—“Oh, yes,” he rejoined, with an air of the utmost conviction and sincerity, “the English are too sensible a people,—too enlightened a nation,—not to understand the real truth,—of that I am persuaded.”

And he *was* persuaded of it, thoroughly and unquestionably. He settled the matter for us and for himself at once; and at that moment he pitied, but hardly blamed us.

I thought much of him as we walked back to Abbeville, and I now plainly see him in his chair on one side of the fire, in his black robe and cap, with the white hairs coming out underneath it, and Daniel, in his quaint dress and grey beard and moustache, opposite,—the two, with the old desk and other adjuncts, a picture worth remembering.

It was dark before we reached Abbeville. We had dinner, and then betook ourselves to the accustomed *café*; but I began to get tired of spending the whole evening in a stove-heated, gas-lit room, in a crowd of card-playing, and coffee and beer-drinking strangers, and had imagined a pleasanter pastime at home. The room in which Square and I slept was far up a stable-yard, from which it was entered, and it was situated actually over a stable, and a smell of horse and closeness pervaded it, which we had voted very annoying the night before. So to-night we had a jolly wood fire lighted there to counteract the nuisance, and commenced the first of a series of travelling *soirées*, which we repeated afterwards at every convenient opportunity. Round the bright fire sat the four travellers, and smoked, and told all manner of stories, and talked of all manner of things, till long after the *hora legalis* of twelve had struck. I look back upon these camp-like *noctes ambrosianæ* with a mixed feeling of pleasure, regret, and hope. Of pleasure, for that they were pleasant; of regret, that they may not be again for many a year; but of hope, that they may be one day.

This evening, after much consideration and scheming, we decided to make eventually for Paris, doing by the way, Amiens, Beauvais, Senlis, and St. Leu, at all which places were notable architectural monuments to be seen; to stay two days in the capital; and, Square and I leaving it on Friday night, to get back to our respective English homes by the following, which would be Christmas, Eve. Square had a desire to see Paris, being so near, and as I already knew the city well, the shortness of the visit would be no chagrin to me so it contented him.

Sunday, Dec. 17th.—We were awakened this morning by a military serenade given to the colonel of cuirassiers, who lodged at the Hôtel d'Angleterre opposite; it was good music—probably the regimental band.

To Rue by railway. The line skirts the bank of the old Somme, passing through a country that promised well for pleasant looks in summer time. We passed Noyelles station, the place whence we had started on Wednesday to cross to St. Valery. Daniel had promised to point out *en route* the supposed position of Blanquetaque, but he did not. I verily believe our good friend, who, though anything but French by extraction, is utter French in spirit, had some feeling on the subject,—which is intelligible, but odd. I am sure *we* should have pointed out to him in England, the scene of the battle of Hastings with an utterly indifferent antiquarianism. He had said, however,—*valeat quantum*,—that the learned had not, after all, determined satisfactorily the true position of Blanquetaque.

At Rue we found the *curé* at church, and his house shut up. We proceeded to the chapel which Daniel has in hand for restoration. It is a beautiful little gem; of exquisite work; the impure again, but very, very elaborate. It opens at one end into a small tower, on the first-floor of

which is a shrine or oratory, a place of pilgrimage, laboriously rich and beautiful. The material is as usual chalk, which in truth admits of any amount of manipulation.

To reach the interior of the chapel we had to pass through the parish church, where a numerous congregation were assisting at the Mass. I felt devout and ashamed. The chapel being in the hands of workmen, and open to the winds of heaven, *en attendant* the *curé* we smoked there. I forbear to suppress the fact,—liable as I know it is to be read wrong and against me,—for the sake of an illustration of ecclesiastical feeling connected with it. Presently, *Monsieur le Curé*, informed of our arrival by the beadle, appeared among us, in full purple and gold and fine linen, and breviary in hand, just as he came from the altar. No sign was there on his part of annoyance or surprise at our occupation. He saluted us courteously, begged we would continue our smoke, and, excusing himself till the church service should be over, retreated with a graceful sweeping bow. This may appear anomalous and wrong at first; but it is not so. The *curé* was bound to believe, and did very likely believe, that, as good Christians, we had already performed our public devotions that morning elsewhere; and with this belief he was satisfied, and saw no harm in our smoking in the already sufficiently desecrated chapel, while he and his congregation were engaged in their religious duties in the church.

The service ended, we accompanied him home. As the congregation left his church, many of them scattered themselves over the churchyard, kneeling down devoutly by the sides of the graves. The doctrine implied apart, this simple, unhesitating public manifestation of care and anxiety for the souls of those known and loved in life, was to me touching and instructive.

The *curé's* dinner table was prepared for several guests, whom he pressed us to join at it, but we could not, considering the approaching departure time of our train for Abbeville. This gentleman too, was a pleasing priestly specimen; a younger man than M. Padé, and much more vigorous and energetic in manner; very kind, courteous, and agreeable; some fifty years of age; stout in frame and rubicund in face.

The railway brought us back to Abbeville at two, P.M.

The church of St. Vulfran is rich Decorated. Square declared his *jam satis* of this style, and ardently desired the opportunity of fastening upon some good sound Thirteenth Century stuff. All things are comparative. Of course St. Riquier, and Rue, and St. Vulfran of Abbeville, and other specimens of Decorated we had visited, were beautiful in themselves, and I am content to think the west front of St. Vulfran very magnificent. The church is unfinished, wanting the choir and transepts, but a fine and imposing interior. The bells were booming to afternoon prayers as we entered, and it was full. The Abbé Coquereau, the same who was attached to the St. Helena expedition for the translation of the remains of Napoleon, was to preach, and his known eloquence had attracted a crowd. One is tempted to say in all similar cases,—*drawn a full house*. As at Rue, I felt I had really rather quietly take my part in the service, than go about the place *en connoisseur*. However, it was not to be so. Daniel's official importance,—the church functionaries were cap in hand to him everywhere,—was *open sesame* to all *penetralia*, and we

mounted one of the towers. In the belfry we observed a bellringer doing his work in the very midst of the bells, by pulling strings tied to clappers.

The restorations are proceeding solidly, and with a careful fidelity which it was comforting to witness. They were needed, for the pierced parapets and other carved work were in a most rotten state. The tower we ascended was forbidden to the public, as dangerous, for this reason. The view of the old town and the hilly country from the top of it, was picturesque and interesting. From one corner of its roof rose a small octagonal turret, some twenty feet higher, and in the highest part of this was contrived a sort of nest, in which squats nightly a watchman, whose duty it is to look out for fires, and, if one appears, to ring an alarm-bell,—a curious instance of the continuance of an ancient, and now, I imagine, nearly everywhere obsolete burgher regulation.

The daylight that remained was employed by us in examining the architectural and other external curiosities of the town. Several middle ages statues of the Holy Virgin and various saints, occurring closely together on the walls of one little narrow winding street not far from St. Vulfran, were, many of them, remarkable for their excellence as works of art; coarsely painted as usual. I fancy there is a strong practical difficulty about discontinuing the tawdriness and vulgarity of decoration peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church. The people are used to see it, and, the effect of association of idea being of the very essence of these helps and appliances to devotion, the authorities hesitate much about introducing purity of taste, merely for the sake of its purity. A judicious working upon the fears of the faithful at convenient opportunity, will now and then enable the removal of an obnoxious plaster angel or wooden gilt glory from its tottering, or seemingly tottering elevation above the heads of the congregation, but the men of art are obliged to let be such monstrosities for the most part.

The market-place of Abbeville is a picturesque square, surrounded by ancient and variously-coloured houses, several of them remarkable for their large gables and heavy woodwork. Oh the deafening din that echoed there as we crossed it this afternoon!—the clash and clang of St. Vulfran's bells, through which were recognised, by hard listening, the efforts of the band of the fat girl show,—the same we had patronised at Eu,—braying and banging forth "*Mourir pour la patrie*," with main and main. It was hard to say which had the pull, the bells or the band, but the effect of noise between the two sets of instruments was supreme.

Having completed our survey, we spent the gloaming before dinner at the house of a French family, acquaintances of Daniel's; and we noted it for one of our "great facts," that we *had* seen a family occupying a whole house to themselves, enjoying the civilised comforts of a well-furnished drawing-room, &c. &c. Their house was spacious and handsome; and another "fact" we got there, was the important one of a little girl we saw, one of them, having expectations to the amount of, I think, 6000*l.* sterling a-year in land,—an enormous private fortune, of such peculiar derivation, in France, the subdivision of landed property there being borne in mind.

Dinner and the *café*, and ambrosial in our bedroom afterwards.

Monday, Dec. 18th.—To Ailly Le Haut Clocher, breakfastless,

in a cab driven by Monsieur de St. Germain, our hotel-master, in a bearskin coat. Somebody once asked M. de St. Germain why he gave his guests such bad beer? "In order that they may drink good wine," he replied.

The same style of landscape as between Abbeville and St. Riquier. The road is the old *route royale* from Abbeville to Amiens,—the same over which, in former days of *diligences* and posting, so many English guineas and prejudices have travelled, and on which some of the latter, it is to be hoped, accompanied the many of the former, dropped *en route*.

The church of Ailly is remarkable for nothing of architectural interest, and it was only a necessary visit of inspection that took Daniel there. He is engaged in propping up and securing the high tower, which, with its spire, is, literally as well as figuratively, a *great point* with the natives, giving an addition to the name of their village, and which some hastily-judging preceding inspector had condemned, to their great grief and trouble. The *maire* of the place seemed particularly glad to save it. "*Il sera toujours Ailly le Haut Clocher*," quoth he, triumphantly. It was something to have seen and conversed with a live French rural *maire*. His appearance was that of a particularly respectable and well-to-do farmer,—the sort of man who, in England, would be continually churchwarden, &c. &c. &c.

The *curé* lived in a queer poor little house, looking upon the most neglected possible farmyard. His living-room, with his bed in a recess on one side of it, was negligence and disorder, not to say squalor, all over. A very handsome, old-fashioned clock on the mantelpiece, an ornament fit for the most *recherché* drawing-room, contrasted in it oddly with everything else.

The *curé* himself was a young man; astute and courteous, but with less polish of manner than the other reverends we had met; Joseph likened him to a Cambridge Johnian. After two hours' inspection by Daniel of the church works, and measuring up of masonry, carpentry, and other such details, we found prepared for us at the parsonage, what French people call a breakfast, but what was in fact a dinner, a regular case of soup, meat, dessert, &c., with cider and wine in abundance. It was rough cookery, but we ate it thankfully. I was pleased to have with us at table the host's aged mother,—just an old peasant, with a brown wrinkled skin and coarse clothes. He introduced her as a matter of course, saying that she was his housekeeper since his sister had left him. A clerical fine gentleman,—and your fine gentleman is often one of the veriest *snobs* living,—would have kept her in the background, clean out of sight of his metropolitan guests. After breakfast, our driver, M. De St. Germain, joined the party, sitting down on terms of perfect social equality with all; another "fact" which I by no means desire to characterise as an unpleasant one. The parish priests of this country are essentially of, and with, their people. I witnessed by the way, a distribution of alms by our host at his door. Three or four wayfaring beggars knocked at it. He came out, and, after very few words, counted them, and as if it was their due rather than as if he was conferring a favour, gave them a few *sous*, saying he regretted he could not afford more. Another *curé*, with whom we subsequently conversed on the subject of alms-giving, said that in-

stances of insolent ingratitude occasionally, though rarely, occurred, and mentioned the conduct of a party of vagabonds who had turned up their noses at his copper donation, when he took it back from them, and quietly gave them to understand that they would beg again in his parish at their peril. At Ailly we heard that the destitution, the consequence of the disturbed state of affairs in the land, was beginning to reach the rural districts, and a large proportion of the parish families was mentioned as being then in receipt of charity.

At last came coffee and a *chasse*, and then abundant shaking of hands, and protestations, if not of eternal friendship, of at any rate very sincere thanks on our part for hospitality given, closed the visit, and we were once more on the road, now a cross-road, trotting towards Longpré.

These *curés* are capital fellows. He of Ailly sucked at a cigar I gave him with infinite diligence and *gusto*, lighting it, as I have reason to believe, at the wrong end.

A fine picturesque country, particularly the valley of the Somme, which we presently entered. Near Longpré we observed an extensive space of flat ground occupied by water-pits and pools. There was an artificial appearance about them that suggested inquiry what they were for, and we learned that they were thus kept for the sake of the crop of turf fuel which from time to time is cut from the bottom of the water, and which continually renews itself. We were assured that this sub-aqueous crop is a source of considerable income to the proprietors.

The train took us from Longpré to Amiens, where,—passing the *château* of Picquigny on a hill to the right, a remarkable ruin,—we arrived at 3.10. P.M. in a large and handsome station. Here we took up our enemy the great trunk, which we had forwarded direct from Abbeville, and with all expedition hurried off by omnibus to our hotel, and thence on foot to the cathedral.

Not to enter upon a minute architectural description,—which may be had cheap and good elsewhere,—all one can say of Amiens cathedral is, that it is magnificent,—imposing,—satisfactory. Of course it is; a grand Gothic ecclesiastical edifice must be. Its west front pleases one with a perfection of mighty richness, so fascinating, that one could stand leaning against the opposite houses, and looking up at it, for hours; and it was with the feeling that a great show was over, that I saw it shut out from view as we walked away. The stalls are exquisite,—*chefs d'œuvre* of Sixteenth Century wood carving,—exhibiting a luxuriance of richness and finish that may be called *bewildering* to one's appreciations. A small detached chapel, standing within the cathedral precincts, near the south-east part of the choir, is a beautiful model. I thought how admirably suitable it was for reproduction in England, for it would be cheaply built.

Amiens has a metropolitan air,—great extent,—good shops,—handsome houses,—bustling crowds. We surveyed as much of it as we could before dinner. The accustomed *café* visit and fireside *soirée* in our bedroom closed the day.

THE MODEL TOWN.

THE Neapolitans have a proverb, "See Naples and die;" the Spaniards, "Who has not seen Seville has not seen the marvel." Both these beautiful cities are, in a great degree, indebted to their situation for their attractions. Their indwellers, when the aforesaid proverbs were put forth, little dreamt that in the nineteenth century a town was to arise, on the then unknown banks of the Mersey, which was not only to rival them and eclipse their fame, but was to be a model for all future time; a town, the magnificence of whose Square, and the prolongation of whose streets, was to throw their Prados and Corsos into such comparative insignificance, that future travellers shall say, "Ah, these were thought fine, until the people of Birkenhead showed us what could be done."—Yes, while Birkenhead yet remained a village, the town on the opposite side of the river had, by the indomitable and well-directed energies of its inhabitants, risen, in less than a century, from a second-rate town to one of first-rate importance in the commercial world: its public institutions; its magnificent charities; its noble public buildings; and, above all, its docks and quays, not only objects of pride to its inhabitants, but of admiration to all who visit Liverpool. Strangers, the illustrious for rank and for science, have paid it the tribute of their applause. The foreigner feels his tour in England is not complete if he has not seen Liverpool; and on his return to his own land bids his fellow-citizens, or it may be his subjects, to emulate the men of Liverpool.

To this town—to Liverpool—did Birkenhead, with a spirit worthy of this age of progression, throw down the gauntlet, and say, "From this time forth *your* course shall be retrograde; in *me* behold a rival soon to overshadow your importance; ere long, Liverpool shall be known but as a suburb of Birkenhead—the satellite of a greater luminary. See, I have a Square, to which (when finished) you can find no equal. I have a Park which you cannot parallel. I have streets, the length of which I name by the mile; and *my* docks—in comparison, *yours* are mere horseponds!"

I had heard all this, and more. The fame thereof had reached New York and Boston, and had been re-echoed in "the far West." Fifteen years since, when I made my first transatlantic voyage, I had visited Liverpool; and, when in prospect of a revisit, my thoughts dwelt on the changes I should find, and especially on the wonders I was to see at Birkenhead. As I came to Europe, *viâ* Havre, I took an opportunity to stay a short time at Birmingham and Manchester, on my way down. I found both these places increased in size, and improvements in each made, and in progress. "Ah," thought I, "they have been taking a leaf out of the book of the wise men of Birkenhead."

On arrival at Liverpool I was glad to find its docks were still full of shipping, and that the town was improved and improving, enlarged and enlarging; and (what was indeed a wonder to me) new docks made and others projected. Was this a remnant of its former energy, or was it

mere senility—for communities, like individuals, have youth and old age—the useless and ill-directed efforts that so often precede decay? A few calls, and an engagement to dinner, occupied the greater part of my first day in Liverpool; my good friend had engaged some gentlemen from 'Change to meet me, and it is one of the great charms attending the hospitalities of Liverpool, that a party can be thus improvised, the members of which, either personally or through their correspondents, possess the best information respecting the commercial and political relations of the whole world. I had heard while on 'Change of Calcutta, Canton, Lima, St. Petersburg, &c. &c., but not one word of "our great rival." Was it an unpleasant subject?

After dinner I named my intention of going over to Birkenhead, of which I had heard so much. I detected a mischievous expression in the twinkle of my host's eye and the curl of his lip. One of the party asked me if I had any intention to open a house there, and advised me to be cautious; another asked me how long I had given myself to see Paris? and, on learning I had spent a fortnight, replied, "Well, you may *perhaps* manage Birkenhead in the same period." In alluding to the length of its streets, my host asked if I intended to take a guide with me, observing that *some* of the streets were not easy to find, and that *perhaps* I might lose my way. On learning that I intended to take a map, there was a simultaneous expression that I should find the streets laid down in the map—and I detected one *sotto voce* remark—"but no where else." My projected visit to Birkenhead seemed to afford them so much diversion, that I said—

"Ah, you Liverpool men are jealous!"

"Jealous!" said one. "Why, are they not going to take away all our trade?"

"Bah!" said another. "I mean to take care of myself. When that does happen, I have a grand scheme for our docks. I never despair—never. We can get up a joint-stock fish company, and turn *our* docks into reservoirs for country supply. Large stocks kept alive 'to order.' Prince's Dock for salmon, George's for cod."

"I hope," said one, "you will set apart one dock at least for *that fish!*"

Here the jollity became uproarious. I saw, at least, that while champagne was stirring, the men of Liverpool were not going to break their hearts on account of their great rival. I determined to see, and judge for myself.

Next day I crossed the Mersey in a Birkenhead steamer. To my surprise I found the hotel closed. "Ah," thought I, "is *this building* marked to come down?—Do the docks reach so far as here?" Finding there was a good hotel at Monk's Ferry, I went there, and, after depositing my luggage, walked out to see the docks I had heard so much of. After some search in the direction pointed out to me, I found an oblong, irregular-shaped dock, in which about a dozen vessels were lying, a few of which were loading or discharging; there were also a couple of steamers. I then crossed the tidal-gate to an angular-shaped pier, on which was heaped a pile of stores; from this I could see, the tide being down, that ranges of walls were formed, and piles laid down in the space before me, but no such thing as a dock—a complete, available dock—

could I see in any direction. Recrossing the gates I went northwards, passing over the line of railway to where I saw a range of warehouses. These form a very respectable, well-annexed pile of building, enclosed by a high wall; the entrance gate was open, and a few porters were standing idle near it. I was told the warehouses contained very little merchandise, and that there was nothing doing. I went on further as they directed me, to see what they very properly styled *intended* docks, and a nearer view satisfied me they were even in a more unfinished state than as seen from a greater distance—so unfinished, even in outline, that without the aid of a map it would be impossible to have an idea of what was intended.

My search ended, I found that the docks, about the opening of which there had been such a mighty fuss, consisted of one small narrow dock, the commercial activity on whose quay *occasionally* gave employment to—half-a-dozen porters!

Next day for the tour.

I started early, passing first down Bridge-street, which I had known of old. I found little progress here—spaces left unbuilt; and as I went further down, the more dull and deserted it seemed. I crossed the railway; it was still worse. At the intersection of this street with Cleveland-street, there was a fine range of shops, but they were nearly all unoccupied. Cleveland-street! why, *this* is one of the mighty streets which they are so proud of, leading from the Square to—"the Lord knows where."

I passed from the lower end of this street to the street called St. Ann's, where I found a row of houses unfinished and going to ruin; a large chapel fronting Price-street, in the same condition; and rows of houses, in some street, leading from it, all unfinished and going to ruin. Some had never been roofed in, three stood near an unfinished church, and further in the country, towards Bidston-hill, there is another church in the same condition. The building of these two churches, and of a third, caused the ruin of a most respectable building-firm here. They were never paid for even their outlay, and in fact received only a small part of the cost of *one* of these churches. I hope the projectors will not place this to the account of their "good works." I think a jury of Saints would, as a most favourable verdict, allow good intentions. Church and chapel, however, cannot quarrel here, for they stand *dos-à-dos* in most deplorable condition. Indeed, the aspect of this part of the town is ruin.

Returning up Price-street, which is another of "the grand streets," I found shops and houses unoccupied, with some unfinished and going to ruin. At the upper end there are indeed about thirty respectable houses occupied and in good condition, which looks quite remarkable here. On passing along I perceived a most villanous odour, something like gas—but much worse; and on asking my companion what abomination there was in that street to cause it, was informed it did not arise from anything in that street or near, but from a place called Traamere Pool, nearly a mile off; and that the nearer I approached the nuisance, the more offensive I should find it, and that it pervaded at times the whole town, varying in intensity of stench according to the direction of the wind. On going to my friend's house, he gave me a report to read as to the sanitary condi-

tion of Birkenhead : from it I annex an extract,* and can only add, that from my own experience the effect produced by this "*monster nuisance*" is not overdrawn. It must add greatly to the pleasure of a prolonged residence in this most delightful of all modern towns.

I next made a survey of the centre of the town, *i. e.*, in the immediate neighbourhood of its Square, and its Market—both held up as wonders. The Square is indeed handsome and well built; and *when* the vacant space left for a town-hall is filled up by that or some other building, the whole will form a more perfect Square, or Place, than is usually found in England. The Market, also, is a fine, commodious, and well-arranged structure, being much above the present business of the place, and a ruinous affair to those who, as mortgagees or otherwise, have money therein or thereon.

Near the Market are some fine ranges of shops, but very few of them are, or have ever been occupied; indeed, scarcely one-third of the shops in the town are in occupation. People are so infatuated in favour of Liverpool, that so far from Liverpool people coming over here to make their purchases, as they ought to do, the people of Birkenhead and the country now go over to Liverpool. Very extraordinary, this position of the model town—but, alas! the perversity of human nature! perfection was never popular, and therefore model towns, like pattern people, petted children, and all superexcellences, are disappointed in their expectations. I was much disappointed in *mine*; so far, at least, as Birkenhead was concerned, and as only two days of my intended week were expended, I began to consider how the remaining five days were to be got over. Fortunately, I had invitations from friends who lived in the neighbourhood. At their tables I learnt that the wine and other good things came over from Liverpool; and indeed, at one house, the butcher's meat, and even the vegetables, had crossed the Mersey, it being for the advantage of a family to purchase in St. John's Market, Liverpool, instead of on this side, where higher prices were charged, and most things of inferior quality.

Next day, on my way to Oxton, I saw the quarter of the town furthest from the river. It is generally inferior, as to style of buildings, to the neighbourhood of the Square, and is especially marked for its dirty streets. A tract of land, called Clifton Park, adjoins this, and contains many good houses, in the villa style; but it is not Birkenhead, but part of Tranmere; and some parts of it suffer greatly from the "*monster nuisance*"—Tranmere Pool, which, indeed, is especially theirs. The higher part of it, however, being dry, and free from the miasmatic atmosphere which generally hangs over the swampy ground of Birkenhead, would be a pleasant residence.

* One *monster nuisance*, Tranmere Pool, I regret to say, is not at all likely to be abated, the opinion of the authorities being that it is of too great a magnitude to come under the Nuisance Removal Act; this said nuisance (in extent upwards of a quarter of a mile in length), nearly the whole of which is one continued mass of abomination, consisting of all sorts of decomposed animal and vegetable matter, and sending forth an effluvia of so offensive and deleterious a nature as often to make the houses in the neighbourhood, particularly in Clifton Park, almost uninhabitable. Unless the Nuisance or some other Act can strike at this fearful seat of pestilence, Birkenhead can never be considered as being in a proper sanitary state.—*Extract from Report of Dr. Hunter Robertson on the Sanitary State of Birkenhead. 1848.*

A long road, called Grange-lane, which I next passed through, had in it, and in streets leading from it, houses and shops unoccupied, and some which had never been completed, in various stages of ruin. The Church of St. John stands here. It is unenclosed by wall or paling, and, though finished internally, it is so much in debt that the Bishop could not consecrate it, and it is therefore "licensed for worship," something in the same way, I am informed, as are chapels of Dissenters. I afterwards learnt that the handsome church on Oxton-hill is in a similar predicament, so that "the Establishment," as the English call it, is not in a most exalted position here. In fact, the churches stand in pairs—two unfinished, and, I believe, in the hands of the Bankruptcy Court; two licensed, and two consecrated as churches ought to be.

Oxton-hill, which I at last reached, may be considered more as an appendage to Liverpool than to Birkenhead, as the majority of the residents go over daily to business at "the good old town," to which it is as near as is Aigburth or West Derby. The hill is clothed over with villas and mansions, in various styles, many of them very handsome; and its chief disadvantage is, the necessity of passing through Birkenhead to it.

But the Park! Dear me, I had not seen the Park! So, to the Park I went. Wonderful, indeed, I found it; containing an oblong pond they call a lake, and a hill fully fifty feet high, with a look-out on the top of it—a Chinese bridge, and other wonders—all respectable enough in themselves, if so much had not been said about them. The chief wonder is that the Duke of Devonshire's landscape gardener has made so nice a place out of a piece of morass. It is, no doubt, owing to the ground still retaining its marshy nature that the lots so judiciously laid out for building remain unsold, people preferring the higher ground of Oxton.

Now I have seen Birkenhead. It should be called the *District* of Birkenhead, and not the *Town* of Birkenhead, for it is a large tract of land scantily built on. There is not one street in the whole extent which is built up the full length on either side; nor is there one in which the parapet is paved or flagged, except at intervals. A more dirty or a worse kept *town* I never perambulated; for after a fall of rain, which occurred the second day of my visit, the streets, for every twenty or thirty yards of flag, offered one hundred or more of puddles; and I observed many who left the parapet to walk on the carriage-road as the drier of the two.

In a word, Birkenhead is anything but a rising and flourishing town; and I never saw a place in which my expectations were so thoroughly disappointed. I left it with the impression that it was the most entire humbug of the present day. Nothing on our side of the Atlantic to equal it, though some of my fellow-citizens are accused of selling wooden nutmegs, and, as is believed, make cheeses of the same material.

MY FIRST DAYS HUNTING FROM "ALMA MATER."

I HAD come up to Oxford for my first term of residence after the long vacation of 184—, with the full intention of acting up to my father's passing advice, viz., to rub off the rust of my late strenuous exertions in preparing for my matriculation by taking a little relaxation. Some little time had elapsed since my induction into my gown and rooms, when a friend, whom I had for the two previous years regarded with high veneration as an Oxford man, called on me, and after some conversation proposed attending a meet of the Heythrop hounds on the day after the following. To this, nothing loth, I agreed, and it was settled that his servant should take my horse with his own on to Chipping Norton the following day, and that on the hunting day he should provide me with a breakfast and the means of getting to the "meet."

It was the first advertised "meet" of the Heythrop, consequently every one who could go was going, and little conversation prevailed amongst freshmen but upon the glories of the coming day. Fearful it should be wet—in which case my friend had declared himself a non-starter—I awoke early on the morning of the eventful day, and had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing the morning sun gilding the extreme top of the beautiful tower of Magdalen College. Jumping out of bed with a suppressed "Hark for'ard!" I proceeded to don the beautiful garments which, *toutes nouveaux*, had arrived from the tailor's the preceding evening. There was still some time before my friend would call, which would be after chapel, so I sat down to Herodotus and Liddell and Scott, determined to do a little work before going to play. It was of no use, however. By some accident I sat down opposite to a looking-glass which reflected my pink in such glowing colours, that I felt it would be a piece of ingratitude to my tailor not to examine it more minutely; then a sportomusical man below gave one or two "mots" upon the cornepean. At last the chapel bell began to ring, and drawing a pair of sober grey trousers over the breeches and tops, and with a black over-coat veiling the splendours of the "pink," I walked out to chapel.

Chapel over and returned to my rooms, I found my friend cased in clothing similar to my own. Knowing that he had not been to chapel (his long residence purchasing some exemption from the general rule), his dress surprised me. This he explained, by saying that "he never showed in pink before the dons," wisely preferring the reputation of being a slow rather than a fast man. On seeing my new and glossy pink my friend appeared rather alarmed, and requested me, if I valued my reputation, to put on a black coat, "as," said he, "nothing looks worse than a freshman in a new pink, as it most unmistakably proclaims his freshness to the world." All his arguments, however, could not make me return to black; so that after some deliberation he took off his own shady coat, offering it to me, and took mine, kindly adding, "that he would take the shine out of it for me."

Capped, and gowned, at length we sallied forth, looking much more like men going to lecture than to the hunting-field. At the gates was a very gentlemanly man in pink getting into a handsome dog-cart, who bowed to my friend and drove off. "There," said my friend, "is an

instance of what I just told you: that man just gone is a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, and moreover a reading man, but he will cross the quadrangle in pink, and will drive from the college gates instead of from the stables, so the authorities consider him a fast man. I must now," continued my friend, "describe the man with whom we are going to breakfast. He was a good man, of a good college originally, but, not liking the restraint, he changed for — Hall—a regular refuge for the destitute—where he certainly may have plenty of liberty. He reads a little, plays a little, bets a little, and hunts a great deal; and from his large fortune, liberality, and good fellowship, his acquaintance is greatly cultivated. You will see all sorts at his rooms, but they are not all his friends. But here we are." And we ran up some stone stairs, along a gallery, and entered a large room where breakfast was laid for twenty or more, though a college servant, engaged in making coffee, was the only occupant. "Hallo there; here away!" shouted a voice from an inner room, where, on entering, we found our host sitting on the bed, while a small boy in livery was putting on his spurs. After an introduction we proceeded to the breakfast-room, fast filling with men and noise, each person on entering thinking it necessary to exercise his lungs by roaring forth some hunting cry. To this was joined the cries of the betting men—(those pests of Oxford society, who carry their betting-books everywhere, and are always watching to catch the unwary)—offering to give and take any odds, on anything, in any way. Placing a cigar-box on the table, "Now, gentlemen," said our host, "I am going hunting, and have no time to lose." The hunting men accordingly began to get their breakfast, and arrange the order of getting down to the meet. It was soon arranged that I should go with a palefaced youth who had a seat to spare in his tandem, while my friend accompanied our host. Many filled their cigar-cases from our host's box (a most unwarrantable proceeding as I then thought), and then taking a long pull at a half-gallon tankard of mulled ale, proceeded to the different stables where their nags awaited them. Following my palefaced acquaintance, we proceeded to G. S.'s stables, and there found, duly awaiting our arrival, a dog-cart with one horse in it.

"I thought you were going tandem?" said disappointed I, innocently.

"So we are," rejoined Paleface, "but not quite so early in the day."

Perceiving that my observations were rather fresh, I wisely resolved to await the result in silence. The mystery was soon solved. Before we had gone half a mile we overtook a man on the leader, and having harnessed him to our vehicle started merrily for our destination. What pleasure in life is there more truly delightful than sitting behind two good horses on the road to a good meet some sunny morning in the middle of October? The high mettle of Oxford steeds, who have been reposing during a period of four months; your own high spirits, who have nothing before you but the pleasures of the day, joined to the quick motion, produce a feeling of exhilaration not to be described. Woodstock was the first halting place, and here mulled ale was again the order of the day; that despatched, and fresh cigars lighted, away we bowled once more. The road was quite alive with men and horses all on their way to the scene of action, and various greetings passed between our party and those we met. This harmony was for a short time disturbed by a surly pike-man, who refusing to pick up a shilling that had been tossed to him, or to open the gate with-

out being paid, I played humble and picked the shilling up. Chipping Norton reached, we soon found our horses, and I found my friend, who had preceded us upon the road. When mounted, I looked with envy on my bright new scarlet as displayed on the shoulders of my considerate friend, and rallied him a little on his advice being one part in my favour and two in his own. He explained to me that freshmen were a good deal noticed on their first day's exhibition as Nimrods, and more thought of a successful *début* in the hunting-field than the lecture-room. Now, if I, in a new coat, met with an accident, I should most infallibly be laughed at as a young sportsman; whereas, if the coat were old, the sportsman would be considered old too. At last a gorgeous spectacle opened upon my wondering eyes. The road dipped over the side of a hill we had been ascending, and a beautiful valley lay stretched before us. There could not have been less than 500 persons grouped on the opposite side of a brook that meandered through the valley. Three hundred of these were horsemen, of whom fully 200 wore scarlet coats. Great numbers of carriages full of ladies were there; many ladies too on horseback. My friend pushed his way through this gay scene with an apathy I did not envy, to where, on a slight elevation, and surrounded by the hounds, was the huntsman, a fine old fellow, exchanging numerous greetings with the men around. My friend accosted him, and, after a few words, said—

"Jim Hill, Mr. —; Mr. —, Jim Hill."

The redoubted Jim eyed me for a few seconds, then gave me a bow, half-patronising and half-respectful; hoped I should have good sport, and would not ride over his hounds. This I promised, if possible, to avoid; and Jim turned to speak to some one else. At this moment rode up the respected master of the hounds, who nodded to a few of the "old hands," and told Jim to put the hounds into cover.

"No hunting to-day," said my friend; "we shall never get a fox out of cover with such a crowd; they will be all round the wood in ten minutes."

So indeed it proved: every one seemed to go to the place where the fox was likely, in his estimation, to break cover, and there, spite of all remonstrance, to stay, seemingly for no other reason than to drive the fox back should he attempt to break. This refractory conduct could not be restrained, as the worthy master, the only man having any authority, could not, as a Paddy present observed, "Be all round the cover at once." And now a whimper is heard; and as the "Get to him!" of Jim Hill is heard, a general and joyful cry bursts from the whole pack. As had been anticipated, however, round and round the cover went Pug, unable to find a loophole for escape. At last my friend, fertile in expedients, and having a good knowledge of the country, whispered to me to find Jim Hill and tell him to listen to no "view hallos" for some time to come. I at last found Jim and told my story, which that worthy seemed immediately to comprehend, and soon turned to his hounds, as it required all his skill to keep them to their fox. Just then sounded from the other end of the cover a tremendous yell, and "Gone away!" burst from every mouth, while most turned their steeds in the direction from which the yell proceeded.

"Now's your time," said Jim, and, encouraging his hounds, soon drove poor Pug, who, no longer faced by his human, was glad to get further away from his canine enemies, out of cover. We had not gone across

two fields, when up comes my friend, resplendent in his (my) new scarlet, his beautiful horse putting down his head and throwing up his tail, as much as to say that he enjoyed the joke, and intended to have a good gallop. More and more of the "field" came up, railing in no measured terms at the author of the "sell," and yet delighted to see it attended with such success. It is astonishing what envy, hatred, and malice there is in a hunting-field: a man rejoices to see his dearest friend get a "spill," so that he thereby gets before him. The fences had as yet been small, but I now saw men racing at an ugly looking fence and disappearing on the other side. "Go along," said my friend, and go along I did; and to my astonishment found, when safe at the right side, that fourteen feet of water had been cleared as well as the fence.

"Pull up," says my friend, "and see the fun." And certainly, if it is any fun to see men come down "croppers," we had plenty of it. Away we went again, the fences usually small, with now and then a "big 'un" to give it an interest, were crossed without much difficulty. Here a wood intervened, and, much to the satisfaction of the nags, a slight check ensued. About fifty out of the 300 were now up, but more were coming, when again we were put in motion by Renard leaving the wood to brave the dangers of the open. Here, alas! his career was short. Some of the road riders met him just as he was about to cross the turnpike, and turned him too close to the dogs to escape. After having disposed of poor Pug in the usual way, we turned our heads towards Chipping Norton, fully disposed for a good dinner before starting homewards. On reaching the inn we found a room prepared and a table laid for about thirty, and men were dropping in every minute.

Conversation turned upon the run, which, for the first, and taking into consideration the crowd and sunny weather, was voted very good. Seven o'clock approached, and a bottle of very moderate port apiece having been consumed by most of the individuals present, preparations were made for departure by donning great coats and lighting weeds. Great was the contempt now evinced for the before dreaded proctors, and many were the resolves made to carry in their teams entire in despite of both proctors and bulldogs. Some half dozen tandems and horsemen by dozens starting together, formed a fine sight for the natives of the town, but was rather a nervous affair for a novice who could perceive that his Jehu looked anything but sober. There was no help for it, however, and away we went full gallop through the stony streets of the good old town of Chipping Norton, to the high delight of certain youngsters, who cheered vociferously. At length on the road, and the pace moderated to about twelve miles per hour, we began to enjoy the beautiful moonlight, and wish for the dawning of the next hunting day. Five minutes to brandy-and-water at Woodstock was the only stoppage until within two miles of Oxford, when a loud hail caused Jehu to pull up. It was one of G. S.'s grooms sent forward to say that the proctors were some distance on the road, prepared to overhaul us as we passed. The leader was consigned to his care, and a resolution having been carried *nem. con.* that we would not be boarded without a struggle, we once more put on steam. Not far had we gone before a loud hallo! greeted our ears; but to this we paid no attention. A man then came running up alongside, and seized the horse's head, when our Jehu, double-thonging the whip,

laid on both horse and man with edifying impartiality, and bawled "Thieves!" as loud as he could roar.

"You know it is not thieves, and it is no use, Mr. ——. I know you," called out a man in the dreaded velvet-faced gown, who now came running up.

At this — pulled up, and the proctor proceeded to inquire our names and colleges, and then telling us to call upon him at ten o'clock the next morning, he proceeded to the capture of what other unfortunates he could catch. This was a fearful blow for me. I had no distinct knowledge previous to setting out that tandem-driving was against the laws of the university, although fearful of it from the precaution of sending on the leader; and I was accordingly tortured by the idea of impositions, and even rustication, which my companions, perceiving the bent of my thoughts, kindly suggested would be the termination of my first day's hunting from "Alma Mater."*

JACOB VAN DER NÉESS.

A ROMANCE.

BY MADAME PAALZOW.

CHAPTER XIV.

NÉESS awoke from his death-like slumber to a reality which filled him with new despair. Angela had not yet returned; and though he was fully acquainted with all the circumstances which necessarily occasioned her absence, he tormented himself with the maddening anxiety that she would not come back, and feared he had lost her for ever, and his love for her was so sincere, so engrossing, that it was only as an afterthought the loss of her fortune occurred to him. He was several times on the point of rushing after her, to recall her by his earnest entreaties; but Angela had on the preceding day extorted a solemn promise from him never to reappear in the place where he had made himself so ridiculous before the servants, and the remembrance of this promise, and of his own disgrace, which he could never think of without falling into a fit of rage with himself, deterred him from the pursuit.

When Angela entered the cold gloomy hall, the sound of Néess's loud convulsive sobbing fell on her ear. Though he had heard the maid open the door for Angela, and was aware of her return, he did not desist, for he hoped at once to alarm and move her feelings, by making his agitation as palpable as possible.

Angela entered the old banqueting hall in silence, and sank down on one of the benches that skirted the wall. She was pale and wearied, fixed her eyes thoughtfully on the ground, and, somewhat to Jacob's dis-

* For the benefit of those who take an interest in this "ow'er true tale," I may mention that my plea of ignorance of the statute was accepted, and I escaped punishment. My companions, however, were less fortunate. The detractors of the universities may take occasion, from the dinner at Chipping Norton, to exclaim against the "habitual drunkenness" which prevails at Oxford. Every one, however, who knows good Oxford society, knows that drunkenness is there far more rare than in most places where young men, having the same opportunities, are gathered together.

may, seemed scarcely to notice his condition. Truly relieved by her return, it was with difficulty he persevered in these loud demonstrations of his feelings, and, as Angela's silence continued unbroken, he suddenly stopped groaning—the curiosity he felt to observe Angela more attentively, rendered it impossible for him to go on. He crept closer to her, and at length sat down beside her, still holding the handkerchief before his eyes and striving to keep up a sort of sobbing.

"Néess," said Angela, quietly; "leave off, and listen to me, I have things of importance to discuss with you: you must attend, and reflect, and answer; therefore, do not weaken your understanding by that unavailing noise."

"Speak, Angela; my dearest love, speak!" cried Néess. "I will attend to you, and do everything you would have me. Only promise that you will not reward my faithful attachment by deserting me, by casting me off; and as to the rest you shall have your way in everything. Néess will be your slave, the meanest and the lowest in the house, and every wish shall be fulfilled."

Van der Néess never hesitated to cringe when he was alarmed. After a momentary pause, Angela said, without raising her head, "My aunt insists upon taking my mother and me with her. She desires that I should not continue to be your wife, nor bear your name in future."

These words had scarcely escaped her lips, when Néess darted from his seat, fell on the ground before her, and clasped her knees.

"Stay! silence," cried Angela, seriously. "Do not give way to these flights of passion; this is a case which requires calm consideration"—Néess was silent; "my aunt offers you in exchange half my fortune, and you are at liberty to keep all you have realised by it."

"Do you mean what I have gained by the half, or the whole of it?" cried Néess, starting up and gazing at Angela, half breathless.

She shuddered, for it appeared to her he was ready to give her up for the sake of the money.

"By the whole," she replied, in a scarce audible voice.

"Indeed!" said Néess, who now seemed quite collected, with his wonted insolence. "Indeed! Well, certainly, our lady aunt is a clever woman! But, unfortunately, Néess is not quite so stupid; he, too, will have his way. In the matters of curtsying and smirking and complimenting, she may have the best of the game, and allow her servants to laugh at me; but in this affair, with your leave, my lady aunt, we'll laugh at you! So all the family is to pack up and pack off, and Néess, stationed like a porter at the door, is to close it after them and say, 'I humbly thank you for your long visit.' I shall now be once more the poor solitary wretch I was formerly. Hear me, my little treasure; are you and your aunt aware that there is such a thing as the law? Or perhaps you think it will decide differently, because Néess is a tradesman and our lady aunt a countess. I will tell you a secret, then," continued he, suddenly drawing himself up, "Jacob van der Néess will not hear of it, and he needs not, for nobody can force him."

Angela had not once raised her eyes, she remained immovable in her gloomy posture, and it was impossible to guess what was passing in her mind. It was this that made Néess so frantic; for he wished to regulate his conduct by hers, and could obtain no clue from her manner.

"Van der Néess," said Angela, again, "if you agree to my aunt's

wishes you may keep all my fortune; my mother and I will leave this house empty handed, and you may remain in possession of everything we have."

"That is all fudge!" shrieked Néess, "there again we have the law, and in this instance it would be against me. I should never be able to effect that. When once you were outside the door, you would only have to go to the sheriff and say, 'We do not choose to leave him all our property,' and then I should be quite at your mercy, for I could not lay claim to a farthing. But fortunately Jacob van der Néess knows the laws, and is not such a fool as to be blinded by idle promises."

"The property may be made over to you by a legal deed," said Angela, at length with an effort, "and then it would be beyond our control."

"How do you know all this?" cried Néess, his eyes sparkling with anger as he spoke.

"After I left my aunt," returned Angela, "I was seized with a sudden fit of weakness, and obliged to rest for a while on a seat in the great court of the palace; his mightiness the chief burgomaster passed in while I was there, he came up and questioned me; I told him all, and he then advised me what to offer you. So, as the idea originated with him, the proceeding must be legal, for he is of course perfectly acquainted with the laws."

"So, ho!" cried Van der Néess, "I suppose it was he too who advised you to offer half first, to try whether Néess was a fool?"

Angela did not answer. After a pause, seeing that Van der Néess was pacing up and down, and seemed confused in his own thoughts, she resumed:—

"If you consent to my leaving you with my mother, you must not delay in announcing your resolution; for in that case much remains to be done before night, and you must yourself go to the chief burgomaster and declare to him that you wish to procure a divorce from me."

Van der Néess suddenly stopped, as if rooted to the ground. When he heard Angela thus directly refer the question to herself, it flashed upon his mind that the whole transaction involved the loss of his wife. His old impetuous love burst forth in full force, and uttering a frantic cry, he threw himself at her feet.

"Will you drive me mad? Will you kill me?" he cried, wringing his hands in agony. "Is it not enough that I am miserable, despised, mortified, and deserted? Have I not been already at the point of death, with grief at the thoughts of your leaving me? And do you now tell me as calmly as if it were an affair long settled, that you will separate yourself from me, and that all my fervent prayers and lamentations have been in vain?"

"But, Van der Néess," said Angela, much surprised, "did not you agree to take the money for this? Even now you were bargaining, because you did not consider the sum sufficient, and you knew it was the price for me."

"The price for you?" shrieked Néess, in a frantic voice. "The price for you!—who dares to say so, who can prove that? Those hypocrites and soul-sellers, those fiendish relations of yours! it is they who would sell you, who would rob you of your lawful husband, of life and honour; who would make you a wicked, faithless woman, and teach you to forsake your husband, your children, your house, and home!"

"Van der Néess," said Angela, sadly, "you speak wildly; your thoughts are confused. 'Tis not in my power to forsake all you talk of, for you know our poor little child lies in its cold grave ever since the day when first you were so unkind to me, and we were both so grievously insulted."

"Ah, yes," cried Van der Néess, "all our misfortunes date from that day. You have been quite a different person ever since; no longer, as before, the gay and happy Angela, who loved her poor Néess faithfully, and listened to none but the good pastor's advice; then you had a clear conscience, and both knew and did what was right."

"Néess," said Angela, rising suddenly, "do you think the pastor would tell me what I ought to do?"

Néess hesitated to reply, he remembered that the pastor's austere virtue had played him many a trick; but Angela did not wait for his decision. She prepared to set out, only stopped to take a glass of water, and then left Néess a second time. He had not the heart to detain her, for after all he could not be much worse off than he was, and therefore he felt inclined to hope some good might result from the step.

Angela also felt herself animated with new hopes when she set out on her visit. She no longer looked for happiness in any case, whether she stayed with Néess, or followed the suggestions of her aunt, and entered on the new course of life proposed to her. But a higher and more noble desire took possession of her heart—that which opens to the innocent and unfortunate sufferer a brighter path which he may pursue, without coming in contact with the earthly roads that wind along far beneath it. She wished to do what was right, and prove faithful in her allegiance to the Almighty.

With a quiet and humble air she entered Dame Lievers' shop. The friendly tone formerly existing between them had never been re-established, for Dame Lievers could not forget that she had in former times given Angela bread to silence the cravings of hunger; and now, influenced by the meanest envy, sneered at the affluence Angela's attire betokened, and gladly seized every opportunity of making some sarcastic or malicious speech, yet without ever provoking a retort from poor Angela.

On this occasion, as usual, Dame Lievers was prepared for the attack, for the scene that had occurred in the church was familiar to all who were acquainted with Van der Néess and Angela, and this was the first time the latter entered Dame Lievers' house after her illness.

"Ho, ho, Madame Néess!" cried the dame from behind her counter, as soon as she espied Angela; "so you have found your way hither once more. Ha! is it possible you remember the threshold you so often crossed in former days in your little short threadbare frock, when you were so glad to satisfy your hunger with a loaf of your humble servant's bread?"

Angela stopped, smiled kindly and bowed her head gratefully to her enemy.

"I know," cried she, unmoved by Angela's gentleness, "a short memory is often convenient. Affluence creates pride, and some folks are glad to forget their former situation, and the friends who were enabled to assist them, because, thank Heaven, *they* had enough to keep them from being beggars. But, pride comes to a fall! Those who give themselves grand airs, and intrude where they have no business, must not be surprised if they are expelled with shame and disgrace! I'll tell you what,

Madame Néess, if you had gone to church with humility in your heart instead of vanity and presumption, you would not have been deprived of the happiness of being a mother."

Angela would gladly have escaped from hearing this cutting speech; but she was so much affected by Dame Lievers' harshness, that she was seized by one of her old attacks of faintness, and was obliged to sit down for a few minutes before her enemy.

"I'll tell you how it is," continued the angry dame; "proud and arrogant folk always think they manage their affairs so cunningly, that no one will find them out; but they are much mistaken—it won't do: a person who is always anxious to conceal or cover something, is just like a thief who strives to disguise himself in a cloak that is too scanty for him; if he pulls it over on one side, it will not suffice on the other; and, shift and shuffle as he may, he will be sure to expose himself at last, and his bad conscience into the bargain!"

Those who really love truth, and would sooner abide by it than defend themselves at its expense, will never be offended to hear its voice, but, on the contrary, profit thereby. Angela had listened in silence; and Dame Lievers' last words, far from offending her, fortified her in her resolutions. She therefore arose, and said, in a gentle voice:—

"You are perfectly right, Dame Lievers; you are an experienced woman, and there is much reason in what you say."

Having uttered these words, she began to mount the stairs that led to the apartment of the pastor, leaving Dame Lievers overwhelmed with surprise.

"What can this mean," said she, shaking her head ominously. "Perhaps Van der Néess may be in difficulties, and all this good fortune on the decline. She seems to have pocketed all her pride, and is become wonderfully humble. Ah, I suppose it will end in new attacks on my stores of bread; and all these jewels and rich dresses, which have come nobody knows where from, will return the way they came."

Meanwhile Angela, confirmed in her virtuous resolutions, ascended the stairs and knocked at the little polished oaken door of the pastor's room. "Come in," cried a well-known voice, and Angela entered this asylum of peace and calm repose. But little change had taken place in the outward circumstances of the good pastor and his wife; they had enjoyed the happiness of bringing up two little blooming girls; and, perfectly satisfied with their humble lot, the same air of cheerful contentment was still visible on their countenances, and seemed to spread its beneficial influence on all around.

The windows were thrown open, and the spreading branches of the old nut-tree in the court warded off the rays of the sun. Numbers of little feathered choristers hopped from the branches of the tree in at one of the windows, where the children were amusing themselves by feeding them with crumbs of bread: at the other window, the pastor was, as usual, busily engaged at his writing-table. The light fell right upon poor Angela as she stood before him, and yet so great was the change that had taken place, even in her outward appearance, that he did not immediately recognise her; even when she spoke, her voice was changed, and no longer loud and ringing as before.

"Ah, pastor," said she, sadly, "have you quite forgotten Angela?"

The worthy pastor could not imagine how it was possible he had not remembered her sooner, and hastened to summon his wife from the ad-

joining room. Both she and her children affectionately greeted their old friend. But Angela was indeed an altered being; she no longer suffered herself to be carried away thoughtlessly by the impulse of the moment and the influence of surrounding objects. Her hard fate preyed heavily on her mind, and the faculty of reflection, which had been so lately aroused, ever exercised a supreme power over her.

"I wish to consult you on a matter of great importance, reverend pastor," she began, after exchanging a few friendly words with his wife; "and have but little time, for much depends on my decision, and all must be done to-day."

Madame Harsens considerably rose to leave the room with her children, after having kindly bid farewell to Angela, and the worthy curate placed a chair for his old pupil beside the cheerful window, sat down opposite her, and waited to hear what she had to say, without any prying curiosity, but with an air of sincere interest.

"Reverend pastor," said Angela, eagerly, "I am in a difficult position, and cannot decide between right and wrong: therefore I pray you consider for me, and then teach me to see what is right."

She then detailed to him with a melancholy precision which proved how deeply she had been affected thereby, the events that had occurred since the day of the proclamation, nor did she conceal from him the insight she had obtained into the true state of affairs, or the manner in which Néess and her aunt had proceeded towards her.

The worthy pastor was greatly surprised by this communication. As Angela seemed much exhausted by the effort of her narration, he begged her to rest for a little while, and employed the time in reflecting seriously on these extraordinary circumstances.

"My daughter," said he, after a pause, which had given both Angela and him leisure for consideration, "it has pleased God to give a strange turn to your humble life, and I think it is very excusable, that, in the midst of so many contradictory claims and demands, you should feel at a loss to decide on your course. Yet do not imagine it is so difficult to distinguish right from wrong. Perhaps you have not sufficiently kept in mind the eternal truths of the Gospel; for God's holy word, in its beautiful simplicity, would soon have dissipated your uncertainty."

"Does it say then that I must not be divorced from Néess?" said Angela. "Is there no case in which a marriage may be dissolved consistently with what is right?"

"As we cannot say in every case that a marriage has been brought about by the hand of God, there are instances when, consistently with what is right, a marriage may be dissolved, for, like every human action, it is liable to error. If instead of the honourable feeling and hallowed love which should characterise the holy state of matrimony, the wickedness of either of the parties concerned causes wrongs, hatred, and confusion of every sort to arise, such a union is not one appointed by God, but a human error, as distinct as possible from the intention of the Almighty in the institution of this holy ordinance.

Angela was silent. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, and she seemed lost in thought. After a pause the pastor resumed.

"But it was not to ward off earthly sorrows and trials that a divorce has been permitted by our church, though unfortunately it is often sought for views of earthly aggrandisement, or for the gratification of criminal desires. It is only when a marriage is prejudicial to the eternal welfare

of our souls; when we feel ourselves impeded in our course of duty; and when we are unable to lead back our partner in matrimony into the path of virtue, or find he prevents us from aspiring to God, that according to the laws of God and man a divorce is lawful, and free from every imputation of dishonour."

"Néess has done nothing of all this," exclaimed Angela, rising calmly from her seat; "and now my aunt must give me up, for I cannot be divorced from him in accordance with God's holy commands!"

The good pastor had almost forgotten, in expressing his opinions on this subject, that there was a case in point on which he was to decide; but Angela's speech recalled this to his mind.

"It is as you say, Angela!" he said, solemnly; "you run no risk of prejudicing your eternal happiness by remaining with your husband, and have no right to give up a man whose passionate attachment to you admits of the hope that your influence may be productive of good. Turn a deaf ear, therefore, to the seductions of your aunt, though I have no doubt she acts with the kindest intentions; remember that it was through no fault of yours, but by the will of God, that you have been suffered to enter a lower sphere than that to which your birth entitled you; direct all your attention to discover what God designs you to effect in this station of life; firmly resolve to do His will, and you will regain your cheerfulness and peace of mind."

"I shall do so," said Angela, in a clear and decided voice. She breathed more freely, and her eye was no longer fixed on the ground, but glanced fearlessly around her.

"Oh, my kind friend, now I feel at peace with myself once more. It is a sad thing when our relations seek to turn our hearts astray: we naturally cling to them, and would fain believe them in the right. Thus it was with me, yet something within whispered, that if I followed their advice I should not breathe freely again all the days of my life; and now that you have spoken, and convinced me, I feel all is right again, and I am content to bear every trial for God's sake who placed me in this situation. But now I must settle all this, and take leave of my aunt. Then nobody shall ever entice me to leave my house again, and perhaps in time I may grow used to my old mode of life once more, and be contented as I was formerly, and get rid of the secret repugnance I cannot help feeling towards Van der Néess.

"God will bless you if you pray to Him for strength to do His will," cried Harsens, much affected. "But trust not in your own strength; it is as a reed, which every adverse blast may break. Pray to Him and he will stand by you, and enable you to overcome temptations."

It was with increased interest and esteem that Harsens saw Angela depart. Her mind was perfectly made up, no shadow of doubt or uneasiness disturbed her peace, and she hurried away to terminate the whole affair at once. Dame Lievers would not for any earthly consideration have missed Angela's retreat, and she fixed her sharp eyes upon her, as if to pierce her very soul. But the good lady's penetration was sadly puzzled by the quiet, cheerful demeanour of Angela, who seemed to have entirely forgotten Dame Lievers' malicious attack, and shook hands with her kindly at parting, saying she would soon return when she was not so busy and could stay a little longer.

But Dame Lievers did not know that we love the whole world, when we have formed a virtuous resolution.

THE SHADOW-SHOWER.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

And coming events cast their shadows before.—*Lochiel's Warning.*

I.

It was a truly dreary and foggy-chill November night. The old-town watchman had just sung out the witching hour in that horrid plaintive bass so startling to weak nerves, yet so oddly contrasting with the laugh and the song from the little club-room—a sort of screen-slice from the greater travellers' coffee-room in the Lothar Tavern. It was at Berlin under the *ancien régime*. The topics were such as may well be conceived, where politics and divinity were *caveare* to the wise, and a spy might chance to invite you to turn hermit and take your supper in—a cell. What was cut off, however, in solemn civil talk—the destinies of nations, or their own, was perhaps more than made up by additional vigour of imagination, the perfect license of ribaldry and wit, which revenged itself upon authority by finding a safety-valve for its over pent-up steam in corrupt morals and taste.

Still there reigned supreme the old hearty love and good-fellowship, at once so honourable and so conspicuous in the middle and better orders of “our fatherland.” Add, that nothing draws more warmly and closely the bonds of German brotherhood than a good glass of Hochheimer or Liebo-frauens-milk; and had you seen the blinking old veteran—a veteran in mere fields than one—and a sterling old major of the great Frederick's Royal Guards, his glass in one hand and his huge walking-stick in the other, giving such uncommon emphasis and distinction to the last toast to his queen—the favourite of all hearts, and who melted even the iron one of Napoleon—you would have caught the glorious impulse, and lauded and cheered him with the loudest. There is something so doubly honest and hearty in the cheer of a veteran who has served and deserved well of his country, be he a poor pensioner or jack-tar, a high admiral or commander-in-chief. “Worth makes the man,” and among the jovial few there met to celebrate their country's freedom on old Blücher's birthday, not one encored the major's “hurrah” and “Rhine song” so vociferously as a sharp, little old man in a brown riding-coat, that seemed almost to smother him. But it could not hide the genial soul and heart's laugh, the keen sparkling eye, jutting witty front, and those vivacious lips ever on the play, and flashing smiles instinct with double meanings. Born with a genius to preside, and to inspire a soul of mirth into the most lumpish and obstinate human clay, he stood in rich contrast—no! but the perfect antipodes of a tall, gaunt, most ungainly form, that of Baron Dundoff, a third original, who, in point of resolute eccentricity, no less than in argument, would yield to no man. The solemnity he put on when solving the little brown man's jokes and witticisms was quite a standing joke of itself, and when, long after the flash, the heavy report of the distant discovery of the wit was heard

thundering forth, it seemed to electrify every guest, and then there was another general outburst at his expense.

In one of these social interludes the host entered with a petition from one of those modern troubadours, who, to their skill in bagpipes, conjuring tricks, *et hoc genus omne*, seek to add to those higher walks of the art which border upon the preternatural and the terrible. "He was an admirable musician," insinuated the host, while he expressed a certain degree of uneasiness at the idea of his going at all beyond what the strictest priest and most cautious constable or spy would be likely to warrant. He looked so extremely serious when thus speaking, that there was another laugh, and it was resolved to admit the musician, as he called himself, without further parley.

"There is only one dissentient," cried the little brown man, "the baron, who is so terrified that he cannot speak. Still he is a dumb witness, and his silence shall give consent!"

"Cursed bagpiper!" exclaimed the man of acres, with a grim smile, "he will split our ears, and perhaps make the roof fly from over our heads."

"Well!" replied the Brownie, "you are high enough to look over the walls, and can see what is going on without being seen—you have always the advantage of us."

"Besides his guitar," pursued the host, "he has with him a large magic lantern."

"Glorious! we shall all be boys again," cried the major. "He is the 'coming man'—the man of lights and shadows—he is the one for my money—let him come in."

"Are you mad, major?" exclaimed the baron, "you, a soldier, to talk of boys and sentimental nonsense. Pray let me go."

But the conjuror had already made good his entrance, and the grumbling baron seemed at a loss how to get past him to the door. So he sat looking stupid horror in the man's face. This furnished a fresh source of happy hits to the wit, who, winking to the host, bade him remove the lights and secure the door. It was a treat in itself to watch the faces of Boniface and the portly baron when the travelling artist began to ply his trade. The walls began to look alive with the terrific frescoes of the painter's shadowy powers, and the *viva voce* illustrations were in a style of horrible keeping with the witchery of the hour and the scene. The wit's commentaries were regarded as little less than profane swearing, or rather blasphemy, by the trembling host and his tall guest, who momentarily expected to see the roof fall in or fly away with them. The conjuror felt his power, and, like a proud and daring victor, redoubled the terror of his to them unhallowed art. Suddenly in the magic circle there appeared a mysterious-looking personage, dressed in a funereal suit, with chop-fallen visage, deep wrinkles, and a bald head. He was seated in a chair, his chin well lathered with soap-suds, ready for the operator's hand. Flourishing his razor, stood the evil one in full costume, with all his old conventional attributes in amiable relief—the cloven foot and horns conspicuous at either end. Whetting the instrument was an operation that seemed to deprive the baron of the power even of attempting his escape.

The showman himself appeared to regard the figure with a certain kind of shyness, leaving off his voluble commentary, as if to let the thing speak

for itself. Suddenly the major, breaking the horrid pause, exclaimed in his blunt style,

"Quick march! out with the moral—bah!"

Obedient to the word, the man resumed, in the same monotonous tone,

"Here, gentlemen, you behold that reprobate old heretic, Dr. Faustus, the great agitator, who struck up a financial league with another gentleman, who shall be nameless. His hour is on the last stroke. In the likeness of his own valet Sir Beelzebub, approaches, on pretence of shaving him, and takes the opportunity of—ah! it is done! Let us call the next."

"Stop, stop!" cried the baron; "lights, lights; let me out—I will see no more."

Candles were brought in amidst the uproarious merriment of the wit and other members, to the evident relief of host and guest. The showman's Mephistopheles, in the shape of a dancing dog, held the plate in his mouth, the pieces poured in, and making a profusion of bows, the happy impostor of the day "made himself scarce."

"What is the matter with you, baron?" inquired the major; "are you resolving a problem, or have you fallen in love?"

"Verily!" pursued the malicious wit, "he looks uncommonly pale; better take a glass of negus, my dear fellow, and go to bed."

For some seconds the lumpy mass of aristocracy remained quite still; then it began to heave and agitate, and finally to emit a strange kind of wild, guttural sounds, attended with an awful rumbling, like that of a volcano before it succeeds in venting its pent-up rage.

"You are a set of Atheists and blasphemers. I suspected, but now I know it. Fie upon you, to sit and witness such things. I hardly think I am safe in speaking to you! a plague upon you and your club—was that a crack in the roof? Holy mother and all the saints!"

"It was only the major slapping his boot," interposed the wit; "pray oblige us, and go on."

"Go off, you mean," rejoined the major, "for he is full primed; I hope he will not explode."

"He is going to blow us up, at all events," said the wit; "but let him look to himself. Don't you see the conjuror's shadow waving his magic rod there, just above the baron's head?" at the same time he coolly took a pinch of snuff.

"Where? where? Good lord preserve us!" exclaimed the baron, casting a timid glance round him and above, while the rumbling continued louder than before. At length he contrived to bring forth—

"Yes, I say Atheists, if you refuse to believe what I am going to relate; I will disburden my mind of that, and then I will say, 'Heaven speed you, and leave you to your fate.'"

"Thank you, thank you," replied the wit; "you could not confer a greater obligation upon your best friends."

The baron pondered, but could not see the force of the sarcasm, which he only arrived at three days afterwards, when he sent his own valet—it was that demon-valet which had so horrified him, for he thought he could trace an exact resemblance to his own—to demand an explanation. At present, he only observed—

"You are aware that I have just now arrived from Silesia. Listen; and then you can think and say as many impieties as you please. All I

ask is, to stop till I am gone. Well, last night I slept at Hellenau. I had eaten a light supper—”

“Is that possible?” cried the wit; “might not that impression have been rather the result of a heavy one—a delusion, a nightmare?”

“Do you really think so?” replied the good baron, with perfect *bon-homme*, but looking anxiously round him. “I think I said I was standing at a window in the post-house—”

“No, you did not; but you say it now,” interposed the incorrigible major, with his usual *sang froid*. “And so you were standing—”

“In the large bow-window of the house,” continued the baron, with an air of great solemnity, “waiting the arrival of my horses, when my eye fell upon the opposite house.”

“Unhappy house!” exclaimed the wit; “what a fall! a bomb-shell or a congreve would have been nothing to it. So your eye fell.”

“I looked, I say, and saw in the opposite—”

Ere he could get a word further, the slow and solemn-looking personage was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a new actor upon the stage—noble-looking, and apparently not much above forty years of age. Spite of snow-storm, and keen, icy blast, he wore only a light cloak, just fastened by a single clasp; he had no snow-boots or overalls, and seemed to treat the tempest without, like the roaring stove within, with infinite manly contempt. Taking off his broad slouched hat, without deigning a single salute, he shook off the snow, and it was evident, from his whole bearing, and the military style of his dress, that he had seen service, and been accustomed to hard fare as well as to obey—and perhaps to command. Not a passing glance did he bestow upon the old members of “The Jovial,” as he took his seat at a small empty table in a corner of the room. Instead of asking for what he wanted, he marked on the bill of fare the articles with his pencil, and handed it to the waiter. He then took up a *Daily News*, and, as if he had the organ of concentration remarkably developed, became so absorbed in it, that the waiter had some difficulty in rousing him; when, to the baron’s horror, loosening his neck-tie, he silently pointed to his throat.

“Shave, sir, shave?—don’t shave here, sir—no, sir—only ourselves.”

“Don’t believe him,” exclaimed the wit, to the stranger; “he is a shaver, and a very queer shaver; like his master, who has just been here (how Baron Dundoff trembled), he shaves his customers’ pockets close enough.”

The stranger laughed, but it was a queer laugh, as he bade the waiter fasten a napkin round his neck, observing,

“To the devil with your razors; I want to eat and not to shave.”

The old club-men looked on, especially the little brown man, not a little entertained. The latter amused himself with drawing caricatures upon the fly-leaf of his betting-book, which he passed round to the other members, when all at once the baron gave a loud cry. The flame of a candle had come into too close juxtaposition with the top of the stranger’s peruke, and there was a glorious blaze. To snatch it off, trample it under his feet, and to rescue his “news” and his joint, appeared the work of a moment, as the stranger sat, bald-headed, with the white napkin at his neck, presenting to the astonished members the precise living likeness of the shadowy doctor of infidel repute, who had

just undergone so unpleasant an operation. What were the baron's sensations then !

Meantime, the newly-arrived, throwing aside the journal, called for his bill, paid it, and, with the same *sang froid*, resumed his slouched hat and cloak, and took himself off. The members followed him with all their eyes ; and the blunt major sent a flying shot, in the shape of an epigram, at his rear.

"That is good," cried the wit ; "but I think that you will agree with me that our conjuror deserves the reputation he enjoys ; he is really one of the great impostors of his day. What a perfect resemblance between the shadow and the substance ! I see the good baron is delighted at the decided talent so boldly exhibited by his contemporary and friend."

"Beware how you halloa," replied the major, "before you are half out of the wood !"

"Let me resume the thread of my narrative, I beseech you," exclaimed the baron, "while I am here, or you will never hear it from my lips ! It will now doubly interest you.

"I was looking into the opposite window, which became suddenly illuminated ; and I saw the same figure exactly as our magician of the lantern exhibited it to us, and the same as—it is of no use to deny it—you yourselves have just seen in living form and lineaments enter and go out of this very room. And the like demoniac figure stood close by the man in black—the bald-headed, keen, and very intelligent-looking fellow, with his spectacles on—and whetted his razor, and began to shave.

"Well ! the horses arrived, and off I set ; still the strange sight was ever present to me, and you may easily imagine that what you have all seen to-day has not tended to remove the unpleasant impression from my mind. I wish you could explain it away—I will give you a dinner and dozen."

The little brown man laughed out ; but the others were of opinion that there was more than met the eye in such a combination of coincidences of the kind. An amusing discussion, worthy the dialectics of the old schools, followed, which was abruptly broken off by the major in a fit of extreme impatience :

"What is the use of splitting hairs about nothing. It was quite a correct transaction. We have seen that his Sootyship did not foreclose a single hour before the appointed date ; and if Dr. Faustus should again make his appearance, I should like to inquire how he contrives to shoe his amiable valet—whether he employs a shoemaker or a blacksmith to provide him with the needful."

"Your curiosity will hardly be gratified, I think, to-night," replied the wit ; "and I shall therefore sleep mine off, and recommend you to do the same. Good night !"

II.

AGAIN, upon the usual evening, the "jovial" friends met at the same hour and place ; and again the phantasmagorian wonders were as loudly bruited in their ears. Already had the bluff major-president made a motion to the effect that an inquiry should be set on foot as to the how and the where the show-impostor had obtained a copy—for such it

evidently appeared—of the original whom they had recently seen. So it was agreed to call him in ; and, with slight variations of commentary, the same scenes were re-exhibited, and the old-established litany sung.

It was then the major, assuming the office of grand inquisitor, put a few curious and searching questions to the wandering artist.

"Alas! my dear sirs," replied the old man, in the most naïve tone possible, "were you only aware how dear and precious to me that poor shadow is, you would not probe a wound that ever bleeds ; from that image my entire happiness was once derived. Ah! could I ever succeed in finding the original of that copy—for it is one—I should consider myself blessed indeed."

"Wretch!" cried the blunt major, quite out of himself ; "do you mean that you would give yourself to the devil, eh?"

"Not so, my worthy sir ; not so. I have been through life a sincere Christian ; and believe me, the original of the Satan-shade is more especially a very charitable and excellent soul. He is a person of consideration, moreover, and the state barber of Hellenau."

"The state barber at Hellenau?" cried the little brown man, eyeing the baron—for a little explanation had made them better friends than before—"it is rather a singular compliment you have paid him, and not one of which every one would be proud. There is some mystery—that is, some unseen chain of connexion in all this—of which your vision, baron, was only a link, which, I confess, I should like to see cleared up."

"Ah! I know not," replied the showman, much moved, "but could I see once more the original of my second figure, willingly would I lay down these grey hairs in the dust."

"Pooh, pooh!" retorted the baron ; "d—n all sentiment ; there is no need of that. Had you last time only remained half an hour longer here, you would have had that pleasure. There, in that very seat, sat your shaven heretic ; aye, and showed himself no shadow by his manner of attacking the roast-beef."

Each member confirmed what the baron said, to the infinite surprise of the poor man—now no longer the proud actor he had been.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, the tears streaming down his cheeks ; "surely, gentlemen, you would not make merry at the expense of an old man's last surviving hope, if, indeed, a merciful Providence has so far compassionated him. If he be the same, formed by my own happy device, I shall yet live to receive the reward due to my long love and fidelity. Forgive me if I sit down in your presence—a poor itinerant showman as I am, but my knees fail me—the prospect of the crown to all my labours is too overpowering ; I feel as if I should die."

He sank on a chair, breathed hard, and grew deadly pale ; and the heavy, unwieldy baron, the standing jest and butt of the club, was the first to run to his aid, and pour a good glass of *eau de vie* down the fainting man's throat.

The baron's unwonted activity quite astonished the other members, who seemed to feel it as a reflection upon their own want of humanity. The bluff major, slapping him on the back, swore that he was worth them all put together, and if he would only consent to stick by the honest "Jovials," he should be made perpetual dictator—ay, president

for life. But the baron was too occupied with the unhappy man, who had so much terrified him not long before, to pay attention to anything else; and having restored and reassured him, he evinced the utmost anxiety to clear up the apparent mystery, and learn the nature of his adventures.

"It was my fortune, gentlemen, once," began the poor fellow, "to serve one of the noblest and best of masters. My father was steward in his father's family; I was the foster-brother, and became the companion rather than the servant of the noble son, attended him in his travels, and was treated by him more like a friend than a mere dependant. But how we were separated—how I lost so good a master—is, alas! that which I may not tell—part of his own life and adventures, which I cannot consider myself at liberty to make known."

"The d—l you cannot!" cried the major; "do you mean to make fools of us?"

"Yes!" pursued the wit; "to blow hot and blow cold in the same breath is a little too much for the stoutest philanthropy; if you do not make a clean conscience of all you have upon it, I shall think you one of the rankest impostors on the face of the earth."

The baron, who had been most severe before, now took up the cudgels in the poor man's defence.

"Go to your seats, I say," he observed, "if I am to be your president, and let him say just as much or little as he pleases. It will please me."

"So far, then, I may venture to say, as a trusty servant, though bound to no secrecy, that, being the victim of a foul conspiracy, he was compelled to take refuge in France. It was not possible for me to accompany him at that time, but soon after, having settled some important affairs of his, I rejoined him; nor did I ever leave him more till after the dreadful catastrophe which from that hour separated us, I fear, for ever. I have never been enabled to ascertain what became of him. Hence the different disguises I assumed—the different characters of a wandering artist, actor, musician, showman—everything which could, by possibility, be likely to bring me, through high-ways or bye-ways, the slightest intelligence respecting him I sought. How many capitals and strange countries I have visited, it would be idle to recount. East, west, north, and south—by advertisement, by public journals, by researches of every kind—by sea and land, did I still endeavour to obtain a clue to his existence and his movements; but returned home, heart-broken and wearied after all. For I at last concluded that he was dead, convinced that I should rejoin him no more on earth; filled with a strange, sad resignation, that enabled me to support life, till you struck again upon a chord which gave sounds of hope. While in that mood, returning sadly through the streets of Hellenau, I entered the old barber's shop. Seating myself before the looking-glass, the chattering little citizen busied in retailing the last news, my eye suddenly fell upon a portrait under the mirror; and it was a copy of that portrait which you saw reflected as large as life from my magic-glass. You may imagine my surprise on beholding the ever-present features of my lost and absent master. The people there supposed that I had gone mad; for seizing the portrait, I pressed it to my lips and bosom, so that they ran out in

alarm, called in a doctor, and the gendarmes, who held me down by force while I was bled. 'Do what you will with me,' I cried, 'only do not deprive me of this precious gem. It is all that is left of him, and I will pay you whatever price you may desire.'"

"What!" interrupted the barber, "are you still raving?—the price, forsooth, of a paltry drawing like this. It was my own handiwork, and that is the chief value I ever attached to it."

"Your own work!" I repeated, "is it possible?"

"Why not?" retorted the merry shaver. "I took it from a scene in my own life, and it is meant as a perpetual *memento mori* for my wife, who persisted in declaring that I am no artist, although I feel that I am essentially artistical to the backbone. Now, to convince her that I am barber, actor, and painter in one, I hung it up there, painted as it was from the very life."

"From the life!—that is stranger still."

"To be sure! how could it be otherwise? You see I am a director and shareholder of the Theatre Royal here. Last year we brought 'Dr. Faustus' upon the boards, and I played the part of *Mephistopheles*. One evening, just as I was going out ready dressed and masked, there entered my shop a livery servant in haste, with a special request to attend his master, who was then a passenger at the Crown. I might name my own price; but I pleaded the importance of my engagement and the strange attire; but he would hear of no excuses, as if it were some matter of life and death, and almost dragged me to the hotel, although the promise of extra pay was by no means disagreeable. Besides, I had just time, and being sure of my acting salary, might kill two birds with one stone.

"Well, so I found the strange man, seated in state, as it were, in the old billiard-room of the Crown Hotel. He did not even return a grunt for my polite salutation, but sat as grand as Jupiter upon a cloud. He appeared not at all surprised to see a *Mephistopheles* in a barber. So still and statue-like might have sat the shade of Hector on the last night of the fall of Troy. It was the nearest I ever remember to shaving the dead."

"Alas, my dear master!" here broke out the narrator, "thy noble heart was broken, and could never warm or beat again."

But he repressed the tears ready to start, and pursued his sad story.

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V.

THE consequences which were naturally enough expected to result from the last narrated circumstance did not fail to take place; but as the event had been probably anticipated only by a few days, Mary was by no means a sufferer. On the contrary, the morning sun which rose brightly, as if to escort with its glad rays the imperial party on their road homeward, greeted the arrival of a little heiress to the wealth of the Van Meerens; and in the ordinary phrase, both mother and child were as well as could be expected. Nothing could exceed the delight with which the affectionate husband hailed this happy termination to all his anxieties, nor were Paul and his numerous friends backward in sharing his joy.

At the earnest request of Mary her child had been instantly baptised; but the christening was delayed until the time when the mother could take her place at the entertainment with which the ceremony was to terminate. All her friends and relations who could absent themselves for a few days from Mechlin joined those of her husband, and the party that assembled on the destined morning was both numerous and gay, when the little stranger was christened by the name of Margaret; and, according to the custom of those days, presents were showered upon the infant and its mother, such as would shame these economical times.

Shortly after the ceremony had been performed, Mary begged for a private interview with Father Eustace, who had officiated on the occasion. When the priest entered the chamber where she sat, his look was expressive of the deepest sadness as he gazed on her and her little burden.

"I cannot help it," said he, after an ineffectual struggle to conceal the tear that glistened on his long, dark lashes. "I cannot forget the visions I once dreamed in this very house. A sight like this I once thought would before now have blessed my eyes—a happy, fond mother, and her infant. But alas! where now is she for whom I had dared to entertain these hopes?" After a moment's pause he continued:—"She has long been happier in that bright world in which her spirit has found an early refuge; and a few years more will teach the hearts of those whose mortal weakness still betrays them into sinful regrets, to rejoice in the trials that have purified her soul. But seeing you here—in this very room—I confess made me weak. I almost felt faint. I am now much better. What would you of me?"

Mary shrank from the expression of intense mental suffering which one glance at the countenance of the Prémontré revealed to her. She replied mechanically—

"Death often visits the young."

"It is not her death," said the Prémontré, "but the manner!—the manner! Oh! had you seen her as I did!"

The monk's frame trembled under the excess of his emotion. Mary felt a slight shudder creep over her, as horrible images were thus brought

before her imagination. As if moved by an involuntary emotion, she pressed her unconscious treasure closer to her bosom, and said in a hurried tone—

“It is partly because I am as anxious for the body as well as the soul of this poor innocent, that I have exposed you to these reminiscences, Father Eustace, though I had not foreseen that they would have been recalled so vividly. It was to intreat—to implore you to watch over my child, that I have sought this interview. You alone can preserve my sweet Margaret from the dangers that threaten her from her very cradle. To you alone can I apply, for to whom else dare I entrust those secrets on which the safety of all that are dear to me depend? Father Eustace, save my child! Let not my Margaret grow up to loveliness,—to be loved,—to perish—as *she* did!”

“Soothe yourself, I beg,” said the priest, in accents so low and tremulous that Mary’s eager ear could scarcely distinguish the words—“What can I do for you?”

“Preserve my child from *her* fate,” continued Mary, with increasing emotion; “you know the unfortunate opinions of her father, her uncle, those of their best friends, and the constant inmates of this house; all think alike. I am but a simple, unenlightened woman. How can my weak voice be raised in opposition to the best of husbands, and the kindest of brothers? If I told Paul the misery which I dread he may bring upon this house, he would instantly depart,—go alone through the wide world,—shake the dust from his feet before our threshold, and my selfish, ingrate heart would never know peace again; nor could Cornelius continue to love her who had banished his unhappy brother. And yet, if a firmer hand than mine does not watch over this innocent one, and guide her in the true path from earliest childhood, it maddens me to think what may be the result! She will, she must become a heretic. Then kings and their ministers,—the cruel laws,—the church,—the very elements, will unite against her. Oh! rather than I should live to see such a day I would now, willingly, put an end to my child’s unconscious existence! You,—you alone, Father Eustace, can support me and her through the trials of ensuing years. Promise to watch over her, and maintain her in the only faith that affords safety to life and limb in these stormy times.”

“It is a severe task you would impose upon one who had hoped to remain for ever a stranger to all that passed on earth,—to wander on through his appointed time of probation without endangering his peace by any tie that might bind him, however remotely, to this world and its sorrows. It was for this that I renounced all its seductions,” continued the monk, more in commune with his own thoughts than in reply to the pale and agitated Mary, who stood gazing intently on him. “But, perhaps, the motive was sinful. Perhaps to shun thus the afflictions inseparable from the affections of our nature,—to fly from the activity of life, was, after all, but the braving of the will of Providence. This new trial, thrown in my path, may be sent to punish my cowardice; for it *will* be a tie,—it *will* be an affection, and, therefore, a cause for fresh suffering. Thus called upon, however, duty forbids that I should permit a soul to stray from the flock, even if my heart could resist a mother’s appeal. Alas! alas! that she should have thought of me!”

"But," said Mary, "whom could I trust? Paul's, my husband's, safety,—are they not involved in my discretion?"

"True,—most true," answered the monk, with eagerness. "Paul's safety alone ought to be my constant thought. Have I not promised my life should know no other care? Rest quiet, my child," continued he more calmly, "all other considerations,—all other wishes shall be secondary in my mind, from this day forth, to the trust you have imposed upon me. I cannot but think you were inspired by Heaven itself in your solemn appeal, and that this holy charge has been committed to me by a higher will than your own. To that I submit. First among my duties shall I, from this day forth, consider the preserving of a soul thus entrusted to me from all the perils that may threaten it. Margaret," continued he, solemnly, putting his hands on the brow of the innocent lumberer, "I adopt thee as the child of my affection, as truly as though thou hadst been *hers*." He raised his mild, eloquent orbs to those skies to which his prayers were addressed, and his additional blessing met no mortal ear.

Mary wept, and yet her mind was soothed and comforted. It might be said that in those tears she vented the anxieties that had so often pressed upon her mind, since first she expected to become a mother, anxieties which had augmented to a most distressing degree since her child had proved a girl. Now her long oppressed heart was relieved. Without betraying or offending those whom she cherished, she had provided for the safety of the new object of her cares, and would, as it grew up trained in the right way, be enabled, like other mothers to indulge in gay visions of unclouded happiness and success for her child. Secure in the guidance of a stronger mind than her own she determined henceforth to discard all fears concerning the future. Thus it was that when she appeared at the head of her table, her face bright with smiles, not the most deeply versed in the variability of the feminine mood could have livined the cares that had depressed her heart but a few hours previously.

But whilst she thus reflected on her beaming countenance the gladness of all around, she had unconsciously planted a fresh thorn in a breast that had vainly dreamed to stifle all human feeling beneath the folds of a monk's robe, and had laid open, perhaps, a train of regrets felt all too late, of thoughts which had long been unavailing. If so, neither she nor any other being ever became acquainted with the fact; for none that day traced the pale and silent Father Eustace in his solitary walk through the Roypoort, nor marked his eye when it first glanced on the plain round him. Whatever the weakness of his nature he triumphed over it, for his step was firm, and his air serene and meekly resigned when he re-entered the gates of St. Michael.

Meanwhile, the festive board of Cornelius van Meeren groaned beneath all the good things that graced the meals of those days. The display of his crystals might truly have been termed brilliant. Here the Venetian glass, whose supposed antipathy to poisons had invested it with peculiar value, displayed its milky hue in the form of an elongated covered wine-cup. Near it, the richly faceted goblet tempted the lip to partake of its golden contents; for the Rhenish wines were then, as now, most in request. There a tankard of silver, exquisitely wrought; a little cherub at either side, and perhaps a third perched upon the lid, invited the hand to possess itself of this specimen of Italian taste and skill, com-

taining to the unimaginative a scarcely less tempting one of Flemish brewery. Master John Sturgeon had presented to his hostess a golden knife and fork—the latter being at the time of modern invention—curiously inlaid with stones of price, which made no mean appearance amidst the general display. Fresh rushes had been strewed on the floor, and the walls looked gayer than ever under the very choicest looms of the host. To dwell upon the rich collection of vases of every sort—to number all the solids and fluids that elicited the admiration of the guests—would be an endless task; we will, therefore, at once dismiss it, and turn our attention to those who partook of this sumptuous repast.

Besides the more immediate friends of the family, Masters van Diest, William Kay, Peter Koek Alost, Nicholas Rondinelli, the Florentine consul, and others, were assembled a large number of the most important burghers of the city and their dames. There were also present many of the literary celebrities of the day. Amongst these stood, pre-eminent, Cornelius Grappheus, whose reputation in the world of letters elevated him far above the office he held in his native town, and whose close intimacy with the far-famed Erasmus of Rotterdam conferred upon him a fresh title to public esteem. Here, also, were John Gruetter, and his mother, Catherine Richam, an Englishwoman by birth, who had acquired for herself a name no less distinguished in the field of science than had her husband and son. To these were added Leonard and Abraham Ortelius, father and son. Assemblies thus happily blending the most chosen ingredients,—whose every member felt the proud consciousness of performing a useful or a brilliant part in life,—in which the fruits of wealth and its enjoyment were shared with those who contributed to gild the hours of weariness, were of almost daily occurrence.

"This day twenty years I have the promise of Master Cornelius that you will celebrate as gaily the marriage of pretty Mistress Margaret, for that she will be pretty who can doubt?" said, in an undertone, the venerable John Sturgeon to Mary van Meeren, next whom he sat; "I shall not live to see the day," added the old man, with a sigh, "but you will all think of me."

"Is it not rather early in the day to speak of matrimony?" inquired Mary, laughing.

"Nay, nay," said the old man, shaking his head with a good-natured smile, "I am in earnest. Your husband has passed me his word, that if the parties, when full grown, do not object, your little Margaret shall become the wife of my grandchild John Sturgeon, who is now, come Michaelmas, ten years old."

"What could put such a strange fancy in your head?" replied Mary, not without a slight shade of embarrassment in her manner.

"Are you not aware that my second son is to settle here, and enter into an enlarged partnership with the firm Van Meeren and that of Sturgeon in London? Not only do we hope by this arrangement to increase tenfold the wealth which it has pleased Providence to bestow on us each individually, but we shall spread the commercial interest to an extent not yet attempted between our respective cities."

"I never heard of this before," said Mary; "and when is it your purpose to put it into execution?"

"As to one part of it, very shortly—as soon as my son can wind up certain affairs in England, and your husband has prepared all for his

settling here. As for the other part of our plan, of course so many years must intervene——"

"That it almost sounds like a mere joke," answered Mary.

"You will find your husband of a very different opinion," said old Sturgeon with a rather displeased air. "Of course you cannot be so alive as he or Master Paul to the advantages of uniting and embarking large capitals on the same ventures."

"It is not worthy, Master Sturgeon," said Mary, anxiously, "that I do not value your friendship as much as my husband does, but as I am a Catholic and you a Protestant——"

"Tut, tut, madam," said the old man impatiently; "we are not talking of religion, but money—that's quite a different thing, I take it."

Mary bowed her head in submission to this last and conclusive argument, when a female friend most opportunely called her attention.

"Is it true what I heard from your nurse, that you found a ring in the street some days ago which was a charm against fever? and that you put it round your child's neck to carry it luck?"

The questioner was very young, and on seeing the deep blush that her very first words diffused over Mary's face, she desisted immediately. But thus openly addressed, Mary could not avoid giving an answer.

"Why, truly," said she, "we tried, but in vain, to restore the jewel. The great are so difficult to be come at, and so it remained longer in our possession than we wished to retain it."

"But it is a charm, is it not?"

"Perhaps it may be—I am not aware. I have placed the ring in my brother's hands."

"Yes," said the other laughing, "now you think you no longer need it you are willing to return it."

Paul caught an idea of what was going forward, and asked Kay, who sat near him, if the Count of Egmont were not one of his patrons?

"Indeed he is," said Kay. "I owe to his munificence and kindness much of my present happiness."

"Did you see him this time?" continued Paul; "I suppose not; the stay of the court was so short."

"I beg your pardon," answered Kay, "he honoured me with a visit in my own humble lodgings, and was more complimentary than my modesty permits me to repeat."

"Nothing said in praise of your talent can ever be above your deserts," said Master Nicholas Rondinelli, whose esteem for the arts led him, on all occasions, to court the society of artists.

"Has he been making fresh calls upon your time?" inquired Paul.

"He has made such liberal, to say the truth, such princely offers, and has added to all other inducements, however weighty, a grace of manner so condescending, that I shall for a time throw up all else, and devote myself wholly to the tasks he may impose upon me. But your portrait, Paul, shall be finished, I promise you, before I start for Brussels."

"Is Brussels then about to take from Antwerp one of its greatest celebrities?" asked Rondinelli.

"That I cannot determine," said Kay, smiling. "If I once engage myself in that town, it will be difficult to get away from it again; but Antwerp is, and ever shall remain, my home."

"As I am fixed here for a time," said the Florentine, "I cannot but

rejoice at your decision ; were I in my own country I could wish it otherwise."

"How courteous these cunning Italians are," said Paul, in an undertone to Kay. "For all the good I think of you, I never could have expressed it so well. But you are one of ours, and know what is a friend. By-the-by, I have a singular commission for you in Brussels."

"What can I do for you?" asked the other; "I am afraid, though a willing, I shall make but a sorry, agent."

"You mistake," said Paul, laughing; "it is nothing very weighty, and none can do my errand on the present occasion better than yourself. It is to return to the Count of Egmont a ring of price, which he dropped before our eyes, whilst riding in the emperor's train. I know the jewel to be his, and yet could find no opportunity of restoring it."

"I will do so with pleasure," said Kay, "but may I see the trinket? Perchance you may be mistaken. No," he added, as he took the jewel from his friend's hand; "I think I remember having seen it on the finger of the count, and having been struck by it at the time."

One guest after another expressed a desire to see the ring. Some estimated its value, others conjectured what the words engraved upon it could signify; the women whispered something about amulets.

"Pray, young sir, expound it to us," said Rondinelli, turning to the young Ortelius, who was not far off; "surely you can make it out?"

"I'll try," replied the youth, modestly; "but I am afraid, fair sir, you overrate my skill."

The ring was immediately handed to him for examination.

"I think," he said, after a moment's pause; "it must be a talisman."

"But what do the words signify, Abraham? Surely you can tell us?" said his father, eagerly, whilst the curiosity of all kept their eyes fixed on the countenance of the young man.

"Indeed I cannot, father," answered the youth, ingenuously.

"What then made you say that it was a talisman?" inquired the disappointed parent, somewhat pettishly.

"Because," replied the son, "I am pretty certain the most important word is composed of four letters; and although I cannot make out to what tongue, living or dead, they appertain, yet in most languages the word 'God' is written with four letters."

"As for instance," said the Florentine, with a smile; "come, young sir, gratify our curiosity."

"The word in the Hebrew tongue is 'Hiod'; 'Deus,' in the Latin; 'Dieu,' in French; 'Gott,' in German; 'Alla,' in Arabic; 'Theut,' in Egyptian, in which language 'th' is but one letter, as 'Theos' in the Greek. The Persians have it 'Cyre'; the Magi name the divinity 'Orsi.'"

"But," said Master Rondinelli, "in our language we have it 'Dio.'"

"And the English," said Paul, who spoke that language fluently, "say 'God,' a word of three letters likewise. Therefore, young sir——"

"I merely gave it out as a surmise, not as a certitude," answered the youth, looking somewhat abashed.

"Nay, you must not be cast down by a check now and then, my young bird," continued the Florentine. "I foretel that you'll soar high enough one day for all that. But let us pass the trinket to Master Cornelius

Grappheus; he has travelled so much that he, probably, has seen something of the kind somewhere."

"He'll none of it," said Cornelius van Meeren; "his mind is too full of our grand doings here of late; why he is actually intent on compiling a volume concerning them."

"What are they talking about? Count of Egmont isn't?" asked Van Diest, peering above his comically-rounded nose at the company, then retreating it to the vicinity of Master van Meeren's ear. "What a thing it is," said he, "to bring so many great folks to a town. I saw Thielen this morning, the great Nuremberg merchant, you know; he tells me the Count of Egmont has ordered him to construct such a toy for his children—quite beautiful!" and here Van Diest showed the white of his eyes as he was very much in the habit of doing.

"What sort of a thing is it, I wonder?" said a fair gossiping neighbour, for Van Diest seldom lacked female listeners, if he sometimes contrived to tire out the patience of his male companions.

"It is to be a complete set of knights on horseback, accoutred after the Hungarian fashion, as they were at the tournament lately given by our Queen Mary at Binns. It is as complete a thing as can be imagined."

"Indeed," lisped his attentive neighbour, "and pray what were the colours of the knights? that is, if you happen to know."

"If I happen to know! I who went to Binns on the very first rumour of this tournament, that I might be an eye-witness of its magnificence, and who had nearly slept in the street—for all the hostelryes were so full there was no place to be had for love or money, and I did not know a soul in the place—and so I should, that is, if they had let me, but a good-natured barber, at whose house I happened to spend an hour, trying to gather all the news I could, when he heard of my strait permitted me to pass the night in his shop. Well, I was uncomfortable enough to be sure; but then the next morning there came the tournament. Such a sight! well worth ten such nights; not a shilly-shally thing as that we had here, I can tell you—a grand sight it was."

"It has not struck you, of course," said Cornelius Grappheus to his host, "never having been much of a traveller, and scarcely having as I think wandered even through our provinces, how unconsciously nationality displays itself in small as in great things. For instance, the arch of the English was very much in the style of Temple-Bar in London, that of the Florentines reminded me not a little of many buildings which I have seen in Italy, and the German arch had much of the heavy masonry of their own grey castles. I wish Van Meeren you had travelled sufficiently to be able to feel the truth of my remark."

"You must not forget that you owe to this circumstance my inability to dispute it," answered Cornelius with a smile.

"Yet it is an advantage to have visited distant countries, and to return to one's own with the conviction that none, after all, can surpass it, or become half so dear."

"You must have felt more proud of your own town and townsmen, these few last days, than ever," said Cornelius. "I scarcely think there are many European cities, although I know them not, that could have made the display that we have."

"I, who have seen so many," said Grappheus, "fully agree with you."

And if the emperor but put a check, for a time, at least, on his valour, we may hope, under the blessings of peace, to rise much higher than ever stood Bruges; and though I am afraid luxury is also growing upon us, still I trust our own good sense will keep it within better limits than have our neighbours, that despite our love of good cheer, fine apparel and other creature comforts, we shall not fall into apathy or sloth."

"We lack not celebrities of every kind to give our city the renown which wealth alone could scarcely effect for us," said Paul, who had been for some minutes an attentive listener; "science and the fine arts flourish amidst our commercial prosperity, like flowers under the care of a fostering hand."

"But," said a German, sitting near them, "much of the wealth here displayed belongs to other lands, and other people. The Welsers, whose superb house royalty itself deigns to honour with its presence, are Germans, and belong to the empire. The Spaniards bring here the treasures of their newly-discovered world, as to the most convenient mart; the Milanese, their armour; the Florentines and Genoese, their rich silks and velvets; and the Fuggers of Augsburg possess themselves of all the commerce of spices for the vast empire to which they belong. The Portuguese, English, Turks, all alike contribute to the splendour of the city. In short, I should rather liken Antwerp to a large bazaar where the South barter its commodities against those of the North, than consider it as a town relying on, or boasting any native resources—a place more indebted to its situation and the most liberal of governments, for the eminence to which it has risen, than——"

Paul hastened to interrupt the speaker, who, in the warmth of argument, was forgetting that the host and his guests were not likely to take his view of the subject.

"How can you," said he, indignantly, "thus overlook our native industry? Have we not a whole street that derives its name from the many goldsmiths who dwell in it? Have we not armourers of no mean or contemptible skill? Our linen might satisfy the daintiness of a queen, and, like our laces, finds its way to most countries and most courts; whilst our tapestry—(although, perhaps, it would better become me to be silent on that head, but an honest pride within me forbids it)—our tapestry decorates the palaces of the great and the noble, the oratories of the pious, and the bowers of beauty in all parts of Europe; nay, the pope himself is constantly having some fresh specimens sent to him. But it is not alone to European luxury or comfort we administer; the produce of our land, wafted over distant seas by our own bold and reckless mariners, who, unlike those of other nations, brave all seasons and all weathers, finds its way to Arabia, Persia, and India."

"Far be it from me," answered the stranger, "to say aught against this fair city whose cheerful hospitality I have so long enjoyed; but allow me to say, I think it may yet rise higher."

"So it will, and must," exclaimed Paul, warmly, "if a wise and temperate mode of government be strictly adhered to, as we have every reason to hope it will, for we can afford to buy the good-will of our princes. Enlightened rulers, however, will ever see that privileges and immunities—nay, I will speak it at once—liberty is necessary to the prosperity of commerce. Where it is not granted, everything else, perhaps, may flourish, but *that* will fall."

"I would not reckon too much on the good the future may have in store for us," said Kay, in an undertone to Paul. "I am, perhaps, more in the habit of studying the features, the manners, and the passing shades of expression in the faces of those around me, and to deduce grave inferences from the most trifling observations, than other men. If I really possess any portion of the talent my friends attribute to me, I certainly owe it entirely to the habit, early acquired, of seeking the results of character, of secret passions and emotions, in every line of the countenance, in every unguarded look and gesture; and I am sorry to say, I have seen nothing in our future monarch which could inspire confidence. You may term me a false prophet if, when his day comes, ours does not set."

"How mean you?" said Paul, with an interrogative glance.

"I mean," answered Kay, sinking his voice to a whisper; "that to me everything in him betrays the 'tyrant.'"

"His father was not of gentle mood," answered Paul, with a sigh, "and yet we've thriven under his protection—perhaps the better that it was so mighty."

"There will be the difference between Charles and Philip," replied Kay, "that there is between a clear frosty day and one of heavy gloom. The one cheers though it pinches, but the other saddens as well as destroys."

"As for me," said Van Diest, "I do not see what more of earthly goods we ought to desire or strive for. So prosperous are the merchants here, that the emperor has been obliged by an edict to put an end to their buying up the fiefs of those of the nobility who ruin themselves, for all the traders about town were becoming lords as fast as they could. It was time to put a stop to it, or I should have come in next—eh! eh! eh! But the law overtook me before I had half made up my mind; and now as the emperor is so willing to ennoble painters, I'm half thinking to turn my hand to the brush."

The conversation became gradually louder and more confused, and Mary, heartily wearied, was greatly relieved when the clamour gave way to the enjoyment of music, without which no festivity in those days was complete. When the last of her guests had departed, she lost no time in retiring to her chamber, being in no small need of rest. She blessed her slumbering child as was her custom before seeking her own pillow, and her thoughts involuntarily reverted to the ring which William Kay had taken away with him. "I care not," thought she, as she pressed her rosy lips to the infant's tiny brow, "I care not for the silly visions which that trinket made me conjure up for thee, my Margaret, for art thou not blessed already with all I could wish? Kind hearts to love—a mother's eye to watch over thee—great wealth to pave thy way with ease and comfort? Surely thy young life must needs be a happy one, and will not require an additional blessing; nor will mine now that I possess thee. I could almost wish never again to be a mother, that I may not be obliged to divide the love I would fain keep for thee alone."

VALDARNO; OR, THE ORDEAL OF ART-WORSHIP.

A BIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XV.

"MY maternal ancestors in past ages had built their lofty nest among the hills of Calabria, and had ruled over large districts of that wild country. The natives are bold and proud, yet thoughtful and warm-hearted. In a region so little altered by foreign intercourse, the blood of the people, like a rich substratum of soil, may be supposed to contain germs which need only a genial influence to develop them. The Greek races freely mingled in the families of Valanidi, and had transmitted their customs and dialect through them down to the present day. The women, therefore, according to your views, invited to more literate lands, were peculiarly adapted to give birth to those masculine minds whose likes had in ancient times sustained the literature of Greece.

"For who, indeed, can tell how many types of human excellence may not have been dormant among families like these, awaiting only their proper time? Who can say that my own career, already fast preparing, is not dictated by a fate which Athens herself had reserved for a distant posterity?"

Angus smiled at this sally, but showed himself too much engrossed in my narrative to offer a remark.

"My mother was never happy from the hour that she left her highland home. In an ardent temperament like hers, associated with unbridled imagination, the idea of love can never become embodied. How could it, when all besides is unreal? In such minds the highest tone of that passion is brought out by the distant sight of objects which prove wholly unworthy of it when seen nearer. A graceful actor on the charmed stage, a passing soldier arrayed in heroic trappings, may be enough: the imagination becomes restlessly affected by the image. Were the object afterwards better known, the bright cloud which at once tinged and obscured the eyes of fancy, might have been dispersed. But fancy when spent, like an only child, by not being associated with thinking companions, grows selfish, and shuns advice of them even when they are at hand. It shuns the too close investigation of all that is delightful, as if by instinct assured that its estimate of things were too high for the truth, though not the less necessary to happiness. With some the object of love is thus secondary to the love itself; it is no more than the form about which the movements of the soul play; a sunrise whose light renders self fully perceptible.

"Such, I believe, was the nature of my mother's love; and, as is ever the case where the affections are readily warmed, it was not limited in its range. But as time wore on, these ideal attachments became less and less intangible; and youth passed, the heart was attracted to a real object, though not to the realisation of its once credulous aspirations.

"The truth is, her father and brothers were the idols, and were worthy almost of her adoration. Of noble bearing, and distinguished for bravery and honour, it was difficult for such a woman as my mother to be satisfied with the common herd of admirers while such men as these formed her

standard, and filled her heart with kindred affection. The father, the brother, may well be the lover's rival in the eyes of a proud and noble woman. And such was my mother; and often has she told that she had never seen the equals of her own brothers either in person or character. They inspired her with their principles and feelings; they confided their secrets to her breast, like herself unable to discover an associate; so rare is that true nobility which no one not possessing it need attempt to understand. This, while her brothers lived, was all the real love my mother desired.

"The happiness of those days was, however, checked by a first sorrow—the death of her own mother. The event was unlooked for; her parent had been well one day, the next was no more. A death so unexpected was terrible; while the shock was severely felt the event appeared untrue. Panic rather than grief prevailed; no one could shed tears; and for months the loss was scarcely viewed in the light of death so much as of absence, so suddenly had a young and tender parent disappeared.

Months thus elapsed, and the event still was almost incredible; the mourner's eye remained unmoistened, though the cheek was pallid, and the heart closed. At this period a messenger arrived unexpectedly with the intelligence that a brother now was no more. He had been stationed with his troop on the coast, and while riding had been thrown from his horse against a rock, from which accident he met with his end without a struggle. At this sad news the father, far advanced in years, gave one look of despair to his daughter, and all was forgotten; his reason was gone—he was once more a child. When my mother saw her father's mind thus sink beneath the weight of trouble, the floodgate of her tears was mercifully set loose. She then saw and believed her losses, and indulged in the anguish which was due. From that hour to her last, as if the deep sluices once opened could not close again, she was the woman of many tears; her eyes had grown dim with weeping.

"Her whole life, however fickle, was one of affection for children and husband, but she never loved them as she had done her parents and brothers, the last of whom died naturally, many years afterwards, in her arms.

"The names of her kindred were rarely mentioned in her presence, so acute was the grief which the mere remembrance of them would awaken. A sister was her only surviving relation, for whom, strange to say, she never felt much regard, though most deserving of attachment. With the exceptions thus given, my mother was cheerful and fond of pleasure. She had a keen sense of wit, particularly of the burlesque. When I have found her in good humour I have often made her laugh by my boyish acting until her eyes have streamed, and she has been breathless and agonised from the violent concussion which laughter communicated to her frame.

"My mother's unfailing belief," continued I—for my narrative had fairly set in—"was that at no time was she unhappy except when absent from Valanidi, her native home; but, alas! she was most wretched when there! Her happiness, indeed, wherever she might be, reposed on the desire to be elsewhere. When at Florence, or Aulæ, she expatiated on the joys of her Calabrian home, the wild beauties of her country, the associations of other days. The vivid remembrances of childhood and youth were ever present to her, and appeared capable of being restored to reality

by a return to her fatherland. One peculiarity which she possessed was remarkable as it was rare: she gained nothing by experience. When she had reached her native place, no sooner did her foot touch the soil than she felt a chill which told that her hope of rest was an illusion. The absence of what was once there—of kindred sympathy—warned her heart; solitude penetrated it; before the next day arrived she was ready to go. But ere long, having left it, provoked at, and to her own conviction cured of, these vain longings after local content, the desire to return and try once more would be reawakened. At first she would hide the wish through shame, but soon, too strong to remain a secret, it betrayed itself. And now, the old passion again indulged in would be divulged—productive of joys the most romantic! Oh, with what love, what pity do I relate it of her to whom I owe my being! She wandered to and fro after that which had departed, and found no peace!

“My father indulged her in these rooted whims—attached to her, and not averse to travelling himself. He was always pleased to visit Rome in due season; the excursion afforded him some new indulgence in the way of art. Though he rarely conversed on the subject, he felt deeply the chastity of sculpture, the richness of painting, the grandeur of architecture, and to these I may add the desolations of antiquity. How often has he taken me with him as a boy into lonely places, whether among Etruscan ruins round Volterra, or into the amphitheatre at Fiesole, or the Colosseum; and held my hand for hours, hushing me to silence if I spoke, until at first shuddering with a kind of dread, I have at length grown with him into a portion of the ancient scene, become affected by its quiet, and thus learned to respect its hidden meaning. It is a strange thing for a mortal to be brought up thus; instead of being taught the business of life, to be reared in the most exquisite refinements, as if for no other purpose than to appreciate the glory of past ages. My father liked society, and when mixed in it talked somewhat freely on most subjects, but not on matters of feeling. In sensibility he saw the moral atmosphere of the insane; he dreaded it as if it had been a Pontine marsh, or maremma whose pestilential vapours infected not the body only but the mind. He withdrew from all feeling to a degree which I had never known in another. In early life he experienced its fatal consequences; but the manner was marvellous in which he trained self to an apathy upon which he brought to bear the highest of intellectual pleasures.

“A statue simply graceful would at times make him shudder, as if the just estimation of its merits were a trial; and he would constantly shade his eyes with his hand and turn away from an imposing picture, the colours of which might, for a moment, have arrested his eye. This was not an affected habit, but probably an act of self-control in a mind which, shattered by passion, trembled at the full use of its own faculties. That I am correct in this opinion is corroborated by an event which I myself brought to pass, when a boy, at Aula, and which happened thus. How well I remember it! My mother had taken me out with her one morning to visit a dying woman who had been her servant. The poor creature sat up in her bed to breathe. The inquietude of decline was marked in her face. She was still lovely, and thin like a corpse not quite deserted. But a few days before this she had given birth to a child, which now, dressed in the neatest way, lay dead upon a deal table. It looked like an ornament, it was so little! Besides this and the sufferer's

scanty bed, with a picture of the 'Crucifixion,' there was no furniture in the chamber. On the same day I was afterwards walking by the cottage with my father, when, without thinking, I said, 'Come in; come and see a mother and child!' He followed me mechanically into the chamber, being at leisure, and supposing it was to see a picture. He looked first at the mother, then at the child, and lastly at me; and with what an expression of woe! As his eyes hung over me, he said, 'O my God! dost thou see that?' words which I shall ever remember. It seemed to me as if they had been sorrowfully heard by the Being whose name he pronounced, and by whom he expressed his pain, owing to so thoughtless an act of mine! My father was one of those who, as this anecdote illustrates, by means of a few words produced much effect on his hearers. His words, too, often gave a simplicity to common things which appeared to render them uncommon. The same might also be said of his chisel. What he sculptured, though marked by an exquisite anatomy, was too simple to please many: those however who did approve were enraptured; a state of admiration which the sculptor himself thought out of taste in relation to his own works, which did not betray a feeling. It was observed by Michael Angelo himself that his marbles were a reproof to the impassioned. My mother praised, but did not understand them; and a strange contrast they were to herself.

"I was peculiarly placed between the coldness of one parent, the fervour of the other, and the want of habitual tenderness in both. They did not heed my sensibility, which, like a creeper, should have been trained; they did not heed my melancholy. Often, when treated harshly, must my childish face have told them of an ability to endure, as if it were a destiny. I felt, I suffered, without a murmur; like an infant Prometheus I thought that such must be.

"My mother was naturally the kindest of parents, but she was not always the same. She would often suddenly alter in demennour towards me; and no punishment is greater to an affectionate child than the inconstancy of parental affection. Always alive to the tones of love, grateful to hear them, overjoyed to be noticed with smiles, ready thenceforth to be happy for ever; with heart thus confiding, how great my astonishment and despair when, for some unintentional offence, my gladness would be interrupted by scolding the most severe, and looks almost diabolical.

"The misery of a child is inexpressibly bitter; witness his sobs and tears. No man ever weeps thus unless it be under a load of the most galling affliction; no woman suffers distress more true when deserted by her lover. But the infant's joy to be thus crushed in a moment, and thus brushed away like a moth! My little sister had constant shelter under paternal love, but I had no bosom to cling to, no cheek, except my sister's, to kiss, and that was not large enough when I was sad. My eyes were often on the ground, as if in mother earth to claim parental love, for I felt there was something wanting to make complete the arrangements of an early state of being. But, after all, the gloominess of a child is but a fleeting shadow; one moment he is sad, another he jumps for joy at the sight of amusement. So it was with me for a long time, but events did not improve around me, so I lived in that shadow long and often, and at last it grew to my shape."

CHAPTER XVI.

"MY father did not greatly value education; my mother did not understand it. I was taught by a priest, who made every kind of knowledge a part of the history of religion. Had I been dependent on him only, I should have learned little that was true. He was afterwards made a Jesuit, but of the lowest class, and knew but little himself. The knowledge I acquired came from various sources; no system was pursued, but I learned something of all. I am ashamed and grieved to think how little my parents taught me, especially concerning religion. So great was this neglect, I first heard of the omnipotence of the Deity from my groom.

"It was at this crisis that Ariosto first befriended me. My mother had taken me one morning to call with her on the Countess of Stromi, and there I first saw the poet. He made me an object of especial notice, put questions to me, and praised me to my mother. Her eyes sparkled with delight to hear me spoken of so favourably by an illustrious author; she seemed to think for the first time that I was possessed of merit. Ariosto was sincere, he liked me, and frequented our palace. He proposed to teach me grammar, and to read Virgil with me, after a fashion of his own. The priest was dismissed, and a great man succeeded him as my instructor. When he found that I was eager for instruction, he made me join him in his walks. He not only taught me classical lore, but he told me who I was, which before I had not known with distinctness. One day he said to me, 'I have observed, my boy, that you are sometimes melancholy; let not that be; you are destined to be a great man. In the first place, you must necessarily rank among the greatest princes in Italy. At the death of your father you will be the Count of Andria, with estates almost extending from sea to sea; and at the decease of your aunt and mother, co-heiresses of Valanidi, you will be a prince, and inherit all their Calabrian possessions. This nothing can prevent, and the power which you are thus to acquire will enable you to become truly great, the rival of the Medici themselves, whether as a statesman, or as a patron of letters. I am rich enough, for my wants are not many, but that in which I have been poor is knowledge. Profit then by my example, and learn all you can in youth; for then alone the memory is faithful. Do this, and you will hereafter become the great man that I predict.'

"Such words as these may be supposed to have impressed me in every sense; they certainly stimulated me to study. The great author who took so kind an interest in my welfare was almost daily engaged with me in reading. He knew well the common faults of teaching. I entered on Virgil; but besides grammatical form and translation, I was made to learn Roman history, and taught the importance of dates. Thus prepared I read the poet's life, and understood it as well as if it had been in our own day. Then, while reading the *Æneid*, the poet placed maps of the ancient and modern world before me, and read with me that portion of Grecian history which was necessary to render our author intelligible. Thus my friendly instructor by his wisdom and intelligence made study delightful, and knowledge easy of acquisition. On this method, by his assistance and afterwards my own efforts, I passed through a wide course of reading, and became possessed in time of all the learning of the age.

"Thus a stranger gave me that instruction which should have been provided by my parents. Once possessed of a system, I followed it out into every branch of knowledge. I penetrated the recesses of letters ancient and modern; yet, while thirsting for information, I was an epicure in what I read, and in reading refused a place in my memory to things which deserved no place in pure literature. This power of excluding matters which my instinct recoiled from I found very active, while that of absorbing those for which it manifested an affinity was equally energetic. The motives of great actions, and the workings of the moral impulses of men had an irresistible charm for me. I studied them not in books only but in life. In my intercourse with men my chief employment was to trace their motives in their words, their looks, and manner. By this constant habit I was able to explain apparent incongruities in individual characters which baffled the sagacity of their most intimate friends. In truth, I acquired so great skill by having hourly connected outward signs with inward impulses, that I could have told any man exactly what was passing in his mind, what he was disguising and what inventing; nay, even why he desired to deceive, or why speak truth. In features and words I saw the mind itself.

"This habit of penetration made me see into myself too, and observe myself as if I were another; but it did not aid me in self-reform.

"In early life we cannot of our own efforts find out the use to which intellect is destined. There is so much of this world in prospect, and the taste for life is so acute, that the nobler the faculties the more they appear apportioned for purposes of enjoyment and triumph. But high as the sciences rank, how low their aim in comparison with the final object of intellectual research, the moral laws!

"Religion certainly was taught me, but in an antiquated and almost ruinous shape. My mind contained a vast assemblage of fresh, though uncultivated morality, which, contrasted with the ivy-covered structure of the prevailing creed, made it appear as if the nature of youth and of the rest of mankind must be at variance.

"Neither my priest nor my parents taught me morality; yet encased within my intellectual being, I felt a moral consciousness. When I did wrong, conscience turned like a worm that had been trodden on; when I saw wrong done by another, a pain arose and cried aloud for justice. Wondrous conscience, the moral saviour of man, his sufferer, his redeemer. Though but a faculty, yet art thou that seal of Divinity whose impression is the crown of thorns!

"The spirit which felt all this was in its natural state but as a rotten carcase; its morality as the pith which was to be cleared away, and be replaced by the springs and wheels of religion. So the priest taught me. And the performance of church service, its ceremonies, its costumes; the church itself, which no child could believe to have been built by hands, produced their impression; yet my morality did not the less feel its power, although it was priestless.

"But I urged a moral system in vain; I was only told that it was dead and useless. It was not even to be treated as the baser soil which must be ploughed, dressed, harrowed, and prepared to receive the seed. Thus the seeds of religion in me were sown as upon a common, roughcast over sand and heather.

"They came up weeds.

"It is as great an error not to educate the moral nature of the child, as afterwards it would be not to impress a religious character upon the foundation so prepared to receive it. The means by which to effect all, is love. Use affection, and whatever the teacher demands of it, the child will perform; that which he himself is, the child will be; its mind and body, as if magnetised, will follow him in all things. This I felt; I needed some one to cling to, and could get no hold! Wonderful love! Religion alone does not reach a child's heart; it is too metaphysical; it cannot press the infant to its bosom. Had my father loved me, I should have lain harmless like a spaniel at his feet; no evil could have entered so dependent a being. But, by his apathy, I was banished into that isolation wherein wickedness germinates and grows.

"One morning, on passing my father's sculpture-gallery, I found the door unclosed, and was tempted to enter, contrary to express command. I felt quite grand, alone among an aristocracy of marble. I walked about, and asked the figures if they knew their future prince, the Lord of Valinidi. But, amidst all this boasting, I was arrested by a statue which excited in me feelings of the utmost awe—an Apollo. There, on a lofty pedestal, stood the god, bright and only self-conscious; the most startling union of features, expressive of light without delight, and looks which diffuse gladness but partake it not. A divine solitude! The head and eyes were inclined, and gazed vacantly as upon a void; the thoughts were stationary on high!

"*'Thou art the god,'* I exclaimed, *'at whose fountain of beams all vision drinks, yet hast thou not deigned to once regard the world. We are welcome to thy light so long as we are within its reach, but not one ray would follow us were we to be lost: it would fall into the void we had vacated.'*

"This was my first attempt at eloquence; and I felt during the few moments I spoke that my ideas were multitudinous. Again I regarded the god, but in silence; I mimicked its superb attitude, and while thus engaged the words of Ariosto passed again into my ears. Cold as the statue,—for pride is cold,—I glowed a moment in vanity at the vague prospect of greatness; and, as I looked at the statue, was cold again. *'Then,'* I thought, *'this is my father's philosophy, to fear not, hope not, love not; to exist outside the range of action and passion; to breathe in conscious immortality, independent, imperturbable.'*

"These were the attributes he had delineated, and I found they were infectious. I quitted the gallery in boyish majesty, and bade the statues a graceful farewell.

"On that evening we were to be at the Countess of Strozzi's palace; she had made a party of children to meet me and my little sister. I entered into all the amusements, and forgot my new ideas while at play with those of my own age. But on my return home in company with the governess, a tall, austere woman, I felt that I was at variance, not with the young, but only with the grown-up world. We were walking in the brightness of a full moon, and the streets were as light as in broad day.

"*'Do you know who made the moon,'* asked the governess, coldly.

"*'No,'* I replied; feeling a desire to revenge myself on those who should have taught me.

"*'God,'* signified the female, with patronising triumph.

"How could he," inquired I.

"She was for a few moments confounded, but shortly rejoined—

"All things are possible with God."

"No they are not," I replied, with vicious effrontery; and summoning more courage than I could have sustained for another second, I added, "Behold, He cannot strike me dead!"

"Great was the horror of the governess, but not greater than my own alarm. I knew how impious my words were, and expected to expire. Yet I survived the challenge, although my conscience remained for many days uneasy. Still, I hoped that as my good qualities had failed to attract the notice of my parents, my evil ones, although feigned, might succeed better. In this, however, it was my fate to be mistaken; and convinced by impunity, for all danger seemed passed, that I need have no fear of God, I bethought myself how best I could assert my disregard of man. That I found involved the greater struggle of the two, and at the time the more painful one; but I had determined to resent the first unkindness to which I should become exposed, and if unable to command respect, was at least resolved to excite some sort of terror.

"Though I thus should be compelled to desert my father's serene philosophy for a time, it was only to try my powers of imitation at another shrine—my mother's. Alas! the remembrance of the scene which followed is so painful that I can scarcely relate it. My conduct so undutiful, so contrary to my perception of right, so opposed to filial impulse, was, in consequence, a severer punishment to me. It indeed troubles me to this hour, like an insane emotion implanted in the midst of feelings else peaceful. But while I felt how wrong it was to excite myself against a parent, I experienced a mighty power within to be enraged, and I determined upon exercising it. Of my father's serenity I was master, my own meekness assisted me in its practice; but my mother's temper of mind I had never tried. At the time that these thoughts were in me I almost looked for an opportunity to display every evil passion of my breast, but a long season of maternal tenderness disarmed me, and the intention was forgotten. Designing wretch that I was, thus to plot against an unhappy mother—one who I now feel sure was never unkind to any one except when herself unhappy; perhaps overburdened with the consciousness of former trials.

"But the time came;—in handling an alabaster figure I had, like a boy, tried the strength of the arm, not intending mischief, when it snapped. My mother saw me, seized my arm, and shook me violently. I offered active resistance; astonished and annoyed at which, she loaded me with names undeservedly opprobrious. At this I forgot all love and obligation, and, with loud exclamation, railed against her cruelty, in terms which smote her heart with unlooked-for anguish. I regarded her face, and there read grief and dismay so acutely expressed that I wished for death; while she, dear soul, repented aloud that she had ever nurtured me in her womb. She led me to her room, and placing me in a small contiguous chamber, shut and locked the door.

"It was a bitter hour to her; when her indignation had subsided she sat down and wept. Her sobs reached my ear, but did not soothe me. Time only could calm my agitation, even my revenge; for, mixed with sorrow, I felt hatred. My afflicted mother, as she closed the door of my prison, uttered prophetic words, which showed how rooted was the dis-

tress I had ripped open. 'It will come home to you one day,' said she; and these were the very words which her own father had used to her in an hour of sedition; and it had come home to her then, while yet she threatened me with the same malediction. Oh, it has come home to me; it is at home now; and, as I repeat it, I endure despair! Oh, parent, never say that to a child which he will remember with pain when you are gone! He can then make no atonement. At this moment the sweetest reward in heaven would be to kneel before my mother, and, beholding her in bliss, receive her pardon and blessing. Oh, Angus! pardon these impassioned words! But when I think what it is to repeat of disobedience towards a parent, I wonder not that the dead are sometimes unable to rest.

"After the lapse of an hour my mother returned to release me. She asked me if I were penitent, imprinted a fervid kiss on my lips, and restored me to liberty. After this I loved her more than ever, and in return she treated me with unwonted kindness for a length of time. She seemed to regard me as an orphan—not parentless, but forsaken. Happy, happy was I again; and fresh as the simple flowers which flourish best in the wilderness.

"Ariosto resumed his instruction at intervals; and the result was that I acquired of him an intense love of letters. His concentrated and varied genius had already begun to accumulate glory. The lofty career on which he had entered did not, however, deprive me of his assistance. He continued to superintend my studies as often as he visited Florence. I noticed that he was frequently much struck with my remarks on the descriptive powers of Virgil, whose talent of making things appear visible through words was to me, at that period, the most wonderful of human attainments. I told Ariosto of the pain, and even despair, which I felt to think that I should never be able to acquire a similar power. It was envy—a feeling which was the first germ of my afterwards vaulting ambition."

CHAPTER XVII.

"NOT to dwell longer on my childhood, I proceed to the period of my youth, during which my mother died. Her last illness happened while I was absent. It had been advised by my literary patron, Ariosto, that, as I had completed my eighteenth year, I should be placed under the guidance of a tutor and travel. This counsel was adopted; and the name of my new instructor was Pulci, a learned and exemplary monk, the friend of my earliest youth, my manhood, and may it be my age! He improved me in every branch of art, science, literature, and criticism. He taught me architecture in the presence of temples, palaces, and arches; he impressed upon me the laws of alchemy in the laboratory; and in observatories those of astronomy. Not contented to read with me the plays of the Greek tragic writers, of the Spanish, and English, he took me into the most various literary societies in which I might hear in what way large numbers of intellects of the first order estimated the choice writings of men. By such means my improvement was rapid; and visits to Siena, Rome, Naples, and Bologna, in the company of so estimable a friend, were among the most agreeable events of my life. The different view which men took of the same subject—the sagacity

which prompted them—the originality emanating from self, which led them to regard each author as if his thoughts were a nucleus for their own rather than the isolations of one mind—and the ingenuity with which moral science and its immutable laws were brought to bear on every theme,—not only gave strength to my judgment, but a boldness never to have been acquired in solitary study. Both my intellect and frame seemed to expand under the warming influence of so many master minds; and as I listened I resolved to become the superior of many, the equal of all.

“My faithful tutor used every endeavour to impress me with his own great character as a Christian. He was the only man whom I ever could attend to with reverence on this vast and overwhelming subject. His spirit had been refined and cleared of all its vanities, and poured like a pure essence into that virgin womb whence alone the new-born child of grace can issue. I heard and remembered, but my time was not yet come. My impure spirit had shared in the growth of the body during all my years, untrained, untendered, untaught; and was as hard to render healthful as the unredeemed maremma.

“The tendencies of the mind in youth possess a sentiment which carries conviction with it as it were by acclamation, and it appears almost pedantic to reason against that which nature so buoyantly sanctions. A calm philosophy may shine through the doctrines of self-control, to appear, however, but as an indifference; and before attaining to such there must be a sacrifice of self-love, without one motive to destroy it; a suicide of the glowing feelings at a time when the very idea of death in any degree engenders the most touching melancholy.

“These convictions had acquired in me the growth of eighteen years, and the sanction of irresistible instinct. Out of respect only for Pulci, therefore, did I listen to his affecting Christianity. Having listened, I remembered; but the sympathy which was to ally me to his holy thoughts was unborn—unconceived; yet was it in the womb of time.

“We were then at Rome, and I can now believe how impressive was the majesty of ruin on a mind consecrated to salvation; but it did not affect the freshness of my own spirits. At that time, and as a child, I had not risen superior to mortality at the sight of decay; I was only awestricken. The fresh and joyous face of human beauty released me from the thralldom of antique associations, and proclaimed me the favoured of the present, whose hour moved but invisibly; the past in all its destruction appearing the dupe of the real day,—a day now like the rest! Thus was my disposition serious, but my lot unfortunate, preferring human to divine, and time to eternity.

“I had passed the night in a brilliantly lighted palace, had gazed with unprincipled love on the chaste and beautiful. The sleep that was due to my body had been stolen for the gratification of an unnatural vanity, and those who were worthy of affection for life were loved by me for but a few hours, and deserted. By daylight I returned home to sleep: overcome by fatigue, I remained on my bed until a late hour, and on rising received my letters. I sallied forth to peruse them. One bore my father's seal: these were many others from acquaintances—men of science—men of business. I read them all slowly, as if to postpone any pain that the note from my father might occasion me. But its turn came—it was read, and placed among the rest in my pocket. I walked towards my hotel calm but wretched; the joys of life which I had refused

to place on the Christian altar were now blighted, but instead of peace it was misery which attended the sacrifice. The ruins which I passed belonged for the first time to the present; they saluted me as one enlightened by new experience; they hailed me as lords of the common grave. I owned their power as I went on; reached my hotel, entered my apartment, and was greeted by the voice of Pulci.

"The beloved sound banished the terror which possessed me; sympathy set free, I wept aloud, and sank upon the breast of my friend, at whose words of kindness I shed many tears. My mother was no more!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN I had finished, Angus left, and said he would come again the next day.

The preceding narrative, with the assistance of a few remaining letters, written at that period, draws the first epoch of my life to its close.

"TO THE COUNTESS OF AULA, MY MOTHER.

"I am at Rome.

"My first visit was to the house of the Medici. The establishment is conducted in the old name, and perhaps the pope is its head, as doubtless he is its support. His relations, however, are grown much too great for commerce, and nothing short of royalty can appease their ambitious cravings: no longer content with the rank of merchant-princes. The manager of the bank spoke to me of an introduction at the Vatican, as proper for one of my rank; but this I declined for the present. I must learn a little into the ways of his court before finding myself at the feet of Giulio de' Medici! There can be no motive for poisoning so harmless a being as myself; but as popes have put an end even to themselves at this palace by mistake, I prefer waiting a little while and looking about me. You shall shortly hear from me again.

"I have only to add that I am pleasantly lodged in the house of a sculptor. He has a lovely picture of 'Our Saviour on the Tame Ass,' preceded by a youth bearing the cross, which is balanced in both hands, just as a page bears his master's sword. I shall endeavour to purchase it."

"TO THE COUNT OF AULA, MY FATHER.

"We remained a day at Bolsena, on our way to Rome, as you desired, and had a lengthened interview with Marco Musonio. He is an extraordinary being indeed: I now understand how you came to consider him the most remarkable man alive. Pulci went with me: the padre calls him quite the old Etruscan, and says the ancient character is unchanged in him, while more than the new intellect of these days occupies his large mind.

"Under his roof we saw Ippolito, the Calabrian boy: his history I long to hear from you in full.

"Musonio spoke of your sculptures. He says Michael Angelo pronounced them to embody the platonism of the age; to have fixed in marble all that was true in the dialogues held in the last century at the Careggi."

This same Musonio, I may mention, was a native of Bolsena, where it is probable his ancestors lived when its name was Volsinium, and the temple of Nursia its church. There his little patrimony was situated,

and he had no enjoyment greater than to carry his reflections to that spot; and still, though in a desultory way, to worship Fate while meditating on the ruins of his once vast city, which now is reduced to a mere village. Nor have great revolutions occurred singly here; the Lake of Bolsena itself, so famous in old times, succeeded an extinct volcano, whose crater it fills. It contains habitable islands, and views of extreme beauty are observable from its banks.

“To ARIOSTO.

“In pursuance of my promise, my best and dearest friend, I now write to you from Rome.

“You must not be disappointed when you learn that these mighty memorials of the past, amid which I am planted, are lost upon me. I cannot yet penetrate their significant meaning. But it is the same with a different kind of gigantic remains—the writings of Dante. They are equally a mystery to me at present, and yet I am sure that, before long, their depths of light and shadow will assume a form which I shall understand. This stolidity does not, I trust, originate in want of taste or feeling. In whatever state of cultivation I may possess the former, the last makes me grieve whenever I regard the ruinous condition of this superb capital, which, despite its mutilation, has still an architecture that makes it look prouder than ever. And, speaking of taste, I obey your admonitions not to allow a day to pass without some literary exercise; but I am mortified, equally every day, to find myself unable to write. I stand in need of words, not thoughts. Let me hear if there was a time when you had proof of your genius, but had not acquired language to convince other people of its existence. I find myself mean enough to envy authors their happy turns of expression, which I appear, on reading, to have lost rather than found. So exactly does the sentiment of another at times correspond with what lies asleep with us!

“A few days ago, when at Bolsena, my father’s friend, Musonio, honoured me with a learned discourse. His first and last advice to me was to reflect perseveringly, and to fancy nothing. He declared that, owing to our adoption of each other’s views, the entire science of mankind had degenerated into falsehood.

“I must say that I desire to know more of this remarkable sage. I have not visited the Vatican, for, indeed, political circles are to be avoided. All our great families have been swept away in turn through faction. Witness the Medici, Soderini, Rucellai, Strozzi; and soon Capponi will follow.

“Write me, if possible, a serious letter. Your correspondence is so full of drollery I laugh at the very sight of your handwriting. For the ridiculous I have a due regard, and in good company I fail not to contribute occasionally to the general mirth; yet I feel the utmost difficulty in sustaining my spirits while writing, except it be by the aid of wine, which I abhor, while, notwithstanding, I deem it the source of the usual wit of man. I am unwilling to believe that a sense of the ridiculous has not serious functions, of which laughter is the abuse. Those startling contrasts which are so effective in fiction are surely due to it, though they may excite no merriment.”

To this letter there was a reply. It held out that at forty I should understand Dante and Rome. It added:—“Your tendency, dear pupil, being towards such solid pursuits, let me advise you to cultivate, above

all things, a cheerful disposition. You need not be over anxious when writing to blend wit with seriousness. Depend upon it the latter contains enough of it. And the converse is no less true. I have written my most boisterous scenes under the pressure of melancholy. It is difficult, no doubt, to be really gay at all times—in solitude, especially; and a writer must necessarily be much alone. On the other hand, it is easy enough to be lively when we are together, as most men determine."

"TO MY SISTER ANGELA.

"In the house where I am lodged an artist resides, with his charming family. How pleased you would be to look on during the gambols of the children! The father lives by the chisel, and he is one of those who have talents without vanity. He is content to see his fame swallowed up in the praise given to his employer. He does the mechanical work of the statues, and with much cleverness. Above all, he has no inquietudes, for he receives a regular stipend. His face is good-tempered, his hair black and curly. His wife is a clean, healthy, Madonna-like woman, and is very young. I rise early, and often visit my neighbours at their breakfast-time. My new acquaintance has a hard, sound judgment, and little poetry except in his laughing eyes! He looks inexpressibly dull when I converse on the ideal of life and art. At the same time I feel as if he were really right, and only metaphysically wrong, in the opinion which he maintains. His wife, fearful that I should be offended, and moved by the absurdities in which he so freely indulges, asks him how he can be so ridiculous. She tells him he knows better, with a look and gesticulation formed equally of the impulse to laugh and scold. I followed him this morning into his studio, and we talked the louder under the ring of the chisel and mallet. He affirmed, with more than usual earnestness, that he had seen as much beauty in the forms of young people as in the frescoes of Raphael; and he asserted that what is called the fine ideal is only health! And this view he confirmed with a sceptical laugh, which echoed through all my preconceived notions.

"His eldest child is a girl five years old, with innocent eyes, pretty mouth, and melodious voice. She is just like an angel when, every morning, she puts her hands together and says her prayers. She is followed in these orisons by her brother, a bright, roguish little fellow of three years. But when so employed, he has a look so imperturbably stolid, that though he saw my smile, which I could not repress, he was not in the least affected at it. The other boy is one year younger. He being so little, his hands are put together for him, and the prayers of the other children repeated to him by his father. This child, whose face is the most comical I ever saw, at once assumes the broad look of matrimony, which continues through the ceremony without any outbreak, for the intense seriousness of the father infects the infant, who scarce dares laugh until after the conclusion of the little service, when he gives way to his impulse, and of course is reprimanded in due form.

"Not the least amusing member of this family is the artist's mother, to whom he is strongly attached. She is a good creature, but quite a hag; and so sensible is he of it, that he avows his sympathy with all old women from their likeness to his parent, if their aspect he finds more than usually unhuman. She sneezes all day long, while protesting with much impatience and seriousness that she has caught her cold of some stray

cat, which nasty vermin, she says through her nose, bring all kinds of infection into people's houses!"

"To ARIOSTO.

"This is my last letter from Rome. I must tell you how great cause I have to be unhappy! A messenger arrived from my father last evening to say that my mother was dying; a second came this morning and announced her death. My wretchedness is increased by the reflection that with a selfish desire to mitigate my grief, which I ought to have piously indulged, I proceeded at night to an entertainment at the Orsini Palace, and left Pulci at home to mourn. Really too miserable to return to him, I sallied forth after the feast with Lorenzino, and, the more easily incited by his flow of spirits during the heaviness of my own heart, I joined him at the risk of my personal safety in the reckless demolition of statues on the arch of Constantine. I am obliged on this account, as well as from my mother's decease, to hasten away to Florence, where we shall meet."

Thus the loss of my mother befel me in early youth. The event affected me deeply; for my childhood had been one of trial, the treatment which I had undergone consisting of an unequal proportion of coldness and love; the latter certainly intense, but on that account the less often bestowed.

I attended the funeral obsequies with the same grief as if my mother had been the most enlightened of parents. For grief is the joy of affection reversed; and as my love was filial, so was it unaltered by the lot it encountered.

MR. HUGHES'S LAYS OF PAST DAYS.*

THE public, whom our worthy friend Mr. Hughes, of Donnington Priory, says he takes to be a tolerant, easy-going personage in all matters save religion and politics, will, he thinks, hardly expect anything very original—"or, what do they call it now-a-days?—æsthetical, is it?"—from a country justice; but still he has courageously sent forth his little tome

A rifacimento

And touched up cento

of different things, scattered here and there in different prints, but well known to all true lovers of racy prose and scholar-like poetry, with excuses which, as given in an epistle prefatory to Miss Mitford, are so amusing and characteristic as to render it impossible to resist the temptation of transferring the passages in which they occur to our pages:—

From accidental circumstances, my friendships have lain much among literary persons; and the habits of people one likes are catching. When I gave up fox-hunting from a want of superfluous time and money, I found a substitute for that stirring excitement in hunting the maggots in my own brains at odd leisure times. It may sound whimsical to style these respective pursuits analogous; but I refer it to you, as a pretty good judge of field-sports. In both cases there is a fair field and no favour, for every man to take his own line across country on his hack, hunter, or hippogriff. If you think you have got a hero to your mind, it is like a good break and a blazing scent. If you are a wise man you may enjoy your

* Lays of Past Days. By the Author of "Provence and the Rhone." Longman and Co.

sport, and hold yourself fit company for sportsmen, without expecting to be a top-sawyer in the first flight, or caring for being occasionally pounded; and last, not least, congenial pursuits are the best passport to fun and freemasonry among congenial spirits.

A second reason may sound more whimsical still. A defunct relative of my own stares me in the face every day from his canvass, who is as great a myth and a puzzle to me as Irving's "Stout Gentleman." He never, in fact, took the trouble to leave his family the least record of anything he ever said, did, or thought, in the character of a county beau, save that he had the wisdom to secure his handsome features a down-stairs' berth in my small collection of pictures, by sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller. A very plain great-great-aunt, by Hogarth, is in precisely the same negative predicament. Now, should my children ever expand into great-grandchildren, I should, I confess, like to leave, in the hands of these unborn folk, a proof of intelligence sufficient to rescue me from the Botany Bay of the servants' attics, without wholly relying on the aid of the late talented and estimable R.A., Mr. Phillips. The chance of figuring in the family tree (if nowhere else) as decently as a good average dean or post-captain, is worth trying for by those who properly respect their own possible posterity, by whom I, for one, should hardly like to be thus designated—

He lived in Berkshire, and studied at Oriel,
And of him we have really no other memorial.

Mr. Hughes's first essay was an address on Lord Grenville's installation; but it was selected and recited, and this gave him confidence. An address of a similar kind in 1814, to the Potentates, was also so successful as to be among the four chosen out of twenty-six. These youthful ebullitions of genius were followed in 1820 by political squibs and other miscellaneous writings in the *John Bull*.

Then came "Provence and the Rhone," which passed through two editions. Sir Walter Scott made gratifying mention of the work in the preface to "Quentin Durward;" and Murray alludes to it particularly in the "Hand-book of France," though this is not much to be proud of. The able Essay on Poetry, in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," followed; and then came the "Boscobel Tracts," which we esteem among the best of Mr. Hughes's productions.

But Mr. Hughes's natural tendencies are droll and playful. Wright sold a thousand of "Soloman Logwood" in no time; and the "Tragic Lay of the One-horse Shay," transferred from *Blackwood* to the St. Giles's broad sheet, is now familiar as a "household word" throughout the length and breadth of the land. Poor Barham alludes to his friend Hughes's eminent success in this line, in the third volume of the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Mr. Hughes gave a remarkable proof of the versatility of his genius and polyglot powers on the commencement of this Magazine, in 1842, upon which occasion he contributed amusingly laudatory verses to the Editor, in Spanish, French, Italian, German, and in Greek and Latin. He also sent us "The Squire's Dream," "Dan Malone's Ditty," "Charles Mathews not at Home," and sundry other clever facetious things, which were universally appreciated at the time, and will be equally appreciated now, for, like good wine, they have lost none of their flavour by keeping. We should like to select a few chosen passages from these good things, but space forbids it.

If the public can appreciate the now rare ballad of the true old English stamp, and the lucubrations of a scholar and a gentleman, they will find both in the "Lays of Past Days."

GUY FAWKES.

An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV.

HOLBEACH.

AVOIDING the high road, and traversing an unfrequented part of the country, the conspirators shaped their course towards Stour-bridge. As they reached Forfield Green, they perceived a large party descending the hilly ground near Bromsgrove, and evidently in pursuit of them. An immediate halt was ordered, and taking possession of a farm-house, they prepared for defence.

Seeing these preparations, their pursuers, who proved to be Sir Richard Walsh the sheriff of Worcestershire, Sir John Foliot, three gentlemen named Ketelbye, Salwaye, and Conyers, attended by a large posse of men, all tolerably well armed, drew up at some distance from the farm, and appeared to be consulting as to the prudence of making an attack. Topcliffe was with them; and Catesby, who reconnoitred their proceedings from a window of the dwelling, inferred from his gestures that he was against the assault. And so it proved. The royalist party remained where they were; and as one or two of their number occasionally disappeared, Catesby judged, and correctly, that they were despatched for a reinforcement.

Not willing to wait for this, he determined to continue his march, and, accordingly, forming his men into a close line, and bringing up the rear himself, they again set forward. Sir Richard Walsh and his party followed them, and whenever they were in a difficult part of the road, harassed them with a sudden attack. In this way, several stragglers were cut off, and a few prisoners made. So exasperated did Catesby become by these annoyances, that, though desirous to push forward as fast as possible, he halted at the entrance of a common, and prepared for an engagement. But his purpose was defeated, for the royalist party took another course, nor did he see anything more of them for some time.

In about an hour the rebels arrived at the banks of the river

Stour, not far from the little village of Churchill, and here, just as they were preparing to ford the stream, the sheriff and his followers again made their appearance. By this time, also, the forces of their opponents were considerably augmented, and as more than a third of their own party were engaged in crossing the stream, which was greatly swollen by the recent rains, and extremely dangerous, their position was one of no slight peril.

Nothing daunted, Catesby instantly drew up his men on the bank, and, after a short skirmish, drove away the enemy, and afterwards contrived to cross the river without much loss. He found, however, that the baggage-cart had got immersed in the stream, and it was feared that the powder would be damaged. They remained on the opposite bank for some time; but as their enemies did not attempt to follow them, they took the way to Holbeach, a large and strongly built mansion belonging, as has been already stated, to Stephen Littleton. Here they arrived without further molestation, and their first business was to put it into a complete state of defence.

After a long and anxious consultation, Sir Everard Digby quitted them, undertaking to return on the following day with succour. Stephen Littleton also disappeared on the same evening. His flight produced a strong impression on Catesby, and he besought the others not to abandon the good cause, but to stand by it, as he himself meant to do, to the last. They all earnestly assured him that they would do so, except Robert Winter, who sat apart, and took no share in their discourse.

Catesby then examined the powder that had been plunged in the water in crossing the Stour, and found it so much wetted as to be nearly useless. A sufficient stock of powder being of the utmost consequence to them, he caused all the contents of the barrel, not dissolved by the immersion, to be poured into a large platter, and proceeded to dry it before a fire which had been kindled in the hall. A bag of powder, which had likewise been slightly wetted, was also placed at what was considered a safe distance from the fire.

"Heaven grant this may prove more destructive to our enemies than the combustibles we placed in the mine beneath the parliament house!" observed Percy.

"Heaven grant so, indeed!" rejoined Catesby, with a moody smile. "They would call it retribution were we to perish by the same means which we designed for others."

"Jest not on so serious a matter, Catesby," observed Robert Winter. "For my own part, I dread the sight of powder, and shall walk forth till you have dried this, and put it away."

"You are not going to leave us like Stephen Littleton?" rejoined Catesby, suspiciously.

"I will go with him," said Christopher Wright; "so you need be under no apprehension."

Accordingly, he quitted the hall with Robert Winter, and they

proceeded to the court-yard, and were conversing together on the dismal prospects of the party, when a tremendous explosion took place. The roof of the building seemed rent in twain, and amidst a shower of tiles, plaster, bricks, and broken wood falling around, the bag of powder dropped untouched at their feet.

"Mother of Mercy!" exclaimed Christopher Wright, picking it up. "Here is a providential occurrence. Had this exploded, we must all have been destroyed."

"Let us see what has happened," cried Robert Winter.

And, followed by Christopher Wright, he rushed towards the hall, and bursting open the door, beheld Catesby enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and pressing his hand to his face, which was scorched and blackened by the explosion. Rookwood was stretched on the floor in a state of insensibility, and it at first appeared that life was extinct. Percy was extinguishing the flames, which had caught his dress, and John Grant was similarly occupied.

"Those are the very faces I beheld in my dream," cried Robert Winter, gazing at them with affright. "It was a true warning."

Rushing up to Catesby, Christopher Wright clasped him in his arms, and extinguishing his flaming apparel, cried, "Wretch that I am! that I should live to see this day!"

"Be not alarmed!" gasped Catesby. "It is nothing—it was a mere accident."

"It is no accident, Catesby," replied Robert Winter. "Heaven is against us and our design."

And he quitted the room, and left the house. Nor did he return to it.

"I will pray for forgiveness!" cried John Grant, whose vision was so much injured by the explosion that he could as yet see nothing. And dragging himself before an image of the Virgin, he prayed aloud, acknowledging that the act he had designed was so bloody that it called for the vengeance of Heaven, and expressing his sincere repentance.

"No more of this," cried Catesby, staggering up to him, and snatching the image from him. "It was a mere accident, I tell you. We are all alive, and shall yet succeed."

On inquiry, Christopher Wright learnt that a blazing coal had shot out of the fire, and falling into the platter containing the powder, had occasioned the disastrous accident above described.

CHAPTER V.

THE CLOSE OF THE REBELLION.

UNABLE longer to endure the agony occasioned by his scorched image, Catesby called for a bucket of water, and plunged his head into it. Somewhat relieved by the immersion, he turned to inquire after his fellow-sufferers. Rookwood having been carried into the

open air, had by this time regained his consciousness; Percy was shockingly injured, his hair and eyebrows burnt, his skin blackened and swollen with unseemly blisters, and the sight of one eye entirely destroyed; while John Grant, though a degree less hurt than his companions, presented a grim and ghastly appearance. In fact, the four sufferers looked as if they had just escaped from some unearthly place of torment, and were doomed henceforth to bear the brand of Divine wrath on their countenances. Seeing the effect produced on the others, Catesby rallied all his force, and treating the accident as a matter of no moment, and which ought not to disturb the equanimity of brave men, called for wine, and quaffed a full goblet. Injured as he was, and smarting with pain, Percy followed his example, but both John Grant and Rookwood refused the cup.

"Hark'ee, gentlemen," cried Catesby, fiercely, "you may drink or not, as you see fit. But I will not have you assume a deportment calculated to depress our followers. Stephen Littleton and Robert Winter have basely deserted us. If you have any intention of following them, go at once. We are better without you than with you."

"I have no thought of deserting you, Catesby," rejoined Rookwood, mournfully; "and when the time arrives for action you will find I shall not be idle. But I am now assured that we have sold ourselves to perdition."

"Pshaw!" cried Catesby, with a laugh, that communicated an almost fiendish expression to his grim features; "because a little powder has accidentally exploded and blackened our faces, are we to see in the occurrence the retributive justice of Heaven? Are we to be cast down by such a trifle? Be a man, and rouse yourself. Recollect that the eyes of all England are upon us; and if we must fall, let us perish in a manner that becomes us. No real mischief has been done. My hand is as able to wield a blade, and my sight to direct a shot, as heretofore. If Heaven had meant to destroy us, the bag of powder which has been taken up in the yard, and which was sufficient not only to annihilate us, but to lay this house in ruins, would have been suffered to explode."

"Would it *had* exploded!" exclaimed John Wright. "All would then have been over."

"Are you, too, fainthearted, John?" cried Catesby. "Well, well, leave me one and all of you. I will fight it out alone."

"You wrong me by the suspicion, Catesby," returned John Wright. "I am as true to the cause as yourself. But I perceive that our last hour is at hand, and I would it were past."

"The indulgence of such a wish at such a moment is a weakness," rejoined Catesby. "I care not when death comes, provided it comes gloriously; and such should be your feeling. On the manner in which we meet our fate will depend the effect which our insurrection will produce throughout the country. We must

set a brave example to our brethren. Heaven be praised, we shall not perish on the scaffold!"

"Be not too sure of that," said Grant, gloomily. "It may yet be our fate."

"It shall never be mine," cried Catesby.

"Nor mine," added Percy. "I am so far from regarding the recent disaster as a punishment, though I am the severest sufferer by it, that I think we ought to return thanks to Heaven for our preservation."

"In whatever light the accident is viewed," observed John Wright, "we cannot too soon address ourselves to Heaven. We know not how long it may be in our power to do so."

"Again desponding," cried Catesby. "But no matter. You will recover your spirits anon."

John Wright shook his head, and Catesby, pulling his hat over his brows to hide his features, walked forth into the court-yard. He found, as he expected, that general consternation prevailed amongst the band. The men were gathered together in little knots, and, though they became silent as he approached, he perceived they were discussing the necessity of a surrender. Nothing daunted by these unfavourable appearances, Catesby harangued them in such bold terms that he soon inspired them with some of his own confidence, and completely resteadied their wavering feelings.

Elated with his success, he caused a cup of strong ale to be given to each man, and proposed as a pledge, the restoration of the Romish Church. He then returned to the house; and summoning the other conspirators to attend him in a chamber on the ground-floor, they all prayed long and fervently, and concluded by administering the sacrament to each other.

It was now thought necessary to have the damage done by the explosion repaired, and a few hours were employed in the operation. Evening was fast approaching, and Catesby, who was anxiously expecting the return of Sir Everard Digby, stationed himself on the turreted walls of the mansion to look out for him. But he came not; and, fearing some mischance must have befallen him, Catesby descended. Desirous of concealing his misgivings from his companions, he put on a cheerful manner as he joined them.

"I am surprised ere this that we have not been attacked," remarked Percy. "Our enemies may be waiting for the darkness, to take us by surprise. But they will be disappointed."

"I can only account for the delay by supposing they have encountered Sir Everard Digby, and the force he is bringing to us," remarked Christopher Wright.

"It may be so," returned Catesby, "and if so, we shall soon learn the result."

In spite of all Catesby's efforts he failed to engage his companions

in conversation, and feeling it would best suit his present frame of mind, and contribute most to their safety, to keep in constant motion, he proceeded to the court-yard, saw that all the defences were secure, that the drawbridge was raised, the sentinels at their posts, and everything prepared for the anticipated attack. Every half hour he thus made his rounds, and when towards midnight he was going forth, Percy said to him,

"Do you not mean to take any rest, Catesby?"

"Not till I am in my grave," was the moody reply.

Catesby's untiring energy was in fact a marvel to all his followers. His iron frame seemed wholly unsusceptible of fatigue; and even when he returned to the house, he continued to pace to and fro in the passage in preference to lying down.

"Rest tranquilly," he said to Christopher Wright, who offered to take his place. "I will rouse you on the slightest approach of danger."

But though he preserved this stoical exterior, Catesby's breast was torn by the keenest pangs. He could not hide from himself that, to serve his own ambitious purposes, he had involved many loyal and worthy (till he had deluded them) persons in a treasonable project, which must now terminate in their destruction; and their blood, he feared, would rest upon his head. But what weighed heaviest of all upon his soul was the probable fate of Viviana.

"If I were assured she would escape," he thought, "I should care little for all the rest, even for Fawkes. They say it is never too late to repent. But my repentance shall lie between my Maker and myself. Man shall never know it."

The night was dark, and the gloom was rendered more profound by a dense fog. Fearing an attack might now be attempted, Catesby renewed his vigilance. Marching round the edge of the moat, he listened to every sound that might betray the approach of a foe. For some time, nothing occurred to excite his suspicions, until about an hour after midnight, as he was standing at the back of the house, he fancied he detected a stealthy tread on the other side of the fosse, and soon became convinced that a party of men were there. Determined to ascertain their movements before giving the alarm, he held his breath, and drawing a petronel, remained perfectly motionless. Presently, though he could discern no object, he distinctly heard a plank pushed across the moat, and could distinguish in the whispered accents of one of the party the voice of Topcliffe. A thrill of savage joy agitated his bosom, and he internally congratulated himself that revenge was in his power.

A footstep, though so noiseless as to be inaudible to any ear less acute than his own, was now heard crossing the plank, and feeling certain it was Topcliffe, Catesby allowed him to land, and then suddenly advancing, kicked the plank, on which were two other persons, into the water, and unmasking a dark lantern, threw its light upon the face of a man near him, who proved, as he suspected, to be Topcliffe.

Aware of the advantage of making a prisoner of importance, Catesby controlled the impulse that prompted him to sacrifice Topcliffe to his vengeance, and firing his petronel in the air as a signal, he drew his sword, and sprang upon him. Topcliffe attempted to defend himself, but he was no match for the skill and impetuosity of Catesby, and was instantly overpowered and thrown to the ground. By this time, Percy and several of the band had come up, and delivering Topcliffe to the charge of two of the stoutest of them, Catesby turned his attention to the other assailants. One of them got across the moat; but the other, encumbered by his arms, was floundering about, when Catesby pointing a petronel at his head, he was fain to surrender, and was dragged out.

A volley of musketry was now fired by the rebels in the supposed direction of their opponents, but it could not be ascertained what execution was done. After waiting for some time, in expectation of a further attack, Catesby placed a guard upon the spot, and proceeded to examine Topcliffe. He had been thrown into a cellar beneath the kitchen, and the two men were on guard over him. He refused to answer any of Catesby's questions, though enforced by threats of instant death. On searching him some letters were found upon him, and thrusting them into his doublet, Catesby left him, with the strictest injunctions to the men as to his safe custody.

He then proceeded to examine the other captive, and found him somewhat more tractable. This man informed him that Topcliffe had intended to steal into the house with the design of capturing the conspirators, or, failing in that, of setting fire to the premises. He also ascertained that Topcliffe's force consisted only of a dozen men, so that no further attack need be apprehended.

Notwithstanding this information, Catesby determined to be on the safe side, and doubling the sentinels, he stationed one of the conspirators, all of whom had sprung to arms at his signal, at each of the exposed points. He then withdrew to the mansion, and examined Topcliffe's papers. The first despatch he opened was from the Earl of Salisbury, bearing date about the early part of Fawkes's confinement in the Tower, in which the earl expressed his determination of wringing a full confession from the prisoner. A bitter smile curled Catesby's lip as he read this, but his brow darkened as he proceeded, and found that a magnificent reward was offered for his own arrest.

"I must have Catesby captured," ran the missive,—“so see you spare no pains to take him. I would rather all escaped than he did. His confession is of the last importance in the matter, and I rely upon your bringing him to me alive.”

"I will at least bask him of that satisfaction," muttered Catesby. "But what is this of Viviana?"

Reading further, he found that the earl had issued the same orders respecting Viviana, and that she would be rigorously dealt with if captured.

"Alas!" groaned Catesby, "I hope she will escape these inhuman butchers."

The next despatch he opened was from Tresham, and with a savage satisfaction he found that the traitor was apprehensive of double-dealing on the part of Salisbury and Mounteagle. He stated that he had been put under arrest, and was detained a prisoner in his own house; and, fearing he should be sent to the Tower, besought Topcliffe to use his influence with the Earl of Salisbury not to deal unfairly with him.

"He is rightly served!" cried Catesby, with a bitter smile. "Heaven grant they may deal with him as he dealt with us!"

The consideration of these letters furnished Catesby with food for much bitter reflection. Pacing the room to and fro with uncertain footsteps, he remained more than an hour by himself, and at last, yielding to the promptings of vengeance, repaired to the cellar in which he had placed Topcliffe, with the intention of putting him to death. What was his rage and mortification to find both the guard and the prisoner gone! A door was open, and it was evident that the fugitives had stolen to the moat, and swimming noiselessly across in the darkness, had securely effected their retreat.

Fearful of exciting the alarm of his followers, Catesby controlled his indignation, and said nothing of the escape of the prisoner to any but his confederates, who entirely approved of the policy of silence. They continued on the alert during the remainder of the night, and no one thought of seeking repose till it was fully light, and all danger of a surprise at an end.

Day dawned late and dismally. The fog that had hung round the mansion changed just before daybreak into drizzling rain, and this increased ere long to heavy and drenching showers. Everything looked gloomy and depressing, and the conspirators were so disheartened, that they avoided each other's regards.

Catesby mounted the walls of the mansion to reconnoitre. The prospect was forlorn and melancholy to the last degree. The neighbouring woods were obscured by mist; the court-yard and garden flooded with rain; and the waters of the moat spotted by the heavy shower. Not an object was in view except a hind driving cattle to a neighbouring farm. Catesby shouted to him, and the fellow with evident reluctance approaching the brink of the moat, was asked whether he had seen any troops in the neighbourhood. The man answered in the negative, but said he had heard that an engagement had taken place in the night, about five miles from thence, near Hales Owen, between Sir Everard Digby and Sir Richard Walsh, and that Sir Everard's party had been utterly routed, and himself taken prisoner.

This intelligence was a severe blow to Catesby, as it destroyed the last faint hope he had clung to. For some time he continued wrapt in thought, and then descended to the lower part of it.

house. A large fire had been kept up during the night in the hall, and the greater part of the band were now gathered round it, drying their wet clothes, and conversing together. A plentiful breakfast had been served out to them, so that they were in tolerably good spirits, and many of them talked loudly of the feats they meant to perform in case of an attack.

Catesby heard these boasts, but they fell upon an idle ear. He felt that all was over; that his last chance was gone; and that the struggle could not be much longer protracted. Entering the inner room, he sat down at table with his companions, but he ate nothing, and continued silent and abstracted.

"It is now my turn to reproach you," observed Grant. "You look deeply depressed."

"Sir Everard Digby is a prisoner," replied Catesby, sternly. "His capture grieves me sorely. He should have died with us."

All echoed the wish.

Catesby arose and closed the door.

"The attack will not be many hours delayed," he said; "and unless there should be some miraculous interposition in our behalf, it must end in our defeat. Do not let us survive it," he continued, earnestly. "Let us swear to stand by each other as long as we can, and to die together."

"Agreed!" cried the others.

"And now," continued Catesby, "I must compel myself to take some nourishment, for I have much to do."

Having swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread, and drained a goblet of wine, he again visited every part of the habitation, examined the arms of the men, encouraged them by his looks and words, and became satisfied, unless some unlooked-for circumstance occurred to damp their ardour, they would offer a determined and vigorous resistance.

"If I could only come off victorious in this last conflict, I should die content," thought Catesby. "And I do not despair of it."

The rain continued till eleven o'clock, when it ceased, and the mist that had attended it partially cleared off. About noon, Catesby, who was on the look-out from the walls of the mansion, descried a large troop of horsemen issuing from the wood. He immediately gave the alarm. The bell was rung, and all sprang to arms.

By this time, the troop had advanced within a hundred yards of the house, and Catesby, who had rushed into the court-yard, mounted a turret near the gate to watch their movements, and issue his commands. The royalists were headed by Sir Richard Walsh, who was attended on the right by Sir John Foliot, and on the left by Topcliffe. Immediately behind them were Ketelbye, Salwaye, Conyers, and others who had accompanied the *posse comitatus* the day before. A trumpet was then sounded, and a proclamation made in a loud voice by a trooper, commanding the

rebels in the king's name to surrender, and to deliver up their leaders. The man had scarcely concluded his speech when he was for ever silenced by a shot from Catesby.

A loud and vindictive shout was raised by the royalists, and the assault instantly commenced. Sir Richard Walsh directed the attack against the point opposite the drawbridge, while Sir John Foliot, Topcliffe, and the others dispersed themselves, and completely surrounded the mansion. Several planks were thrust across the moat, and in spite of the efforts of the rebels many of the assailants effected a passage.

Catesby drove back the party under Sir Richard Walsh, and with his own hand hewed asunder their plank. In doing this he so much exposed himself, that, but for the injunctions of the sheriff who commanded his followers not to fire upon him, he must have been slain.

The other rebel leaders displayed equal courage, and equal indifference to danger, and though, as has just been stated, a considerable number of the royalists had got across the moat, and entered the garden, they had obtained no material advantage. Sir John Foliot and Topcliffe commanded this party, and encouraged them to press on. But such a continued and well-directed firing was kept up upon them from the walls and windows of the mansion, that they soon began to show symptoms of wavering.

At this juncture, and while Topcliffe was trying to keep his men together, a concealed door in the wall was opened, and Catesby issued from it at the head of a dozen men. He instantly attacked Topcliffe and his band, put several to the sword, and drove those who resisted into the moat. Foliot and Topcliffe with difficulty escaped across the plank, which was seized and pulled over to his own side by Catesby.

But the hope which this success inspired was instantly crushed. Loud shouts were raised from the opposite wing of the mansion, and Catesby, to his great dismay, perceived from the volumes of smoke ascending from it that it was on fire. Uttering an exclamation of rage and despair, he commanded those with him not to quit their present position, and set off in the direction of the fire.

He found that an outbuilding had been set in flames by a lighted brand thrown across the moat by a trooper. The author of the action was named John Streete, and was afterwards rendered notorious by another feat to be presently related. Efforts were made to extinguish the conflagration, but such was the confusion prevailing that it was found wholly impossible to do so, and it was feared that the destruction of the whole mansion would ensue.

Disaster after disaster followed. Another party had crossed the moat, and burst into the court-yard. In the desperate conflict that ensued, Rookwood was shot through the arm, and severely wounded by a pike, and was borne into the house by one of his followers, whom he entreated to kill him outright; but his request was refused.

Meantime, the drawbridge was lowered, and with loud and exulting shouts the great body of the royalists crossed it. Catesby now perceived that the day was irretrievably lost. Calling to Christopher Wright, who was standing near him, to follow him, and rushing towards the court-yard, he reached it just as the royalists gained an entrance.

In numbers both parties were pretty well matched, but the rebels were now thoroughly disheartened, and seeing how matters must end, many of them threw down their arms, and begged for mercy. A destructive fire, however, was still kept up on the royalists by a few of the rebels stationed on the walls of the mansion, under the command of John Wright.

Putting himself at the head of a few faithful followers, Catesby fought with all the fury of despair. Christopher Wright was shot by his side. Grant instantly sprang forward, but was cut down by a trooper. Catesby was too busily occupied to attend to the fate of his companions, but seeing Thomas Winter near him, called to him to come on.

"I can fight no longer," said Thomas Winter. "My right arm is disabled by a bolt from a cross-bow."

"Then die," cried Catesby.

"He *shall* die—on the scaffold," rejoined Topcliffe, who had heard the exclamation. And rushing up to Thomas Winter, he seized him, and conveyed him to the rear of his party.

Catesby continued to fight with such determined bravery that Sir Richard Walsh, seeing it would be in vain to take him alive, withdrew his restrictions from his men, and ordered them to slay him.

By this time most of the rebels had thrown down their arms. Those on the walls had been dislodged, and John Wright, refusing to yield, was slaughtered. Catesby, however, having been joined by Percy and half a dozen men, made a last desperate charge upon his opponents.

In doing this, his sword shivered, and he would have fallen back, but found himself surrounded. Percy was close behind him, and keeping together, they fought back to back. Even in this disabled state, they made a long and desperate resistance.

"Remember your oath, Percy," cried Catesby. "You have sworn not to be taken to the scaffold."

"Fear nothing," replied Percy. "I will never quit this spot alive."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he fell to the ground mortally wounded, and the same shot that had pierced his breast had likewise stricken Catesby. It was fired by the trooper, John Streete, who has just been mentioned.

Collecting all his force, Catesby struck a few terrible blows at his opponents, and, dashing through them, made for the house. Just as he reached the door, which was standing open, his strength failed, and he fell to the ground. In this condition, he dragged

himself into the vestibule, where there was a large wooden statue of the Virgin, and clasping his arms around it pressed his lips to the feet of the image. He was followed by Streete, with his drawn sword in one hand and a petronel in the other, prepared to finish his work. But ere he could reach him, Catesby had expired.

"So," exclaimed Topcliffe, who came up the next moment, with Sir Richard Walsh, "we have been robbed of our prey. The Earl of Salisbury will never forgive me for this disappointment."

"I am glad I have done it, though," observed Streete. "To kill two such traitors with one shot is something to talk of."

"You will be well rewarded for it, no doubt," remarked Topcliffe, sarcastically.

"I care not whether I am or not," rejoined Streete. "I have done my duty; and besides, I have avenged my comrade, Richard Trueman, who was shot by this traitor when he read the proclamation."

"I will take care that your brave action is duly represented to his majesty," observed Sir Richard Walsh.

And he failed not to keep his promise. Streete received a pension of two shillings a day for the rest of his life—no inconsiderable sum in those days.

The conflict was now at an end, for though some few of the more desperate of the rebels continued to struggle after their leaders had fallen, they were soon disarmed. Sir Richard Walsh and Topcliffe went in search of the other conspirators, and finding Rookwood and Grant, who though severely wounded were not dead, lying in the hall, immediately secured them. Rookwood on their approach made an effort to plunge his dagger into his breast, but his hand was stayed by Sir Richard Walsh.

"We shall not go away quite empty-handed," cried Topcliffe.

"But these are sorry substitutes for Catesby."

"Has Catesby escaped?" demanded Grant, faintly.

"Ay, to the other world," replied Topcliffe.

"He has kept his word," groaned Grant.

"He may have escaped some part of his punishment," said Topcliffe, bitterly; "but the worst remains. His quarters will be exposed on every gate in London, and his head on the bridge. As to you, traitors, you know your doom."

"And are prepared for it," rejoined Grant.

A guard being left over the prisoners, Sir Richard Walsh and Topcliffe then went to see that the other captives were properly secured. Some few having made their escape into the adjoining fields, they were pursued and recaptured.

The whole of the prisoners were then conveyed to Stourbridge, where they were lodged in the gaol, after which Sir Richard Walsh despatched a messenger to the Earl of Salisbury and the lords of the council acquainting them with what he had done.



THE FALLEN KNIGHT

THE FALLEN KNIGHT. BY J. G. THOMPSON.

CHAPTER VI.

HAGLEY.

ROBERT WINTER, it may be remembered, immediately after the explosion, quitted Holbeach, and did not return to it. He proceeded to the neighbouring thicket, and while wandering about in a state bordering on distraction encountered Stephen Littleton, who had likewise deserted his companions on the same day. Acquainting him with the disastrous occurrence that had taken place, and stating his impression that both God and man were against them, and that it would be vain as well as impious to struggle longer, he proposed to him to surrender. But Stephen Littleton so strongly combated this opinion, that he at last consented to make an effort to escape. This, however, was no easy matter, nor could they devise a plan that appeared feasible. Both were well provided with money; but under present circumstances it would be of little use to them. A large price being set on their heads, and the whole country alarmed, they scarcely knew where to seek shelter. After a long debate, they quitted the covert, and keeping clear of all habitations, took the direction of Stourbridge.

On approaching the Stour, at a point opposite Churchill, where they knew the river was fordable, they perceived Sir Richard Walsh's force approaching, and threw themselves into a ditch to avoid observation. It was quite dark when they again ventured forth, and at the peril of their lives they forded the Stour, which was swollen more than it had been in the morning by the long-continued rain. Their design was to proceed to Hagley, the residence of Stephen Littleton's sister, Mrs. Littleton, and to claim her protection. This magnificent mansion lay about two miles on the other side of the river, in the heart of an extensive park, but they were obliged to take a circuitous route of nearly double the distance to reach it, and when at length they arrived there, and were about to steal into the court-yard, they found it occupied by a portion of Sir Richard Walsh's troop.

Overcome by anxiety and fatigue, and scarcely knowing whither to proceed, they recrossed the park, and sought out the cottage of a poor woman, whose two sons had joined their ill-fated expedition, and were at that moment under arms at Holbeach. She was a good Catholic, and they thought they might confide in her. Arriving at her cottage, they glanced in at the window, and perceiving her, as they concluded, alone, and cooking a small piece of meat at the fire, they raised the latch, and entered the house. The woman turned at their approach, and uttering a cry of surprise and alarm, pointed towards a back room. They then saw that they had betrayed themselves; but the caution came too late, and a stalwart trooper, alarmed by the cry, issued from the back room. From the wretched appearance of the new-comers, he at once

guessed that they were rebels, and felt satisfied, from the richness of their apparel, dirtied and stained as it was, that they were persons of consequence. Accordingly, he drew a brace of petronels, and holding them at their heads, commanded them to surrender.

They were too much taken by surprise, and too enfeebled to offer resistance, and the trooper calling to the old woman to bring a cord to bind them, at the same time unloosed his own girdle, with which he fastened Robert Winter's arms behind his back. In doing this, he was compelled to lay down his petronels, and he had scarcely done so, when the woman snatched them up, and gave them to Stephen Littleton, who presented them at his head.

It was now the turn of the conspirators to triumph. In another instant, Robert Winter was released by the old woman, and the pair throwing themselves upon the trooper, forced him to the ground. They then dragged him to the back room, and stripped him of his habiliments, which Stephen Littleton put on instead of his own attire, and binding him hand and foot, returned to the old woman. At the request of Robert Winter, she furnished him with a suit of clothes belonging to one of her sons, and then set before them the best eatables she possessed. They were ravenously hungry, and soon disposed of the viands. Meanwhile, their hostess told them that the whole country was in arms against them; that Mrs. Littleton being suspected, though she had always been adverse to the design, her house had undergone a rigorous search; but that Mr. Humphrey Littleton, not having taken any part in the insurrection, had not as yet been arrested, though it was feared he would be proved to be connected with the plot. She concluded by strongly counselling them to use the utmost caution, and to expose themselves as little as possible. They assured her she need have no apprehension on that score, and expressed great anxiety as to what would befall her when they were gone.

"I do not desire to shed blood, if it can be helped," said Stephen Littleton; "but in a case of necessity, like the present, where life must be weighed against life, I hold it lawful to shed it. Shall we put the trooper to death?"

"Not unless your own safety requires it, good sirs," she said. "I shall quit this cottage soon after you have left it, and obtain a safe asylum with one of my neighbours. It matters not what becomes of me. Having lost my two sons—for I consider them as already dead—I have nothing left to bind me to life."

Unable to make any reply, the conspirators remained for some time silent, when, by the poor woman's advice, they withdrew to an upper chamber, and stretching themselves on a bed, sought a few hours' repose. The old woman kept watch below, and they gave her one of the petronels, with strict injunctions to blow out the trooper's brains if he attempted to move. Nothing, however, occurred to alarm her, and at three o'clock she awakened them.

Offering the woman a handsome reward, which, however, she

declined, they then set out; and shortly afterwards their hostess quitted her habitation, and withdrew to the cottage of a neighbour, where she remained concealed for some weeks, and then died of grief on learning that her sons had been slain during the assault of Holbeach by the royalists.

Recruited by the rest they had enjoyed, the conspirators pursued their course over the fields. The weather was the same as that which disheartened their confederates at Holbeach, and the rain fell so heavily that they had soon not a dry thread upon them. But being now disguised, they were not under so much apprehension of detection. Shaping their course towards Rowley Regis, in Staffordshire, which lay about five miles from Hagley, where a farmer named Pelborrow, a tenant of Humphrey Littleton, resided, and whom they thought would befriend them, they proceeded swiftly on their way; but, though well acquainted with the country, they were so bewildered and deceived by the fog, that they strayed materially out of their course, and when it grew light, found themselves near Weoley Castle, and about four miles from Birmingham.

Confiding in their disguises, and in their power of sustaining the characters they assumed, they got into the high road, and approaching a farm-house, Stephen Littleton, who had tied his companion's arms behind him with his belt, represented himself as a trooper conveying a prisoner from Stourbridge to Birmingham, and in consequence of this obtained a breakfast from the farmer. After their meal was over, the host, who had eyed them suspiciously, observed to the supposed trooper,—

“ You will overtake some of your comrades before you reach Egbaston, and had better lose no time in joining them. You are known to me, my masters,” he added, in a tone that could not be heard by the household; “ but I will not betray you. Get you gone.”

The conspirators did not fail to act upon the suggestion, and as soon as they got out of sight, struck across the country in the direction of Rowley Regis, and arrived at the farm-house which was their destination, in about an hour.

Pelborrow chanced to be in a barn adjoining his house, and alone, and on seeing them readily offered to hide them. No one had noticed their approach, and carefully concealing them amid the hay in the loft, he proceeded about his business as if nothing had happened. He could not just then procure them provisions without exciting suspicion, but when night arrived, brought them a sufficient supply for the next day.

In this way they passed nearly a week, never venturing to stir forth, for they had been traced to the neighbourhood, and constant search was going on after them. Pelborrow had great difficulty in keeping his men out of the barn, and the disappearance of the provisions excited the suspicions of his female domestics, who began to think all was not right. He therefore intimated to the con-

spirators that they must change their quarters, and in the dead of the night they removed to the house of another farmer named Perkes, residing on the borders of Hagley Park, to whom Pel-borrow had confided the secret of their being in the neighbourhood, and who, on promise of a large reward, readily undertook to secrete them.

Perkes met them at a little distance from his house, and conducted them to a barley-mow, where he had contrived a hiding-place amid the straw for them. A woman servant and a man were both let into the secret by Perkes, and a sum of money, given him for that purpose by the conspirators, bribed them to silence. Here they remained close prisoners, unable to stir forth, or even to change their habiliments, for nearly six weeks, during which time they received constant intelligence from their protector of what was going forward, and learnt that the search for them had not relaxed. They were not without hope, however, that the worst was over, when an incident occurred that gave them serious uneasiness.

One night, Perkes, who was a stout, hale yeoman, and had formerly been warrener to Mrs. Littleton, went to catch conies, with a companion named Poynter, and returned laden with spoil. After drinking a cup or two of ale together, the pair separated, and Poynter feeling fatigued with his exertions, as well as drowsy with the liquor he had swallowed, determined to pass the night in his friend's barn, and entering it, clambered up to the loft, and laid himself in the straw. In doing this, he slipped into the hole made for the conspirators, who, aroused by his fall, instantly seized him. Terrified to death, and fancying he had fallen into the hands of gipsies or other plunderers, Poynter roared for mercy, which they were not at first disposed to show him; but the poor wretch, finding into whose hands he had fallen, besought them in such piteous terms to spare his life, affirming with the strongest oaths that he would never betray them, that they consented to spare him, on condition of his remaining with them as long as they should occupy their place of concealment.

When Perkes appeared in the morning, he was not a little surprised at finding his comrade caught in such a trap, but entirely approved of the course taken by the conspirators. Poynter, as may be supposed, was no willing captive; and being constantly pondering on the means of escape, and of obtaining the reward for the apprehension of the conspirators, at last hit upon the following expedient. While engaged in the poaching expedition with Perkes he had received a slight wound in the leg, and the close confinement to which he was now subjected inflamed it to such a degree as to render it highly dangerous. This he represented to the conspirators, who, however, would not suffer him to depart; but desired Perkes to bring him some ointment to dress his wound. The request was complied with, and feigning that it was necessary to

approach the light to apply the salve, Poynter scrambled up the straw, apparently for that sole purpose. He did not attempt to fly for several days; but at last, when they were grown less suspicious, he slid down the other side of the loft, and made good his retreat.

The conspirators saw the error they had committed when too late. Not daring to pursue him, they remained in fearful anticipation of an arrest throughout the day. But they were not disturbed until night, when Perkes made his appearance. They told him what had happened; but he did not appear to be much alarmed.

"I do not think you need be afraid of him," he said. "Let me have some money, and I will go in quest of him at once, and bribe him to silence."

"Here are fifty marks," replied Stephen Littleton. "If that is not enough, take more."

"It will amply suffice," replied Perkes. "I will answer for his silence."

This assurance greatly relieved the conspirators, and they were made completely easy by the return of Perkes in less than an hour afterwards, who told them he had seen Poynter, and had given him the money, binding him by the most solemn oaths not to betray them.

"I have still better news for you, my masters," he added. "Mrs. Littleton has set out for London to-day; and I have received orders from Mr. Humphrey Littleton to bring you to the hall at midnight."

This last intelligence completed their satisfaction, and they awaited Perkes's return with impatience. Shortly before midnight he came to summon them, and they set forth together. Perkes's house lay about a mile from the hall, and they soon entered the park. The night was clear and frosty,—it was now the middle of December,—and as the conspirators trod the crisp sod, and gazed at the noble but leafless trees around them, they silently returned thanks to Heaven for their restoration to freedom. Humphrey Littleton was waiting for them at the end of an avenue near the mansion, and tenderly embraced them.

Tears of joy were shed on both sides, and it seemed to Humphrey Littleton as if his brother had been restored from the grave. Dismissing Perkes with warm thanks, and promises of a further recompence, they then entered the house by a window, which had been left purposely open. Humphrey Littleton conducted them to his own chamber, where fresh apparel was provided for them; and to poor wretches who had not been able to put off their attire for so long a period, the luxury of the change was indescribably great.

The arrival of the fugitives was kept secret from all the household except the man-cook, John Ocklie, upon whose fidelity Humphrey Littleton thought he could rely. A good supper was prepared by this man, and brought up into his master's chamber, where the conspirators were now seated before a hearth heaped

with blazing logs. The conspirators needed no solicitation to fall to, and they did ample justice to the good things before them. His spirits being raised by the good cheer, Robert Winter observed to the cook, who was in attendance upon them,

"Ah! Jack, thy mistress little thinks what guests are now in her house, who have neither seen fire nor tasted a hot morsel for well-nigh two months."

"Ay, it is a sad matter," returned the cook, shaking his head, "and I wish I could offer your worships a flask of wine, or a cup of stout ale at the least. But the butler is in bed, and if I were to rouse him at this hour it might excite his suspicion. If you are willing, sir," he added, to Humphrey Littleton, "I will hie to my mother's cottage in the park, and bring a jug of ale from her."

This was agreed to, and the cook left the house. His sole object, however, was to instruct his mother to give the alarm, so that the conspirators might be arrested before morning.

On reaching her cottage, he was surprised to see a light within it, and two men there, one of whom was Poynter, and the other Mrs. Littleton's steward, Robert Hazlewood. Poynter had acquainted Hazlewood with all he knew respecting the conspirators, supposing them still in the barley-mow, and they were discussing the best means of arresting them, when the cook entered the house.

"The birds are flown," he said, "as you will find, if you search the nest. But come to the hall with a sufficient force to-morrow morning, and I will show you where to find them. I shall claim, however, my share of the reward, though I must not appear in the matter."

Having fully arranged their plan, he procured the ale from his mother, and returned to the hall. The conspirators soon disposed of the jug, threw themselves on a couch in the room, and instantly dropping asleep, enjoyed such repose as only falls to the lot of those who have similarly suffered. And it was well they did sleep soundly, for it was the last tranquil night they ever enjoyed!

Humphrey Littleton, who, as has been stated, reposed implicit confidence in the cook, had committed the key of the chamber to him, strictly enjoining him to call them in the morning; and the fellow, feeling secure of his prey, retired to rest.

About seven o'clock he burst suddenly into the room, and with a countenance of well-feigned alarm, which struck terror into the breasts of the conspirators, cried,

"Master Hazlewood and the officers are below, and say they must search the house. Poynter is with them."

"The villain has betrayed us!" cried Stephen Littleton. "Fools that we were to spare his life!"

"There is no use in lamenting your indiscretion now, sir," replied the cook; "leave it to me, and I will yet effect your escape."

"We place ourselves entirely in your hands," said Stephen Littleton.

"Go down stairs, sir," said the cook to Humphrey Littleton, "and hold Master Hazlewood in conversation for a few minutes, and I will engage to get the gentlemen safely out of the house."

Humphrey Littleton obeyed, and descending to the steward, told him he was willing to conduct him to every room in the house.

"I am certain they are here, and shall not quit it till I find them," rejoined Hazlewood. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as if struck by a sudden thought, "you say they are not in the house. Perhaps they are in the garden—in the summer-house? We will go and see."

So saying, he took half a dozen of his men with him, leaving Poynter and the rest with Humphrey Littleton, who was perplexed and alarmed at his conduct.

Meanwhile, the cook led the two conspirators along the gallery, and from thence down a back staircase, which brought them to a small door communicating with the garden. A few seconds were lost in opening it, and when they issued forth they encountered Hazlewood and his men, who instantly arrested them. The unfortunate conspirators were conveyed under a strong guard to London, where they were committed to the Tower, to take their trial with their confederates.

CHAPTER VII.

VIVIANA'S LAST NIGHT AT ORDSALL HALL.

ON the evening of the third day after quitting Dunchurch, Viviana Radcliffe and her companions arrived at Ordsall Hall. They had encountered many dangers and difficulties on the journey, and were well-nigh overcome with fatigue and anxiety. Fearful of being detained, Garnet had avoided all the larger towns in the way, and had consequently been driven greatly out of the direct course. He had assumed the disguise which he usually wore when travelling, that of a lawyer, and as he possessed great mimetic talent, he sustained the character admirably. Viviana passed for his daughter, and his servant, Nicholas Owen, who was almost as clever an actor as his master, represented his clerk, while the two attendants performed the parts of clients. At Abbots-Bromley, where they halted for refreshment on the second day, having spent the night at a small village near Lichfield, they were detained by the landlord, who entertained some suspicions of them; but Garnet succeeded in frightening the man into allowing them to depart. They underwent another alarm of the same kind at Leek, and were for two hours locked up. But on the arrival of a magistrate, who had been sent for by the host, Garnet gave so plausible an account of himself that the party were instantly set at liberty, and arrived without further molestation at their journey's end.

Viviana's last visit to the hall had been sad enough, but it was

not so sad as the present. It was a dull November evening, and the wind moaned dismally through the trees, scattering the yellow leaves on the ground. The house looked forlorn and desolate. No smoke issued from the chimneys, nor was there any external indication that it was inhabited. The drawbridge was down, and as they passed over it, the hollow trampling of their steeds upon the planks vibrated painfully upon Viviana's heart. Before dismounting, she cast a wistful look around, and surveyed the grass-grown and neglected court, where, in years gone by, she had sported; the moat on whose brink she had lingered; and the surrounding woods, which she had never looked upon, even on a dreary day like the present, and when they were robbed in some measure of their beauty, without delight. Scanning the deserted mansion from roof to foundation, she traced all its gables, angles, windows, doors, and walls, and claimed every piece of carved work, every stone as a familiar object, and as associated with other and happier hours.

"It is but the wreck of what it was," she thought. "The spirit that animated it is fled. Grass grows in its courts—no cheerful voices echo in its chambers—no hospitality is maintained in its hall—but neglect, gloom, and despair claim it as their own. The habitation and its mistress are well matched."

Guessing from the melancholy expression of her countenance what was passing within, and thinking it advisable to turn the current of her thoughts, Garnet assisted her to alight, and committing the care of their steeds to Owen and the others, proceeded with her to the principal entrance. Everything appeared in nearly the same state as when they had last seen it, and the only change that had taken place was for the worse. The ceilings were mapped and mildewed with damp; the once-gorgeously stained glass was shattered in the windows; the costly arras hung in tattered fragments from the walls; while the floors, which were still strewn with plaster and broken furniture, were flooded with the moisture that had found its way through the holes in the roof.

"Bear up, dear daughter," said Garnet, observing that Viviana was greatly distressed by the sight, "and let the contemplation of this scene of havoc, instead of casting you down, inspire you with just indignation against enemies from whom it is vain to expect justice or mercy. How many Catholic mansions have been thus laid waste! How many high-born and honourable men whose sole fault was their adherence to the religion of their fathers, and their refusal to subscribe to doctrines against which their consciences revolted, have been put to death like your father; nay, have endured a worse fate, for they have languished out their lives in prison, while their families and retainers have undergone every species of outrage! How many a descendant of a proud line, distinguished for worth, for loyalty, and for devotion, has stood, as you now stand, upon his desolate hearth—has seen misery and ruin usurp the place of comfort and happiness—and has heard

the very stones beneath his feet cry out for vengeance. Accursed be our oppressors!" he added, lifting up his hands, and elevating his voice. "May their churches be thrown down—their faith crushed—their rights invaded—their children delivered to bondage—their hearths laid waste, as ours have been. May this, and worse come to pass, till the whole stock of heresy is uprooted!"

"Hold, father!" exclaimed Viviana; "even here, beholding this miserable sight, and with feelings keenly excited, I cannot join in your terrible denunciation. What I hope for—what I pray for, is toleration, not vengeance. The sufferings of our brethren will not have been in vain, if they enable our successors to worship God in their own way, and according to the dictates of their consciences. The ruthless conduct of our persecutors must be held in as much abhorrence by all good Protestants as our persecution of that sect, when we were in the ascendant, is regarded by all worthy members of our own church. I cannot believe that by persecution we can work out the charitable precepts inculcated by our Saviour, and I am sure such a course is as adverse to the spirit of religion, as it is to that of humanity. Let us bear our sorrows with patience,—let us utter no repinings, but turn the other cheek to the smiter, and we shall find, in due time, that the hearts of our oppressors will relent, and that all the believers in the True God will be enabled to worship him in peace, though at different altars."

"Such a season will never arrive, daughter," replied Garnet, severely, "till heresy is extirpated, and the false doctrines now prevailing, utterly abolished. Then, indeed, when the Church of Rome is re-established, and the old and true religion restored, universal peace will prevail. And let me correct the grievous and sinful error into which you have fallen. Our church is always at war with heresy; and if it cannot uproot it by gentle means, authorises, nay enjoins, the employment of force."

"I will not attempt to dispute with you upon points of faith, father," returned Viviana; "I am content to think and act according to my own feelings and convictions. But I will not give up the hope that in some milder and wiser age, persecution on either side will cease, and the sufferings of its victims be remembered only to soften the hearts of fanatics, of whatever creed, towards each other. Were a lesson wanting to ourselves, surely it might be found in the result that has attended your dark and criminal enterprise, and in which the disapproval of Heaven has been signally manifested."

"Not so, daughter," replied Garnet. "An action is not to be judged or justified by the event attending it, but by its own intrinsic merits. To aver the contrary were to throw a doubt upon the Holy Scriptures themselves, where we read in the Book of Judges that the eleven tribes of Israel were commanded to make war upon the tribe of Benjamin, and yet were twice defeated. We have failed. But this proves nothing against our project, which I main-

tain to be righteous and praiseworthy, undertaken to overthrow an heretical and ex-communicated monarch, and to re-establish the true faith of the Most High throughout this land."

"I lament to find that you still persist in error, father," replied Viviana; "but you cannot by any sophistry induce me to coincide with you in opinion. I hold the attempt an offence alike against God and man, and while I rejoice at the issue that has attended it, I deplore the irreparable harm it will do to the whole body of Catholics, all of whom will be connected, by the bigoted and unthinking of the hostile party, with the atrocious design. Not only have you done our cause an injury, but you have in a measure justified our opponents' severity, and given them a plea for further persecution."

"No more of this, daughter," rejoined Garnet, impatiently, "or I shall deem it necessary to reprove you. Let us search the house, and try to find some habitable chamber in which you can pass the night."

After a long search, they discovered a room in comparatively good order, and leaving Viviana within it, Garnet descended to the lower part of the house, where he found Nicholas Owen and the two other attendants.

"We have chanced upon a scanty supply of provender for our steeds," remarked Owen, with a doleful look; "but we are not likely to obtain a meal ourselves, unless we can feed upon rats and mice, which appear to be the sole tenants of this miserable dwelling."

"You must go to Manchester instantly, and procure provisions," returned Garnet. "But take heed you observe the utmost caution."

"Fear nothing," replied Owen. "If I am taken, your reverence will lose your supper—that is all."

He then set out upon his errand, and Garnet proceeded to the kitchen, where, to his great surprise, he found the hearthstone still warm, and a few lighted embers upon it, while crumbs of bread, and little fragments of meat scattered about, proved that some one had taken a meal there. Startled by this discovery, he continued his search, but as fruitlessly as before; and though he called to any one who might be hidden to come forth, the summons was unanswered. One of the attendants had placed a few sticks upon the smouldering ashes, and on returning to the kitchen, it was found that they had kindled. A fire being thus obtained, some of the broken furniture was used to replenish it, and by Garnet's commands another fire was speedily lighted in Viviana's chamber. Night had now come on, and Owen not returning, Garnet became extremely uneasy, and had almost given him up, when the absentee made his appearance, with a large basket of provisions under his arm.

"I have had some difficulty in obtaining them," he said; "and fancying I observed two persons following me, was obliged to take a circuitous route to get back. The whole town is in commotion about

the plot, and it is said that the most rigorous measures are to be adopted towards all the Catholic families in the neighbourhood." Sighing at the latter piece of intelligence, Garnet selected such provisions as he thought would be acceptable to Viviana, and took them upstairs to her. She ate a little bread, and drank a cup of water, but refused to taste anything else, and finding it in vain to press her, Garnet returned to the kitchen, where, being much exhausted, he recruited himself with a hearty meal, and a cup of wine.

Left alone, Viviana knelt down, and clasping a small crucifix to her breast, prayed long and fervently. While she was thus engaged, she heard the door open gently behind her, and turning her head, beheld an old man clothed in a tattered garb, with long white hair flowing over his shoulders, and a beard of the same snowy hue descending upon his breast. As he advanced slowly towards her, she started to her feet, and a brighter flame arising at the moment from the fire, it illumined the intruder's woe-begone features.

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed,—“can it be my father's old steward, Jerome Heydocke?”

"It is indeed, my dear young mistress," replied the old man, falling on his knee before her. "Heaven be praised!" he continued, seizing her hand, and bedewing it with tears; "I have seen you once again, and shall die content."

"I never expected to behold you more, good Heydocke," returned Viviana, raising him. "I heard you had died in prison."

"It was so given out by the jailors, to account for my escape," replied the old steward; "and I took care never to contradict the report by making my appearance. I will not distress you by the recital of all I have endured, but will simply state that I was confined in the prison upon Hunt's Bank, whence I escaped in the night by dropping upon the rocks, and from them into the river, where it was supposed I was drowned. Making my way into the country, I concealed myself for a time in barns and outbuildings, until, at length, I ventured back to the old house, and have dwelt in it unmolested ever since. I should have perished of want long ago, but for the kindness of Mr. Humphrey Chetham. He used to send my son regularly to me with provisions; and, now that Martin is gone to London, on business, as I understood, relating to you, he brings them to me himself. He will be here to-morrow."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Viviana. "I must see him."

"As you please," returned the old man. "I suppose those are your companions below. I was in my hiding-place, and hearing voices and footsteps, did not dare to venture forth till all was still. On approaching this room, which I have been in the habit of occupying lately, and peeping through the door, which was standing ajar, I perceived a female figure, and thinking it must be you, though I scarcely dared to trust the evidence of my senses, I ventured in. Oh! my dear, dear young mistress, what a joy it is to

see you again! I fear you must have suffered much, for you are greatly altered."

At this moment Garnet entered the room. He started on seeing the old steward. But an explanation was instantly given him.

"You, then, are the person by whom the fire was recently lighted in the kitchen?" he asked.

Heydocke replied in the affirmative.

"I came to bid you farewell for the night, dear daughter," said Garnet, "and to assure you that you may rest without fear, for we have contrived to make fast the doors. Come with me, my son," he added to the steward, "and you shall have a comfortable meal below."

Making a profound reverence to Viviana, the old man followed him down stairs.

Viviana continued to pace to and fro within her chamber for some time, and then, overcome with fatigue, flung herself upon the bedstead, on which a cloak had been thrown. Sleep soon closed her eyes, but it was disturbed by frightful and distressing dreams, from which she was suddenly aroused by a touch upon the arm. Starting up, she perceived the old steward by the side of her couch, with a light in his hand.

"What brings you here, Heydocke?" she demanded, with surprise and alarm.

"You have slept soundly, my dear young mistress, or you would not require to be informed," replied the steward. "There! do you not hear it?" he added, as a loud knocking resounded from below.

Viviana listened for a moment, and then, as if struck by a sudden idea, hurried down stairs. She found Garnet and the others assembled in the hall, but wholly unnerved by fright. "Hide yourselves," she said, "and no ill shall befall you. Quick!—not a moment is to be lost!"

Having allowed them sufficient time for concealment, she demanded in a loud voice who was without?

"Friends," was the reply.

"It is the voice of Doctor Dee," replied Heydocke.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Viviana. "Admit him instantly."

Heydocke obeyed, and throwing open the door, gave entrance to the doctor, who was wrapped in his long furred gown, and carried a lantern. He was accompanied by Kelley and Humphrey Chetham.

"Your visit is singularly timed, Mr. Chetham," said Viviana, after she had saluted the party; "but you are not the less welcome on that account. I much desired to see you, and indeed should have sent for you to-morrow. But how did you know I was here?"

"The only explanation I can offer you is this," replied Chetham. "I was hastily summoned from my residence at Crumpsall by

Kelley, who told me you were at Ordsall Hall, and that Doctor Dee was about to visit you, and desired my company. Thus summoned, I came at once."

"A strange explanation, indeed!" replied Viviana.

"Close and fasten the door," said Dee, in an authoritative tone to Kelley, and as soon as his commands were obeyed, he took Viviana's hand, and led her to the farther end of the hall.

"My art informed me of your arrival, Viviana," he said. "I am come to save you. You are in imminent danger."

"I well know it," she replied; "but I have no wish to fly from justice. I am weary of my life, and would gladly resign it."

"I would call to your recollection, Viviana," pursued Dee, "that I foretold the disastrous result of this plot, in which you have become unhappily involved, to Guy Fawkes, and warned him not to proceed in it. But he would not be advised, and is now a prisoner in the Tower."

"All I wish is to go thither and die with him," rejoined Viviana.

"If you go thither you will die before him," said Dee.

"I would do so," she replied.

"Viviana Radcliffe," returned Dee, in a compassionate tone, "I truly grieve for you. Your attachment to this heinous traitor completely blinds you. The friendship I entertained for your mother makes me anxious to serve you—to see you happy. It is now in your power to be so. But if you take another false step, your fate is decided, and you will die an early death. I will answer for your safety—nay, what is more, I will undertake that ere long you shall again be mistress of this mansion, and have your estates restored to you."

"You promise fairly, sir," she replied, with a mournful smile.

"I have not yet done," pursued Dee. "All I require for the service is, that when freed by the death of Guy Fawkes from the chain that now binds you—for I am aware of your ill-starred union with him—you shall bestow your hand upon Humphrey Chetham."

"It may not be," replied Viviana, firmly. "And if you could in truth read the secrets of the heart, you would know that mine would instantly reject the proposal."

"Think not it originates with me, Viviana," said Humphrey Chetham, who had approached them unobserved. "My previous experience of your character would alone have prevented me from becoming a party to any such proposal, had I known it would be made. Do not, I beseech you, sir," he added to Dee, "clog your offer with conditions which will effectually prevent its accomplishment."

"You are true to yourself, Mr. Chetham," rejoined Viviana, "and will not, therefore, wonder that I continue so. Were I to assent to Doctor Dee's proposal, I should be further from happiness

than I am now, even if he could make good his words, and restore me to the station I have forfeited. I have received a shock from which I shall never recover, and the only haven of repose, to which I look forward, is the grave."

"Alas!" exclaimed Chetham, in a pitying tone.

"You will think I trespass too much upon your kindness," she pursued; "but you can render me a great service, and it will be the last I shall ever require from you."

"Name it!" cried Chetham, cagerly.

"I would beg you to escort me to London," she rejoined; "and to deliver me to the lords of the council. I would willingly escape the indignities to which I shall be exposed if I am conveyed thither as a prisoner. Will you do this?"

"I will," replied Chetham.

"Lest you should think I have offered more than I can perform, Viviana," said Dee, who had listened attentively to the foregoing conversation, "I will now tell you on what grounds I build my expectation of procuring your pardon. The conspiracy was first revealed by me to the Earl of Salisbury, though for his own purposes he kept it secret to the last. He owes me a heavy debt, and shall pay it in the way I propose, if you desire it."

"I will abide by what I have done," replied Viviana.

"You know, then, what fate awaits you?" said Dee.

"I shall not shrink from it," she rejoined.

"It is well," he replied. "Before I leave, I will give you another caution. Father Garnet is here. Nay, attempt not to deny it. You cannot deceive me. Besides, I desire to serve, not harm him. If he remains here till to-morrow, he will be captured. A proclamation has been issued for his arrest, as well as for that of Father Oldcorne. Deliver him this warning. And now, farewell!"

With this, he took up his lantern, and followed by Kelley, quitted the hall.

Humphrey Chetham only tarried a few moments to inform Viviana that he would return soon after daybreak with a couple of steeds for the journey. As soon as he was gone, Viviana communicated Dee's warning to Garnet, who was so alarmed by it, that he resolved not to delay his own departure a moment. Taking an affectionate leave of Viviana, and confiding her to the care of the old steward, he set out with his three attendants.

Faithful to his promise, Humphrey Chetham appeared at the appointed time. Viviana bade an eternal farewell to the old steward, who was overwhelmed with grief, and looked as if his sorrows would soon be ended, and mounting one of the steeds brought by the young merchant, they took the direction of London.

ALETHEIA; OR, THE DOOM OF MYTHOLOGY.*

IN this "work-a-day world," where we now sojourn amongst ceaseless *utilities*, so useful as to become wearisome, where there is so much more work than play, and where to talk or speak of anything but discoveries in science, and new plans for the amelioration of the lot of humanity, is a crime, a glimpse now and then into cloud-land is a boon, and we love to indulge ourselves in the fancy that such peeps do as much good to our fellow-creatures as half the schemes set on foot by those philosophers who scorn the Muses unless they come forward in some rough and rugged disguise, travestied as day-labourers or hardworking handicraftsmen, even as Cupid has sometimes shown himself in the guise of a link-boy.

In this volume there is, however, no disguise, and we therefore meet the poet honestly, as he exhibits himself, and frankly avow our admiration of Poesy, such as she really is without a mask, professing to be none other than a true child of fancy,

That in the colours of the rainbow lives
And plays in the pigmented clouds.

We have long missed the day when the announcement of a new poem excited the most intense rapture of expectation, and all was neglected, that time and thought should be dedicated to its perusal the moment it appeared.

Those days are gone, but beauty still is here,

if we may judge by occasional glimpses which we are allowed into the removed realm of poesy, where we see revealed some of the treasures with which that bright region is piled and laden.

Few, in these times, are engaged as gatherers of the rich vintage which for ever teems in that land overflowing with golden grapes; but sometimes a favoured pilgrim, travelling to the far country, is admitted through the often-closed gates and returns rich with the spoil.

Such an adventurous pilgrim has been the author of "*Aletheia*," who has sojourned longer than is usual, now-a-days, amongst those extensive regions where eternal summer blooms.

He has brought away with him a great store of valuable gifts and promises, to revive, by the exhibition of them, the old-forgotten love of minstrelsy, too long dormant. We hail his book as we hail the rainbow which gives a hope of fine weather amidst showers and gloom, and gladly predict from it a whole parterre of flowers of as brilliant hues as these before us, which good fortune has placed at our command in a time of barrenness and gloom.

Aletheia is a melodious lament over the doom of the classic divinities, which in olden time inspired the poets. The poem opens beautifully in a sylvan grove, where odours of mellow autumn breathe around, suggesting pensive regrets for absent fays and nymphs, banished by stern reality from the secret and ever-poetical haunts of unchanging Nature; the minstrel sighs in the "leafy dell," over times

When myths of marvel strew'd the earth like balm,
And gods were in the grove and in the wold.

A fund of classic lore and deep learning, clothed in language of sin-

* *Aletheia; or, the Doom of Mythology. With other Poems.* By William Charles Kent. Longman.

gular harmony and power, are brought to bear upon the subject, which, though a favourite one with the enthusiast of the Beautiful, is treated in a manner entirely original. In following the golden and glowing thoughts of the author as he pours forth his lament, we can scarcely divest ourselves of the belief that we are reading those of some poet of ancient days, clad in the garb of modern language, and such language as has been seldom surpassed for nervous force and graceful expression, delightfully combined to produce a fascinating whole.

There are gems scattered amongst the stanzas in the longer poems of this collection, which many a reflective student will transfer to his memory and his note-book, to take their places with treasures

Loved and cherished long.

Of these are the verses which we refrain with difficulty, owing to our limited space, from giving, beginning—

Life, mystic life, thou art but as a ray
Of God's great splendour shot through carnal things!

and concluding—

Then weep no more, ye mourners for the dead!

We must send our readers to the volume itself to glean these and much more, which will amply repay the search after the scattered pearls, with which this book is strewn thickly.

The admirers of Keats will dwell with pleasure on the lament for Adonais; and the lines "On a Beloved Memory" will reach every heart that has mourned.

Perhaps, indeed, one of the chiefest charms which makes us linger over these pages, is that gentleness of spirit and tenderness of feeling which pervade them.

Scarcely a mournful recollection which stirs the heart that has known sorrow is not interpreted here, and words are given to sighs for the lost of earth and the deplored of affection.

In "Phillippo, the Dream-Haunted," there are many exquisite lines overflowing with emotions like this; the appearance to the young lover of his ideal is thus announced:—

It came, it smiled, it spoke, that mystic shade,
Life of my life and heart of my own heart,
Dim shadow of my soul, which yearn'd for her,
As pale Narcissus pined for his own form.

The poet is a great master of rhythm, and varies his measure according to his mood, not forgetting the classic hexameter which he has moulded to his will and mastered to his thought in the beautiful *scene*, which he calls the "Golden Apple," where a bright damsel of Delos, the bewitching Cydippe,

Lithe as the bough of a linden,

moves, clad in her "streaming robe dyed like the crocus."

"The Magnetic Flower" is worthy to be bound up in a nosegay with the blossoms of "Evangeline," since a word in that congenial poem suggested it.

Before we conclude this brief notice of a very remarkable and original production, we must repeat our recommendation to all lovers of the graceful and imaginative, to procure the book without delay and bury themselves amongst its perfumed leaves, forgetting awhile the common-places of life in the summer sweetness of which it is redolent.

FLORENCE HAMILTON.

BY JULIA ADDISON.

AUTHOR OF THE CURATE OF "WILDMERE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Non curo l'affetto
 D'un timido amante,
 Che serba nel petto
 Si poco valor.
 Che trema, se deve
 Far uso del brando,
 Ch'è audace sol quando
 Si parla d'amor.

METASTASIO.

It was a lovely afternoon in the height of summer. The bright rays of a July sun fell upon the grey roofs of a stately mansion, built in the picturesque style of the fifteenth century, which rose amidst sloping lawns, rich woods, and parterres of beautiful flowers.

From the ancient and sculptured porch, shaded, but not concealed, by a graceful creeping plant, issued two young ladies.

"Which way shall we go, Florenth?" said the eldest of the two, who had a very remarkable lisp.

"Let us go round the park," replied her companion, "as the sun is still very powerful. We are sure to find shade there."

"I think, my dear," rejoined the first speaker, "that Rye-field Meadow are equally shady, and a ramble over them, and along that pleathant lane beyond, is much more amuthing than the park. Bethidh, we shall path the turn of the road leading to Thir Robert Craventh, and who knowth but we may meet the baronet himthelf."

"That is no inducement," said Florence. "However, we will walk through the fields, if you prefer doing so."

"Oh, but it is a great induthement," returned her companion, with vivacity; "for though you will not allow it, I know you like him ectheedingly."

"Miss Trimmer," said Florence, in a serious manner, "you are greatly mistaken. I do not—I never can like Sir Robert Craven."

"How particularly thtrange of you, Florenth, when you know Lady Theagrove dethireth that you should like him."

"Yes," said Florence, sighing, "it is that which grieves me. I, who owe Lady Seagrove so much, who am bound, by the ties of gratitude and affection, to consult her wishes on every subject——"

"Yet," interrupted Miss Trimmer, "becaith she dethireth to thee you married to a handthome young man, of good family, and large fortune, who hath loved you from a boy, and would ethteem it the greateth happineth to become your huthband, you think her thevere and unrea-thonable."

"No," said Florence, "not that. But I own that the idea of Sir Robert as a companion for life makes me——"

"Conthiderably leth thenthible than it ith your wont to be upon other occathions, my dear," added Miss Trimmer, "if you will permit me to finith your thenthenth for you. Now do, pray, jutht for curiothityth thake, tell me what you object to in poor Thir Robert."

Before Florence could answer, a stop was put to the conversation by the appearance of the subject of it.

Sir Robert Craven was about two-and-twenty, tall and stoutly built, with well-formed but heavy features, large black eyes, without a shade of softness in their expression, thick shaggy eyebrows, and a great quantity of rough, dark hair. His manners were abrupt, and his voice loud and harsh. He wore, on the present occasion, a velveteen shooting-jacket and straw hat, his usual morning costume, and carried a heavy knotted stick in his hand.

"Good morning!" he said, when he perceived the two ladies. "I am glad to have met you. I was just coming to call. How are you?"

"Quithe well, thank you," replied Miss Trimmer, her round, plump countenance beaming with smiles, and her lisp considerably increasing.

"I will walk with you," said Sir Robert, offering Florence his arm, which she declined.

"Florenth will never take any onth arm in the country," said Miss Trimmer, apologetically.

"Well perhaps, it is rather a bore," said the baronet. "Are you going to B——."

"No," said Florence; "the high road is very disagreeable."

"Quithe inthufferable," echoed Miss Trimmer.

"It's all the same to me where I walk," said Sir Robert.

"It is almost time to return," said Florence, as they paused at the stile leading into the lane.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Craven. "How sorry I am that you are engaged on Tuesday. When I heard you were coming home, I got up the party on purpose for you. Can't you put off your engagement?"

Florence coldly replied in the negative.

"Lady Theagrove," said Miss Trimmer, "expecth the Dowager Lady Harewood, who ith horrified at the mere name of a pic-nic party. Dear me, what a handthome young man that ith!" she exclaimed, as a gentleman on horseback rode past. "Do you know who he ith?"

"One of the officers of the —th," said Sir Robert. "That regiment has just come to B——."

"I wish he would not have rode by tho fatht," rejoined Miss Trimmer. "How I thould like to thee him again!"

This wish was gratified; for a moment afterwards the horseman rode back a few paces, and inquired of a little boy who was lounging near, if he were in the right road for B——. The child seemed stupid; and Miss Trimmer, glad of the opportunity of speaking, stepped forward, and saying in her most studied and captivating lisp—

"Allow me, thir, to reply to your query," gave him the necessary directions.

As this occupied some moments, the stranger had leisure to glance at the group, and his eyes, as he asked a question respecting the road, rested on Florence. Miss Trimmer, however, hastened to answer before Florence could reply, and the horseman, who was too well bred to seek to prolong the interview, expressed his thanks, made a very graceful bow, and rode off.

Miss Trimmer was in fresh raptures. Florence was silent.

"I can't imagine what you see so good-looking in that man," said Sir Robert, who had been standing a little apart during the colloquy, tapping his boots with the knotted stick; "but he has an uncommonly fine horse, and don't ride amiss."

"When did one handthorne man ever allow that another wath good-looking?" said Miss Trimmer, with a meaning smile.

The party were about to return home when Miss Trimmer was seized with a sudden wish to go to B——.

"Why, I thought," exclaimed Sir Robert, with a laugh, "that you found the high road insufferable."

"Tho I do in general," said the lady, "but I have jutht remembered I am in great want of thome thcarlet wool to finith my bell-roph."

Florence reminded her that she could send a servant for the wool on their return; but Miss Trimmer said that no one ever brought her the right colour.

"Well," said Florence, smiling good-naturedly, "let us go, then. If we walk slowly perhaps we shall not feel the heat much."

"Ah!" said Sir Robert, with another laugh, "you want to see that handsome hero of yours. I know how it is."

Miss Trimmer was a little disconcerted, but drawing up her short fat figure, and striving her utmost to look dignified, she said,

"Thir Robert, I do not underthtand you; I told you what I wanted to go to B—— for."

"Oh, yes, to be sure you did," said Sir Robert; "but I don't always believe what ladies say. Only observe, that if Miss Hamilton and I get a *comp-de-soleil* it will be your fault."

The trio arrived at B——, and Miss Trimmer proceeded to make her purchase. After walking about the hot streets for some time, on various errands, they were about to return home, heated and fatigued, when a shouting, and loud cries of "Mad dog" were heard. Miss Trimmer turned pale, and clung close to Sir Robert's arm. The noise and shouts increased.

"Take care," said Sir Robert, hastily disengaging himself; "let us see what it's all about."

"Oh! for the love of merthy, Thir Robert," exclaimed Miss Trimmer, "don't let go of me. Thuppothe the mad dog thould come thith way! Do pray defend me!"

"How the deuce am I to defend you if you hold me so tight?" said the baronet, evading Miss Trimmer's attempt to seize his arm again. "Can't you be quiet, like Florence?"

This hurried dialogue passed in a few seconds, and before Sir Robert had finished his last sentence a large and furious dog appeared, running directly towards them.

Miss Trimmer, in an agony of terror, screamed aloud. Florence, taking her by the hand, crossed the street quickly, and led—or rather dragged—her down a little court nearly opposite, which seemed to offer them protection.

Sir Robert, who after a moment's hesitation was about to follow them, saw the object of their alarm run into the same court, as if to avoid its pursuers; and, guided by the axiom that self-preservation is the first law in nature, sought safety in flight.

CHAPTER II.

How could my tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise !
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature !
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy.

ROWE.

IN the mean time, Miss Trimmer had crouched down behind her hitherto courageous companion, quite stupified with fright. But even Florence's fortitude gave way as she saw the dog on the very point of springing fiercely upon them. She uttered a cry of terror, and averted her face, when in an instant a young man darted forward like lightning, and threw himself between the defenceless girls and the infuriated animal. He had only a slight riding whip in his hand, but contrived to keep the dog at bay until assistance was rendered by several persons who came up. Then turning to Florence, he eagerly inquired if she had received any injury, and taking her hand led her into a shop, whither some bystanders had carried her companion. For some minutes Florence's attention was engrossed by Miss Trimmer, who continued to scream violently, and could not be persuaded that the danger was over. When Florence turned to thank their preserver, whom she recognised as the equestrian they had seen in the lane, she observed that his wrist was covered with blood. "Oh, Heaven, you are wounded!" she exclaimed in alarm.

"It is of no consequence," said the stranger, twisting a handkerchief round his arm; "a mere trifle. Will you permit me to conduct you home?"

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed Florence, interrupting him; "I implore you lose not an instant in having your wound attended to. Oh! if it should be really true——" She stopped, and burst into tears.

"Do not be alarmed on my account," said the stranger; "the dog is not mad."

"You cannot tell that," said Florence. "Let us not have the grief of thinking that your life is endangered through your courageous exertions in our defence. Leave us, I entreat you; we can easily find our way home. The gentleman who was with us just now——"

"Is utterly unworthy of his charge, if he could abandon you when he did," returned their companion. "The dog, poor creature, was merely enraged by some cruel boys who have been tormenting it, and is now gone quietly home with its master."

Miss Trimmer now approached, and sobbing, expressed her sorrow that their deliverer should be hurt, adding her entreaties to those of Florence, that he would not stay longer with them; but he reasoned away their fears, and the party were in a few minutes on the road to Seagrove Hall.

After walking about a quarter of a mile, they were overtaken by Sir Robert Craven.

"Well, here you are at last!" he exclaimed, addressing the ladies, without noticing their companion. "I have been looking for you everywhere; running, half distracted with grief, just into the way of the dog—only by a miracle escaped being torn in pieces——"

He stopped suddenly, on observing a slight but contemptuous smile on the features of the handsome stranger.

"What do you mean by that sneer, sir?" said the baronet, turning towards him with an air of effrontery.

"May I ask, sir, where and when you encountered the dog?" inquired the young man, still smiling.

"May I ask, sir," retorted Sir Robert, "who and what you are; and how the devil you come with these ladies? Moreover, I desire that you will instantly depart."

"Not at your command," said the stranger, proudly.

"Dare you say so to me?" cried the irritated baronet. "I tell you these ladies are under my protection."

Florence, who had several times, during this short dialogue, endeavoured to make Sir Robert attend to her, now interposed, saying,

"We owe our safety entirely to the kindness and courage of this gentleman." Then addressing the stranger, she again thanked him warmly, and, observing that he was pale, added, "Your arm, I am sure, must be painful, and we will not accept your kind escort any further."

"I will then bid you good morning," said the stranger, and, bowing to her and Miss Trimmer, he walked away.

As soon as he was out of sight, Sir Robert repeated what he had said about missing his fair companions and searching for them everywhere.

Florence who could not believe all he said, and in whose mind his conduct was contrasted most disadvantageously with that of the brave stranger, made some cold but civil reply, and the subject dropped.

On reaching home the girls found Lady Seagrove watching for them. She remarked their pale and frightened looks, and, on hearing the danger they had incurred, burst into a flood of tears, which lasted till dinner-time.

Florence Hamilton was the ward or rather the adopted daughter of Lady Seagrove, with whom she had lived from an early age. Lady Seagrove was fond and proud of her, and, on the whole, treated her with kindness; but she was weak, ill-judging, and easily influenced by flattery. She had been beautiful in her youth, and still retained a considerable portion of good looks; but her fine black eyes and regular features had that peculiar vacuity of expression which accompanies a superficial understanding and small intellectual powers.

About ten years previous to the time when this story commences, the love of flattery, above alluded to, had led to her taking Miss Trimmer, then about eighteen, into the family, as her companion. Lady Seagrove had become acquainted with her accidentally at a fashionable watering-place, and, being satisfied that she was of good family, speedily admitted her to terms of intimacy. She believed her to be what she appeared—an amiable, artless girl, sincerely attached to herself; and saw nothing but unaffected good nature in her smiling countenance, and a laudable desire to please in her numerous airs and graces. Lady Seagrove had no suspicion that Miss Trimmer was even then a most artful and designing character, bent upon forming projects for her own advantage and aggrandisement.

Miss Trimmer was one of those persons who are pretty, though their very prettiness is disagreeable. The form of her face was round, her complexion pink and white, like a wax doll's; her height short, her figure

dummy and fat ; her eyes, which were of a light grey colour, were never still a moment, wherever she was, or whatever she was doing ; her nose was decidedly *retroussé*, and her mouth, though small and red-lipped, was badly formed, and of the order commonly called flash. She was very proud of her teeth, though they were somewhat too large, and, when she desired to look particularly fascinating, kept her mouth in a sort of half smile, just sufficient to display them.

All Miss Trimmer's leisure time—and she had a good deal—was spent in practising airs and graces before a large mirror. Her manners, her language, the tone of her voice, and the expression of her countenance, were one mass of affectation. She considered dress as an affair of the most vital importance, and always endeavoured to suit hers to the taste of the different individuals whom she wished to please. These were so numerous, that the style and arrangement of her dress and hair were seldom the same two days together. Her great ambition was to form high connexions ; and she considered that she was very fortunate in having succeeded so far as to obtain her present position with Lady Seagrove. She often congratulated herself on the tact with which she turned every event to the furtherance of her own views, and made other people think, feel, or act as she wished, by artful insinuations, clever misrepresentations, and well-timed, judicious flattery ; which talents she looked upon as the foundation of all her present and all her future good fortune.

The favourite scheme of Lady Seagrove, and one which she had long entertained, was to marry Florence to her nephew, Sir Robert Craven.

On the evening of the adventure just related, her thoughts reverted, as they frequently did, to the subject, and she thus soliloquised :—

“ Everything now seems favourable to my wishes. On our return, after nearly a year's absence, I find Robert's heart still disengaged, and perceive plainly that he admires my adopted daughter more than ever. Florence has now seen three London seasons, but among her many admirers, there has not been one who—setting my partiality as a relative aside—would be in every respect so good a match for her as my nephew. There is only one obstacle, but that is slight, and I have no doubt easy to be overcome—namely, that Florence does not much like Robert ; but then I know her amiable and gentle disposition, her gratitude, and eagerness to please me ; besides she is only nineteen and a half, so there is time enough yet. I shall be quite content so that she is married before she is one-and-twenty.”

CHAPTER III.

Life has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of friendship.—DR. JOHNSON.

“ WELL, Wentworth,” said the Honourable Adolphus Pemberton, as he entered his friend's breakfast-room a few days after the events related in the preceding chapter ; “ what a stupid fellow you are to have missed our yesterday's excursion. What is the accident you alluded to ? ”

“ A trifling hurt,” replied the individual addressed as Wentworth, glancing at his right arm, which was in a sling ; “ but one that incapacitated me from rowing.”

“ We wanted you sadly,” returned his companion, “ for, besides all

the party being disappointed not to see the fine young fellow I had promised to introduce to them, we were at a loss for another rower. Craven was so sulky, because Miss Hamilton was not there, that he wouldn't move a finger; and Silverdale, the poet, has no more notion of using an oar than that cat, and did nothing but get in everybody's way."

After a little more conversation, Pemberton said,

"The express object of my call this morning, next to inquiring after your health, is to ask you to join the —shire Toxophilite Society. We are going to have a grand meeting."

"I should be happy," said Wentworth, "but I have not practised for some time, and have not got a bow."

"I will lend you both bow and arrows," said his friend. "Come, you will join us?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; but I fear I shall make but a poor figure."

His friend assured him that was of no consequence.

"We have some most wretched shots amongst us," he added, "who never put an arrow into the target except by chance."

"Who is your best archer?"

"I think Craven is. He is a strong powerful fellow, and has practised a great deal. You don't know him yet, do you?"

"No; and from what you have at different times said about him, I am not particularly anxious to make his acquaintance."

"He is not a pleasant fellow certainly; but hospitable enough. The meeting is, on this occasion, to be held at his house, and he, as well as Miss Craven, his aunt, who lives with him, desired me to give you this card of invitation both to the dinner and the ball."

"Wednesday, the fifteenth," said Wentworth, looking at the card. "I fear my arm will not be well enough by that time."

"Your arm! Ah, true, I forgot. I have been going to ask you half-a-dozen times how you hurt it. But you look so well that I imagined the injury was very slight."

"It is not very serious certainly, but——"

"Oh, then, you must really contrive to get it well by Wednesday; especially as the charming Miss Hamilton, whom I have so often spoken to you about, will be there, and I promise to introduce you."

"I suspect, Pemberton, that you are *épris* with Miss Hamilton," said Wentworth, smiling.

"Indeed, I am not. We are the best friends in the world, but only a brotherly and sisterly kind of attachment. So do not be afraid of interfering with me by falling in love with her."

"Thank you," said Wentworth, "but if I were inclined to fall in love, I should select a girl I saw accidentally the other day. I do not believe that Miss Hamilton or any one else can be half so lovely. She is not only beautiful, but she has the sweetest expression I ever saw in a countenance, and the most musical voice imaginable. I wish I knew who she was."

"Sweetest countenance—most musical voice!" repeated Pemberton.

"Did you speak to her then?"

"I was fortunate enough to protect her from a fierce dog, which terrified her greatly," replied Wentworth.

Pemberton made his friend tell him the particulars of what had occurred.

"It is quite a chivalrous adventure," he observed, "and I envy you your share in it, all except the wound. But I wonder who the young lady is. Can you describe her?"

Wentworth did so.

"Upon my word, your heroine must be very pretty," said Pemberton.

"And can you, from my description, tell me who she is? Have you ever seen any one like her?"

"Why, yes, I could almost think I had," said Pemberton, with difficulty suppressing an arch smile; "but I really cannot tell you who."

"I am sorry for that," said Wentworth; "I thought as you knew every one, you would in all probability be able to inform me."

"Well, you must live in hope of another meeting," said Pemberton. "And now I really must run away. Good-bye; remember the fifteenth."

CHAPTER IV.

Let us
Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmness.

THOMSON.

THE day fixed for the archery meeting proved very fine, a rare occurrence in this country, where an out-of-door fête is in question. Sir Robert Craven, happily for all his family, was in high spirits, and in wonderful good humour.

At two o'clock a large party of gaily dressed archers were assembled, and Sir Robert began to grow impatient for the arrival of the rest of the company.

"They ought to have been here long ago," he observed to Miss Craven, a stiff, formal-looking old lady, with sharp features and a shrill voice.

His aunt replied that "the time fixed for the archery to commence was half past two, and that it was now only twenty minutes past."

"Twenty-two minutes past, I am," said Sir Robert. "Well we need not wait a minute longer than the half hour. I wonder what Pemberton is about, and the friend he is to bring with him. They have no business to keep us all waiting for them, I think. But where are my arrows? I suppose I must have left them in the hall."

He rang the bell, and, after waiting about five seconds, complained of the servant's slowness, and went himself to fetch what he wanted.

In the hall he met the two individuals for whose coming he was anxious.

One of them who advanced first, and seemed the younger of the two, was a very *distingué* looking young man, rather above the middle height, with handsome and expressive features, dark eyes which sparkled with intelligence and quiet humour, a brow well formed, indicative both of imagination and talent, round which clustered jet black hair, remarkable for its beauty and luxuriance.

The other was a young man of about five-and-twenty, considerably taller than his companion, strikingly handsome in person, and gentlemanly in bearing. His form was graceful and symmetrical as that of the ancient sculptured model of manly beauty; a profusion of rich brown hair shaded his high and finely formed forehead; his features were of

Grecian cast, and faultlessly regular, with a clear complexion, which had been pale but for the glow of health and youth that tinged rather than coloured his cheek; with eyes of that deep intense blue, so beautiful and so seldom seen, which resembles the purest tints of southern skies, and which better than any other hue reflects the mind's thoughts and the heart's emotions; while his countenance had an expression of thoughtfulness and intellectual power not unmixed with a shade of melancholy which added greatly to its interest.

Sir Robert and the stranger instantly recognised each other. The baronet's face crimsoned, and his eyes flashed with mingled surprise and displeasure, but he commanded himself so far as to make a slight, ungracious bow, and then turned abruptly to shake hands with Pemberton, who, seeing his friend return Craven's salutation in a distant and haughty manner, said to Sir Robert,

"I was going to introduce you and Captain Wentworth, but it appears you are not strangers to each other."

A pause followed these words.

Sir Robert looked sternly at the new comer, and maintained a sullen silence.

"Sir," said Wentworth, after waiting some time for his reply, "this meeting is as unexpected and as little desired by me as I perceive it is by you, and therefore——"

"You need not trouble yourself, Captain Wentworth, if that is your name, to express my sentiments as well as your own," said Sir Robert, rudely. "Unexpected or not, I consider your appearance here, after what has passed between us, as a most decided intrusion."

"You shall not be troubled with my presence long," said Wentworth, with a look of cool contempt; "but it is due to myself to explain to my friend here what were the circumstances under which we met, that he may be able to judge whether there was anything in my conduct to justify the words you have just made use of."

"This will never do," said Sir Robert to himself. "Much as it costs me, I must be civil to him for my own sake."

"Sir," he said, with some attempt at courtesy, "there is no need of explanation, since, being of a peaceable disposition, I am willing for my part to let the matter rest. I think I understood Mr. Pemberton, that you are a member of our Archery Society, for which I thank you, as we wanted another subscriber. You know our rules and regulations of course?"

"Sir Robert," said Wentworth, gravely, "you must be aware that, after what has passed, I cannot remain here without you immediately retract the offensive expressions you made use of both on this and a former occasion."

"Retract!" cried Sir Robert, angrily, forgetting the resolution he had just formed. "I will not retract a word, or a syllable; I used no offensive expressions."

"Sir Robert"—commenced Pemberton.

"Never mind him, Pemberton," said Wentworth, haughtily. "It is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me whether he apologizes or not."

So saying, he turned away with the intention of leaving the house.

"Come, come," said Pemberton, "this will not do. Sir Robert," he

whispered, "it is really you who are to blame. Remember you are in your own house. Remember he is a particular friend of mine. Let me apologize for you."

"No, no!" said Sir Robert, "if there must be apologies, I'll make them myself. Captain Wentworth," he said, stepping after him, "I beg you to excuse my hasty words, for I did not mean to be offensive. On the contrary, I wish to be friends with you, and hope you will stay and share our festivities."

Wentworth expressed himself satisfied with this apology, the two young men shook hands, and Sir Robert then proposed joining the rest of the company, and introducing Wentworth to his aunt, saying to himself as he did so,

"It is politic to be civil, and civil I must be; but I disliked that fellow from the first moment I set eyes upon him; and I'll find a way to plague him yet, some time or other, or I'm very much mistaken."

The marked sensation which Wentworth's appearance created amongst the numerous and fashionable company directly he entered, and the whispered inquiries about him which everywhere met Sir Robert's ear, did not tend to lessen the feelings of dislike with which he regarded the stranger.

"Are you a good archer, Captain Wentworth?" inquired Miss Craven, when the ceremony of introduction had taken place.

Wentworth replied that he had once shot tolerably, but was now quite out of practice.

"Out of practice!" exclaimed Sir Robert. "If I may take the liberty of saying so, that is rather uncomplimentary to our society. I flattered myself that you would think it worth while practising to shoot with us."

"I should have practised," said Wentworth, "but for an accident which has prevented me from using my right arm for some time past."

As he spoke he fixed his eyes on Sir Robert, who turned away almost involuntarily to avoid their expressive and penetrating glance, but quickly recovering his wonted self-possession said,

"That bow is far too strong, Pemberton; how could you give him such a one?"

Wentworth examined the bow, and observed that he thought he had shot with stronger.

"You might have shot with bows an immense deal stronger than the one in your hand," said Craven boastfully, "and yet not be able to string this one of mine. No man in the room but myself can do it. Every one has been trying."

"Will you allow me to try?" asked Wentworth.

Sir Robert burst out laughing.

"You might just as well attempt to move the Monument," said he, "as to string this bow; however, you are welcome to try."

He gave the bow to Wentworth, and stood expecting much amusement from his awkwardness. To his vexation and surprise, Wentworth at the first effort, and apparently without difficulty, strung the bow and handed it back to him.

The spectators applauded the dexterity of the new member, and then all the party proceeded to the archery-ground.

CHAPTER V.

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.

MILTON.

THE order of shooting was soon agreed upon, and Sir Robert Craven led forward a young lady with an unusual degree of courtesy in his manner, and handed her bow and arrows with marked gallantry.

She was certainly the most lovely of all the throng of ladies assembled, although among these were to be found an unusually large proportion of graceful forms and pretty faces.

She was somewhat above the middle height, and her beautiful figure was shown to the best advantage by her dress, in which simplicity was combined with perfect elegance and taste. Her graceful, yet unaffected manners, and a countenance which at once expressed intellect, sense, and sweetness, would have caused her to be remarked had she possessed infinitely fewer personal charms. Her large dark eyes, soft yet brilliant, were fringed with long silken lashes; her forehead and delicately pencilled eyebrows were of singular beauty. Her nose was straight and handsome, her mouth well formed, and her upper lip most aristocratically short and curved. Her complexion, neither fair enough for a blonde nor dark enough for a brunette, was beautiful in its extreme clearness and transparency, with a soft though rich colour on her cheek; and her luxuriant dark-brown hair fell in long glossy curls over her neck and shoulders.

The eyes of all the archers and a numerous group of spectators were directed towards her, and many were the exclamations of applause when her three arrows, one after another, struck the target.

Wentworth immediately recognised her.

"How differently she looked," thought he, "though not less lovely, when I saw her before, pale, trembling, and terrified. Now she appears all animation and happiness—how graceful she is, and how engaging is her manner of speaking to those ladies who are complimenting her on her success!"

A smart tap with an arrow on the shoulder from Sir Robert Craven interrupted the train of Wentworth's meditations.

The baronet pointed to the target, and Wentworth immediately took his place.

His first arrow went considerably wide of the mark; his second was straight, but fell short of the target. He had one remaining, and being now more accustomed to using his bow, he paused a moment to take a better aim, when his eyes met those of Florence earnestly fixed on his face.

Florence blushed, and Wentworth's attention was so much distracted, that his arrow, instead of hitting the mark, flew to a great distance in quite another direction.

"Bravo! bravissimo!" exclaimed Sir Robert. "Go off on the other side, if you please, most illustrious archer! for you must know, Captain Wentworth, or Captain Tell, as you ought more properly to be called,

that we poor undistinguished archers make it a rule to come on to shoot from the left side of the target, and after shooting to retire to the right."

"Pemberton," said Wentworth, who was too much occupied with his own thoughts to attend to this mocking speech; "how came you not to recognise my description, and to say that you did not know this young lady, when I saw you shaking hands with her a few minutes ago?"

"I said I could not tell," rejoined his friend, smiling; "I never said I did not know. The reason I would not inform you that your fair incognita and Miss Hamilton were the same person, was because I wished to give you a pleasant surprise."

Pemberton was called away to shoot, and Wentworth found himself standing near Florence. Notwithstanding the self-possession for which he was remarkable, the young man felt confused and almost agitated by her presence, and was unable to determine whether he ought to address her or not; and also if he did speak, what he ought to say. Whilst he thus stood irresolute, Florence turned towards him, with heightened colour and a manner which, though earnest, was somewhat embarrassed, and said that she trusted he had recovered from the effects of his wound.

Before Wentworth could reply, Miss Trimmer approached, with a volley of thanks, hopes, fears, and inquiries, and begged leave to introduce him to Lady Seagrove, which she did immediately.

Lady Seagrove expressed her gratitude in warm terms, and said that she hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him at Seagrove Hall.

Some people coming up who attracted Lady Seagrove's attention, he had an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of entering into conversation with Florence. Her embarrassment quickly vanished, and they were soon conversing pleasantly together, with the ease and freedom of old acquaintances.

Pemberton presently introduced him to several individuals of the company. Among these were a poet of the name of Silverdale, and a handsome widow, to whom he was paying great attention.

Lady Louisa Tufton was a showy-looking woman, somewhat over thirty, with fine black eyes, a glowing brunette complexion, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. Her tall and well-proportioned figure was, on the present occasion, set off with an archery dress of splendid green satin, while on her head she wore a fancy cap, ornamented with feathers of the same colour. She was the daughter of an Irish peer, and had married an English officer, much older than herself, who died five years after their union, leaving her by no means inconsolable, with a jointure of six hundred a-year.

To complete this description, we may add, in the words of Pemberton, when speaking of her to his friend, that "she had a very romantic and sentimental turn of character; never read less than six three-volume novels a week, was perpetually talking of her feelings, and had a surprising facility for bursting into floods of tears upon the slightest occasion."

Mr. Silverdale was a tall, thin, sallow-faced man, with a long lugubrious countenance, large hollow eyes, and a sepulchral-sounding voice; who wore his shirt-collars *à la* Byron, and a great quantity of straight, lank black hair, parted in the middle of his head, and smoothed down on each side of his face, except one lock, which seemed purposely trained to dangle over it. He was passionately fond of poetry, and wrote a

great deal himself, though the highest dignity his productions had yet attained was a place in the corner of a county newspaper, and his fame had not extended beyond the limits of a small circle of acquaintance.

Lady Louisa was reclining on the grass, her bow and arrows by her side, under one of the large trees which threw their welcome shadows across the archery-ground, the centre of a little group of gentlemen, who were talking and laughing with her. As she complained of fatigue, and the tremendous distance between one target and the other, Silverdale stepped forward, when the shooting was over, and offered her his arm, which she accepted.

The pair were observed by Miss Trimmer, who always observed every one, to linger some paces behind the rest of the company, apparently engaged in interesting conversation, of which, however, she could only hear small and disjointed portions. "Incurable wounds"—"Cupid's arrows"—"supreme felicity"—"unutterable wretchedness," and an elegant and poetical simile, in which Mr. Silverdale compared his heart to a target, met her ears as she walked along, apparently devoting her whole attention to an infirm elderly lady, who was leaning on her arm, and to whom, as she was a person of importance, Miss Trimmer assiduously devoted herself.

"Now," exclaimed several of the archers, "let us see what we have got in the target."

"Some of us had better see what they have got in the garden-wall," said Sir Robert Craven, with a significant glance at Wentworth.

"My arrow did not go within a hundred yards of the wall," replied Wentworth, looking fixedly at the baronet, who muttered a clumsy sort of apology.

"Miss Hamilton has an arrow in the gold," said Craven, "and so have I. These are the only golds, though there are seven-and-twenty arrows in the target altogether."

The next end they shot, Sir Robert was so much pleased with getting another gold himself, that he did not attend to Wentworth, until Pemberton called to him, and desired him to remark that Wentworth had put in his two first arrows.

"Yes," said Sir Robert, "I see them; one looks ready to drop out, and the other is only in the green edge, and will not count. Look at my arrow there; it will be a long while before I see such another shot."

"Not very long," said Wentworth. And taking a deliberate and steady aim, his arrow, splintering Sir Robert's, lodged in the very centre of the target.

The spectators applauded, and Pemberton exclaimed,

"Bravissimo, Captain Tell! Craven, I applaud you for giving him a name so suitable."

It soon became evident that the contest for the prize was between Wentworth and Craven. Sir Robert was extremely anxious to win, and could not conceal his vexation and ill-humour when Wentworth gained an advantage. Wentworth, on the contrary, behaved towards his rival with unvarying good temper, and did not fail to praise him when successful.

Two prizes were given, both to the gentlemen and ladies—one for the greatest number of arrows, the other for the most central shot. At the close of the shooting, Wentworth had the greatest number of arrows. As both he and Craven had struck the centre of the target, the judges

decided that they should each shoot another arrow. Sir Robert shot first; his arrow entered the circle termed "inner white." As Wentworth was taking aim, his ungenerous rival spoke to him, hoping to distract his attention. But he was disappointed; Wentworth's arrow struck the red, and he was proclaimed victor.

Florence Hamilton won one of the ladies' prizes—a handsome bracelet; and Lady Louisa Tufton, who had the greatest number of arrows, the other—a pretty brooch.

When Miss Craven had given these, she would have presented the silver arrow and gold pencil-case, which were the gentlemen's prizes, to Wentworth, but he drew back, and declined receiving both. Many of the archers, with whom Wentworth had become very popular, exclaimed against this, saying that their rules, of which a copy was produced, allowed one person to win both prizes. But Wentworth resolutely refused to accept both, and insisted on Sir Robert's choosing whichever he liked best. Sir Robert sullenly advanced, and chose the pencil-case, muttering something to himself, as he did so, about "unfair rules."

"Fair or unfair, my good fellow," said Pemberton, "remember that you made them yourself."

As he spoke, they left the archery-ground, and all the party adjourned to the house, to prepare for dinner.

TALKATIVE INDIVIDUALS.

BY E. F. ROWSELL.

I DO not know a darker misfortune that can befall a man, when he is in a thoughtful mood, than to come in contact with, and be obliged to bear the society of, for any space, "a talkative individual." It's a calamity—I say it's a calamity—it is a grievous stroke of evil that disturbs the equanimity of the most mild-tempered and good-natured human being. It makes a man feel that he is unjustly treated; that he is visited with a punishment, the magnitude of which *must* be incommensurate with the importance of any transgressions which may lie at his door; and if he lose all patience, and give vent to his anger, if he be guilty of some extraordinary sayings and doings almost indicative of insanity, I say that, so far from being blamed, he ought to be sympathised with most heartily and sincerely.

Now when I say "a talkative individual," I do not mean a pleasant, cheerful, sociable person, who knows when to speak and when to hold his or her tongue. There are people who never talk, and I place them about on a par with those who are always talking. It is a nice thing to have at your dinner party some guest to whom you are anxious to pay a little more respect than to the rest; he is in a degree elevated above the others, and he is expected to give the tone to the conversation. But this individual is averse to conversation—he seldom goes beyond monosyllables—he never starts a subject—and has no care to discuss one suggested by anybody else. You try him with one topic, you try him with another, you cudgel your brain cruelly to devise something for the eliciting a remark or so from this apathetic personage; it is no use—it is all lost labour; nothing you can say, nothing you can do, will have any effect;

this desirable guest is no talker: conversation is not only not his *forte*, but hardly lies within his capacity, and therefore he will remain almost dumb from his entry to his departure. Then, your other guests having hesitated to converse freely, seeing that he to whom the host has evidently and naturally paid more marked attention, have felt the entertainment oppressively dull—have so voted it in their minds. You are equally conscious of the fact, and with a tearful eye curse the ill-luck that caused you to invite an individual—clever, learned, kind-hearted, it may be—but certainly not possessed of the characteristics which make a man shine at a dinner party.

Now, take the other extreme—the “talkative individual.” Here is a glorious specimen of the class:—

There is a man who rides outside a certain coach with me every day. I don't know who he is, and don't care to know. I wish I had never seen him. He is a great talker. He talks upon all subjects: he speaks volubly upon the corn-laws; he is eloquent in the matter of his kitchen-garden, wherein he declares there grow some of the most extraordinary cabbages with which an humble individual has ever been blessed. He knows something about all professions, businesses, trades. He has a smattering of law; volunteers a legal opinion and supports it, if you are sceptical, by a reference to the case of Judkins *versus* Jorkins, which you will find mentioned (if you are inclined to look) at page 92 of Somebody's Reports. He has a little medical lore; canvasses the merits of different medical men,—discusses modes of treatment of divers diseases,—has some prescriptions in his possession which enable him to laugh at all doctors, they were given to his great-grandfather and have descended to him, they are infallible and are applicable in all cases. He is a powerful theologian,—has a firm grasp of some of the subtlest niceties involved in the science, and will argue thereon with amazing volubility. Leaving these high matters, he has an astounding acquaintance with a variety of trades. Bless you, he knows better how to make a boot than his boot-maker; he will tell you how his bootmaker makes his boots, will descant upon their faults, show you how those faults might be avoided, and rail at the man's stupidity in obstinately refusing to see the advantage of the new plan of manufacture recommended to him. His tailor, pshaw! he is considered a good tailor,—but let him (the speaker) only get an opportunity, and he'll cut out a coat, and he'll venture to say that however imperfect it may be it will furnish the tailor with some new ideas upon the subject. In short, what cannot this modest individual do? who is there that may not receive instruction at his hands, and be benefited by his converse? He asks this question of himself, and replies to himself, “Nobody.” Then, is he not bound by brotherly love, by kindly consideration, by the duty of aiding our fellow-creatures as much as we can, and advancing their welfare to the extent of our power; is he not bound, unasked, to impart his knowledge as far as may be to every man, woman, and child, with whom he may come in contact. Of course he is, and he applies himself diligently to his work.

It is true, this is the picture of a very conceited as well as a very talkative individual. But the fact is, that a person can scarcely be a talkative without being also a conceited individual; inasmuch as the circumstance of his loquaciousness is in itself an evidence of his setting such value upon his communications that he considers people generally *must* be glad to receive them. And the fact probably is, that your talkative

man has little either of acquirement or wisdom. He will think and act, perhaps, one-fourth of his time, and the remaining three-fourths will be occupied in talking about his thoughts and his actions. He must reverse this before he will be likely to say anything worth listening to, or before there will be any probability of our voting him other than a bore.

What a glorious difference there is when there is substituted for the idle chatter of the busybody, the quiet, deep, earnest conversation of a man of real ability. Conversation is truly a boon in that case; you have here a man who has a right to talk, who has qualified himself to talk; what he says bears evidence of hard mental toil; his remarks result from that toil, and bear the stamp of intellectual labour. The privilege is rarely enjoyed. A great thinker need not be a morose, sullen, unapproachable individual, but depend upon it he will not be a chatterer; loose, idle, soul-subduing conversation, on ordinary occurrences, will not find favour with him; and while he will not be averse to speaking briefly of every-day matters, he *will not*, as so many people do, waste his time and his talents by dwelling on them to an inordinate extent. We repeat, let a great portion of the time which people now commonly devote to talking be spent in thinking, and upon subjects worthy of thought, there will be an end at once of a vast quantity of idle chatter, and the standard of our intellectuality will assuredly be raised. There is a time in the day which we may give to purely recreative conversation—conversation upon common topics, requiring the slightest mental exertion; there is a time, too, which we may employ (if we be fortunate enough to meet with any one who can hold it with us) in converse of a higher order, upon loftier subjects; but there will still remain to every one many moments which may be most profitably employed in vigorous mental exercise, in the pursuing various trains of thought, in the formation of definite views of men and things, and in the engagement in that energetic intellectual labour so ennobling to the individual, and so likely to lead to results favourable to the common weal. Let us hear no more of “killing time.” Is it possible that any one can have so much unemployed time—be so burdened with leisure—be so flooded with unoccupied hours, that they can speak of assailing time as an enemy, and rejoicing in a fancied victory over him, which in a later day shall redound to their inexpressible shame? Oh! from my soul, I pity those who “kill time.” I cast my eyes around me—I see glaring vice in every form, and ghastly misery in every shape—I see the earnest, awfully urgent necessity for the most resolute and sustained intellectual effort—I see, with such startling vividness, evils of every description and degree, to be firmly grasped, fearlessly battled with—and, oh! I trust I may say, gloriously to be overcome—that, of a truth, I pity those who are perpetually complaining they have nothing to do. Nothing to do! Nothing to think of! Nothing to care about! Merciful heaven! May I never say that I have nothing to do—nothing to think of—nothing to care about, so long as there remain a possibility of intellectual and bodily labour on my part proving advantageous to my fellow-creatures. I may speak of killing time only when I feel sure that I can turn time to no good account. Till I can so feel I will keep a jealous watch upon myself that I do not waste time—waste it in frivolity, waste it in idle talk. I will arouse my whole spirit within me so to employ and improve time, that when I myself shall fall down before it, I shall do so with a smile, not a sigh.

JACOB VAN DER NÉESS.

A ROMANCE.

BY MADAME PAALZOW.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Angela again crossed the threshold of her house, everything appeared to her in a more favourable light, for she felt disposed to view all the objects around her to the best advantage. Van der Néess was not in the room, and Angela therefore hastened to the court, where she knew she should find her mother. It was about mid-day, and Brigitta was sitting beneath the balmy shade of the old lime-trees, and had been lulled into a soft slumber by the monotonous humming of the bees.

Van der Néess was seated opposite to her; his head rested on his hand, his countenance was frightfully distorted and of an ashy paleness. Angela gazed attentively at them both for a moment, and a secret voice whispered, "This is the sphere of action to which thou art destined; these the persons to whom thou must devote thyself with all the powers of thy soul."

She advanced kindly and gently towards Van der Néess, and when he started up in alarm, said calmly, "Van der Néess, it is decided now. I shall not leave you. I shall abide with you. There is not sufficient cause for my parting from you, as long as you do not interfere with the salvation of my soul. They have all been wrong," she added, "as Néess, weeping aloud, clasped her convulsively to his bosom. Neither we nor they have sufficiently borne in mind God's holy word. But it has pleased Him to open my eyes and save me from the snare ere it was too late, and now we must endeavour to serve Him faithfully and become truly pious."

"I will do all that you desire, I will be all that you wish, Angela; I will be pious and devout; though I do not think I have hitherto neglected anything in the way of Divine service or fulfilling the ordinances of the church. But if that does not suffice, and there is more to be done, I will do it also, and all—that you wish, if only you will stay with me, and not desert me."

"I shall decidedly stay with you now," replied Angela, raising her eyes to heaven. There was much in Jacob's speech that was painful and revolting to her; she felt that her task was not an easy one, and the experience she had acquired of late did not add to her happiness.

Gently disengaging herself from Van der Néess, she knelt down before her mother, kissed her hands, and burying her face in her lap, prayed to heaven for strength and fortitude.

At that moment a loud knocking was heard at the door of the house. Angela at once suspected who it was, but did not stir from her position; fervently repeated her prayer, and with calm resignation awaited what was to come. She did not attempt to withhold Néess, when she heard him start up and rush towards the door of the hall, but, as if in a trance, remained on her knees, with her face resting in her mother's lap.

The court behind her filled with people, yet she remained motionless. Only when a soft hand was laid on her neck the spell was broken, and she looked up.

"How is this, Angela?" said the Countess Urica, who stood behind her. "Why do I find you thus? and how is it that you have kept me waiting so long in vain for the most important decision, when you know that the hour of our departure draws nigh, and there is yet so much to be done?"

"It is better that you should have come hither, as well as that noble old lady," said Angela, without rising from her knees; "for you find me in the place where I must remain, and there is not much left for us to settle."

"What!" cried the Countess von Casambort; "is this your answer? Is it thus you reject your aunt, whose claims are justified by the ties of blood? And do you voluntarily choose this man, and"—she added, passionately—"your own degradation?"

"Must you call it so?" cried Angela, rising from her knees, and looking around for Néess, who was standing beside Mynherr van Marseeven with the abject look of a culprit. "Tell me, aunt," said she, then approaching close to Urica, "do you strive to live in the fear and love of God?"

"Angela," cried Urica, alarmed and agitated by this attack, "what makes you ask such a bold question?"

"Alas!" returned Angela, "we none of us remembered that it was God's will, and His word which ought to influence our decision in this case." Here her eye glanced at Mynherr van Marseeven; it expressed no reproach, and yet this distinguished and noble-minded man involuntarily sought to evade its clear, steady gaze.

"What do you mean, Angela?" demanded Urica; "I did not come hither to unriddle your visionary and unintelligible speeches. Speak out. You see your mother is now awake. She may be disturbed by seeing so many faces."

"Oh, my poor mother," cried Angela, kneeling down once more beside the smiling sufferer, "you shall not quit your lime-tree, beneath whose branches you have enjoyed such soft repose; you shall laugh once more to see your Angela tend her flowers. No, no, aunt," she cried, suddenly starting up, "tell me not of degradation. Those can never degrade themselves who strive to do God's will. Yet, I shall never become noble and distinguished, like you and the Countess Comenes and dear Madame van Marseeven, and our paths through life will henceforward be far apart."

"How," cried Urica, angrily. "Is this the return you make for all the love I have shown you, for all the concessions I have unhesitatingly made to you? Are we thus to be separated, and has all this been effected by your husband during the short time that has elapsed since you left me this morning?"

"No," replied Angela, sadly. "Poor Van der Néess could not accomplish that; and I seriously reprove myself for having been so little affected by his despair; yet, through God's grace, he inspired me with the idea of applying for advice to the kind pastor who instructed me. As soon as I heard him speak the veil fell from before my eyes, and I saw clearly that it would be very wrong in me to separate myself from Van der Néess, since my soul runs no risk with him, and, on the contrary, there is some hope that I may be able to guide him into the paths of virtue."

"That pastor is a capital fellow," cried Van der Néess, with a savage grin of delight, slapping his sides with his hands.

Urica turned away disdainfully; and he drew back immediately, for he was enraged at having forgotten himself so far.

"And am I to submit to this decision," cried Urica, still in violent agitation, "which has originated in the brain of a narrow-minded pastor, who in his little pitiful sphere of action knows nothing of the customs and connexions of the great world?"

"Aunt!" returned Angela, "he knows what is of more consequence—the laws of Christ. What need has he to know of the customs and practices of the great? Whatever the actions to which your noble blood and pure origin impel you, they can only acquire *real* value in proportion as they make you more nearly resemble Christ in character and action. And, as the pastor is so well acquainted with these, he knows all; for one thing is included in the other."

"What a proud, lofty moralist you have become, Angela!" cried Urica. "Do you think your aunt is not a Christian? Was it a proof of an unchristian disposition, that I mourned your loss from my earliest childhood, and amassed wealth in the hope of one day sharing it with you? and do I deserve your reproaches, because I cannot at once give up, with cold indifference, what has been the aim and end of my whole life? Does this prove me no Christian?"

"Ah, no, my dear, good aunt!" said Angela. "But you only mentioned now what you deserve to be admired for. The pastor himself commended you for this, nor did he by any means blame you for having erred in other respects. But when he spoke on the subject of a divorce, I gathered from what he said that in this affair we had none of us acted in a Christian spirit. If you all had heard him, you would feel convinced as I do—that I have no just cause for seeking a divorce from my plighted husband. And, as that question is settled, no change can take place in my situation, for I am bound to the place where Van der Néess lives, and God will help me to do my duty, even though I should never feel myself really happy, after all the sad experience I have had of life."

Angela's voice faltered as she uttered these last words, and Madame van Marseeven, who had listened with the deepest emotion, pressed her warmly to her heart.

"My dear cousin, Urica," said she, "Angela's pure and upright heart has decided aright. Let us not attempt to shake her resolution. I am sure, that on account of the disposition of which she has this day given proofs, we shall henceforward be proud to acknowledge her as our relative; and though we may regret it is not in our power to raise her to the outward distinctions to which her birth entitles her, we can never consider one who so nobly devotes herself to her duty, as degrading herself thereby. Come hither, Urica," she continued, observing how difficult the young countess felt it to suppress her angry feelings; "come hither, Urica, and shake hands with Angela. You must now part; but say you are reconciled; and though you go to a distance, you may yet have occasion to exert a beneficial influence over this virtuous and noble being."

But Urica stood motionless; her arms hung down by her side, her cheeks glowed, and her eyes were fixed on the ground; she was suffering the chastisement of self-indulgence, for love and compassion were vainly struggling in her bosom with obstinacy.

Suddenly, Angela uttered a cry, and every eye followed the direction of hers. The poor maniac had by a great effort raised herself from her

seat, and smilingly stretched out her arms towards Urica; but, unable to support herself, she sank back immediately. Urica's proud spirit was subdued. She knelt down before her sister, threw her arms about her, and tears streamed down her beautiful countenance, whence every expression save that of deep sorrow had vanished.

Tears were as intelligible to the poor maniac as smiles, and never failed to touch her feelings. She drew forward Urica's veil, and with kind solicitude busied herself in drying her tears, then looked into her face as though she would smile away her sorrow. But Urica still wept on, and the poor creature at length kissed her brow, and looked around as if in search of aid.

Every eye became moist during this affecting scene; Angela threw her arms round her mother; then, suddenly, Urica turned—clasped Angela to her bosom, with the impetuosity of her excited feelings, and they knelt together before the unhappy mother.

"Bless us, oh, bless us! thou sainted one!" exclaimed Urica, in a voice half-choked with tears. "Angela, my beloved niece, you are right; stay here—stay in the temple where this angelic spirit presides. Oh, stay—there can be no degradation in devoting yourself to the service of this sainted being; perhaps even I, who must now return to the world that claims me, may envy you the privilege."

A long and affectionate embrace sealed their reconciliation.

"Angela," said the Countess Urica then, "I renounce my claims on you, and leave you to your duties. I part from you fully reconciled, with feelings of the highest respect; yet, far or near, I shall never cease to take the tenderest interest in your welfare, nor to watch and protect you in every danger that may assail you. Woe to those," she continued, in a solemn voice, as she rose from her knees; "woe to those who shall dare to outrage you or my sister; my vengeance will not fail to attain them. I constitute you, my gentle cousin, and you, Mynherr van Marseeven, my representatives in this place; and I shall invest you with the power and the means of warding off any injustice or injury from these helpless females. You, Flavia, I am sure, will occasionally visit this court, to see this sweet smile, and honour this dutiful daughter." Thus saying, she burst into tears, and hid her face in Madame van Marseeven's bosom.

"Urica," said the latter, at length, "my husband will not fail to do so, nor shall I. We shall faithfully perform the duty you bequeath to us."

"Angela, farewell!" cried Urica, now embracing her with the tenderest affection; "farewell! May God, whose influence is so powerful in your heart, have mercy on you and bless you."

Here she once more threw herself down at Brigitta's feet, kissed her tenderly, and was hurrying away without casting another glance around. But at the moment when she crossed the threshold, a detaining hand was laid on her arm. It was Angela's. Looking up imploringly into her aunt's face, she said, in a faltering voice—

"My dear aunt, will you part from Van der Néess, who is my wedded husband, without being reconciled to him?"

"Angela! merciful heavens! what do you ask of me?" cried Urica, shrinking back with an expression of horror; "how could I forgive him?"

"Ought not you to forgive him now, aunt?" said Angela, "since you are at peace with God? Remember that he is my husband."

"She is right, Urica," said Madame van Marseeven; "overcome yourself, and give him your hand in token of reconciliation."

Urica turned hastily; but the miserable and despicable part Van der Néess had played during the foregoing scene, seemed to have driven him back even below his usual level, and the stamp of his low and vulgar nature was more forcibly impressed on his countenance than ever.

He had sneaked after Angela, and now stood shifting from one leg to another, with a repulsive grin on his countenance, and rubbing his hand up and down his velvet breeches. His coarse and revolting appearance so disgusted Urica, that although she had turned round with the resolution of performing even this last sacrifice, she felt, on looking at him, that she would sooner die than touch Van der Néess' hand even with her little finger.

"No, no," cried she, with a shudder, as she hurried onwards; "I can hold no communion with him—indeed I cannot. Angela, forgive me, but I cannot. I will forgive him—but wait till distance separates him from me. I will, I will forgive him, but not here—not while I see him."

She hastened away from the house, followed by all who had accompanied her thither. The ardent longings, the cherished hopes of years, had been fulfilled but to be crushed here for ever, and the painful conviction flashed on her mind, that through her means the happy delusion of ignorance had been exchanged for a struggle with feelings and sufferings which the innocent inhabitant of these walls might never have known had it not been for her.

Angela's eyes followed Urica till the last trace of her veil had disappeared from sight. She had scarcely noticed the respectful parting salutations of the rest of the company—she looked after Urica with feelings of the warmest affection, her eyes filled with tears, and her heart was sad; a heavy and painful longing rose within, which she knew not how to explain to herself.

Slowly and sadly she closed the ponderous oaken doors, and felt as if they never would open again, and would henceforward form a barrier between her and the whole world.

But she started back with horror when, a moment after, Van der Néess came running up, locked the door with a loud noise, bolted and barred it, and then jumped high into the air with a savage burst of joy.

"Heaven be praised! now we are rid of the whole set," he cried, bending forward with an expression, half malicious, half joyful. "Now come here, old girl; now we shall get on as we did formerly—let us forget the whole tribe, and be merry our own way. You're a sly baggage, on my faith! and can rant away like a parson in his pulpit. Was not I ready to die with laughing, when I saw that haughty lady aunt of yours melting at your edifying harangues, till she sobbed and whined like a person possessed with a devil. It was well thought of on your part, though. As you wished to stay with me, you had no other remedy but to bring in the pastor and rant as he does himself from his pulpit! 'Pon my word I never thought you were such a sly puss. Well, well, never mind; there's no need of being ashamed of it," he continued, as Angela stood motionless before him, as if rooted to the spot, and perfectly aghast at the coarse speeches of her husband, which sent the blood rushing to her cheeks. "Do you see, my little treasure, I was on the point of coming forward, and giving

this lady aunt a bit of my mind, in a manner that would have made her teeth chatter, as well as her eyes water; for, of course, I was fully aware of my rights, and could judge of the thing better than you; but then I heard that you—sly little, little serpent—were managing the thing very well your own way, so I did not interfere, as, indeed, it was far more becoming to my dignity not to pay any attention to this haughty aunt of yours. The fool actually thought,” he cried, stung by the recollection of her parting words, “that I would give her my hand!—I—I—ha! ha!—Van der Néess would sooner have cut off his hand than given it to such a Lady Arrogance! In faith, that’s not the way to treat Jacob van der Néess! Aha, my jewel,” he shrieked still louder, “d’ye see these bolts and bars on the door? They say, ‘Hands off—let none who loves sound bones enter here.’ Van der Néess is master of the house now—ha! ha! Van der Néess is master of the heiress, and the money, and the house, and all!” Here he burst into a savage roar of laughter, which made Angela shudder and shrink back.

But suddenly she gathered courage, and approaching Van der Néess, caught hold of his arm, and said, in a commanding voice, “Be silent, Néess! overcome this frantic excitement, and do not thus degrade yourself—I will not endure this noise.”

Whenever Van der Néess experienced any resistance, his fury abated; for cowardice was ever the predominant feeling.

“Come, come,” said he, assuming an air of effrontery; “what’s this? You give yourself great airs: look here, my little Angela, you’d better not accustom yourself to that; it won’t do with me. At present, you see, I’m your friend, and have no objection to your staying with me, since you love me so much; but now, mind you keep a good look-out, and behave yourself so as to content your good Van der Néess.”

“Yes,” replied Angela, mildly; “I shall strive to conduct myself in such a manner that God shall be satisfied with me, and then I trust you will be so also.”

“Come, come, no more of that,” cried Van der Néess, drawing her back into the court. “Save yourself the trouble of spouting any more of those high-flown speeches, by which you put your aunt to flight. They won’t succeed with me, I promise you; and you’ll only make me angry, by affecting to be so over wise. So just cast off all your airs, and let me see my old, gay, red-cheeked girl of former days again. No more fine-ladyism now; you must attend to your house as formerly, and set to work at your old employments again; for now that we are left to ourselves, we can do without a maid, and then you’ll be all right again.”

Angela scarcely heard what he said; her thoughts were engaged in forming resolutions of a far more important nature. Her awakened perceptions taught her it was not sufficient to go through life in a state of sufferance; she knew now that she had a soul to save and guard from temptation, and she resolved to labour for its salvation; but this was not all, she hoped also to exercise a beneficial influence over Van der Néess, and lead him to seek a better path in life; and she flattered herself that in thus arresting the progress of his frantic wildness she had laid her foundation of future improvement. Exhausted by the unusual exertion of speaking and thinking, which she had gone through on this day, she longed to retire and seek some rest.

But Van der Néess insisted on sitting down to dinner with his family,

and the poor maniac made her inclination to join him sufficiently intelligible ; and thus, ere long, the party, including Susa, were collected around the table in the old banqueting-room. Only Angela's thoughtful manner would have betrayed to the eye of an observer that a change had taken place in this little circle within the last few weeks, and yet things never could be as they were before. The short-lived intercourse Angela had held with the great world, had left an impression behind that was never to be effaced, and must appear to us an unfortunate circumstance, unless we consider that the mental development, which occasions a struggle in our hearts, and makes our happiness depend on a spiritual victory in God, is preferable to the contented insensibility of ignorance.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Countess Van Casambort returned to the palace in a state of great agitation. In addition to the painful wound her heart had received from the cruel disappointment of its fondest hopes, her proud spirit, unused to contradiction, chafed at the opposition it had met with, and the compliance it had been forced to ; and yet Urica was obliged to confess to herself that she would have been as far from the accomplishment of her wishes had things gone according to her own will.

The worldly counsel and consolation of the Countess Comenes afforded her young friend but little relief, and the upshot of all her long and tedious reasoning was, that things could not well have been otherwise under the circumstances, and therefore the best plan was to forget the whole affair as soon as possible. To divert Urica's thoughts, she reminded her it was time to attend the queen, and acquainted her with Henrietta's desire that all her suite would appear in orange-coloured ribbons.

Urica roused herself from the melancholy reverie into which she had fallen during the countess's lengthy and monotonous discourse, and having attached the device of the house of Orange to her dress of silver tissue, repaired to the queen's apartments.

"I know all, my poor Urica," cried Queen Henrietta, as she entered, her countenance still bearing the traces of her recent agitation. "Mar-seeven has told me all. Calm yourself, my poor child, and confide in me, for I am your true friend. Take comfort from the thought, that you have acted nobly towards your relations, and done right in yielding, since, under the circumstances, you really could not advisedly unite their fate with yours."

"It is as your majesty says," replied Urica ; "I feel that any attempt at closer connexion with them would only have been productive of evil in the present state of affairs. Yet this sad reality, which so cruelly dispels the fond illusions I have cherished for years, fills me with the deepest sorrow."

"You must not suffer your thoughts to dwell on this affair ; turn them to other subjects," said the queen, eagerly. "There are others who claim your attention and interest, who rest their hopes of happiness on you ; and now that nothing binds you to preserve your liberty, you should strive, by founding the happiness of another, to establish your own. We women were not formed to rest upon our own strength."

"We must ourselves be the best judges of what conduces to our happi-

ness," said Urica; "and mine, I feel, would not be increased by the loss of my liberty—my heart rebels at the thought."

"Come," cried the queen, in a coaxing tone; "you make yourself worse than you are, and seek to frighten me from my post, because you know I wish to plead for Argyle."

"Oh, I pray you, gracious lady, no," cried Urica; "you would not ask of me what would make me miserable."

"You shall not persuade me of that, Urica," said the queen. "It would be monstrous and unnatural, in one so young, so beautiful, so gifted as you, to be insensible to the happiness of love."

"I am neither so cold nor so unnatural a being as never to have dreamt of the happiness of love;" returned Urica. "I have looked with eager expectation towards those who came forward to claim my hand, in the vain hope that they would be able to offer me some higher treasure than this liberty, to which I clung with childish tenacity as my greatest happiness—a love that would ennoble me and them. Is it my fault, that of all who have advanced their claims, not one has possessed the power to do so?"

"Is not that saying too much, Urica?" said the queen. "Confess that Argyle has not been so wholly indifferent to you."

"I own," replied Urica, "that I have felt great interest in the Duke of Argyle; but he, too, fails in the test: he loves me, indeed, but his love makes him weak and unmanly. Besides, I have obtained some insight into his character; I do not trust to his judgment, still less to his heart. Though his love is passionate, there is much of vanity and imperiousness in it. He is naturally cold and calculating; and this feeling, which has taken his heart by storm, would never become an acting principle."

"Poor Argyle," said the queen; "he flattered himself he stood much higher in your good graces."

"I thought," replied the countess, with a sigh, "I had undeceived him; but, unfortunately, self-confidence is one of the leading traits of his character. I intreat your majesty not to press me further on this subject, and to persuade the Duke of Argyle to refrain from entertaining false hopes. As I have accepted your majesty's gracious invitation to accompany you to England, and shall with pleasure abide at your court till my duties recal me to Holland, I shall have further opportunities of judging of the man for whom you plead so warmly; but I must be much mistaken if he will not prove my opinion of him to be correct."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Princess Mary with her young bridegroom. The queen ordered the doors to be thrown open to her suite, and the party proceeded to the grand reception-room, where a splendid repast awaited them previous to their departure from Amsterdam.

All the high functionaries of the town accompanied the royal party several miles distance beyond the gates. The unhappy Henrietta maintained the graciousness and enchanting amiability of her manner to the last moment, and save the few who were admitted to her private councils, none had a suspicion of the frustrated hopes and bitter disappointments that had fallen to her lot, amid all this show of splendour. It is true, that in exchange for the jewels which she left behind her, she had seen ships loaded with ammunition and other warlike stores for her husband; but she could not succeed in obtaining any, even the slightest, official

acknowledgment of these succours, and had been forced to abandon all hopes of enlisting the republican politicians in the cause of her husband.

From Amsterdam, the queen returned to the Hague, where she took up her abode for a short time with the Prince Stadtholder, and then set out for England. The Countess Urica, who was faithfully attached to this unfortunate Henrietta, and had now no object to induce her to remain in Holland, consented to accompany her to England, together with her old duenna, the Countess van Casambort.

The court of England was at that period held at York, for Charles I. had deemed it expedient to withdraw from the immediate neighbourhood of the tyrannical parliament. His affairs were in the most critical position; yet the public peace was not broken, and the queen's return, with the arrival of the warlike stores from Holland, raised the spirits of the royal party. The Marquis of Montrose had also then declared in favour of the king; and thus, at the time of the Countess Urica's visit to the English court, a transient brilliancy was shed over it by these favourable circumstances.

It is not our intention to follow the Countess Urica through the regular course of her life in England, since we have not undertaken the task of being her biographers; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves merely to a slight sketch of the chief events that befel her during those turbulent times, ere we return with her, after the lapse of years, to Holland, and those whom we have left in the old house of Purmurand.

One who set out with such high demands on human nature, would naturally experience great difficulty in finding the happiness of which she was in quest. All the Duke of Argyle's efforts to ingratiate himself further with the Countess Urica were vain, even though his pretensions were urged and supported by the Queen Henrietta, who saw that Argyle wavered in his allegiance to the king, and was anxious to secure so powerful a supporter to the crown.

The event proved the justice of her apprehensions. Urica's penetration soon discovered his instability, and subsequent experience had confirmed the impression she had received of his character. So far from being flattered at the influence she possessed over him, it tended on the contrary to lower him in her opinion, for she could not but despise the man who would suffer the smiles or frowns of a woman to influence him in the choice of his course. Her nature, frank and sincere, scorned disguise; and her coldness and indifference became every day more apparent, till, at length, even Argyle, self-confident and determined as he was, could no longer blind himself to the fact that he had no hopes of success. He had long carried on secret negotiations with the Covenanters, and no sooner had this last frail thread snapped, which bound him to the royal cause, than he publicly deserted it, and joined the rebel forces. The unfortunate Henrietta refrained from making any remark when this fact was announced to her in the presence of the Countess Urica; but the melancholy, half-reproachful glance she cast at the latter smote her to the heart.

Yet Urica was not destined always to pass unscathed through the great ordeal of love, and in retribution for her obstinate resistance the fortress of her heart, which had so long been deemed impregnable, was at length taken by assault, and so strongly invested that she had no hope of regaining her liberty.

The person who effected this conquest was Lord Fawcett, the faithful friend and fellow-labourer of the Marquis of Montrose, who shared with him the dangers and glories, the successes and reverses, of the disastrous struggles of those unhappy times. The Earl of Fawcett was a widower, and had been left the father of two children; but his first union, contracted at an early age, had been one of interest projected by his family; and, like Urica, he had never before felt the influence of love. Noble, ardent, and chivalrous, he was a devoted adherent to the royal cause. He was one of those gifted, high-souled enthusiasts, who look at everything from the purest, loftiest point of view; and once persuaded of the justice of the cause they espouse, devote every energy of soul and body to the attainment of their end, and are ready to sacrifice to it every other consideration, and even life itself. His mind was cast in the same lofty mould as Urica's, and she felt she had at length met with the object of her dreams. Pride vanished before the influence of love, and Urica was not ashamed to own herself overcome. She was united to Lord Fawcett, and for a short time took up her residence at his family seat, and entered on her new duties of wife and mother to his children. She loved with that devotion which only those can experience who have never frittered away the force of their feelings in trifling fancies, and in whom it suddenly breaks forth in its full maturity. The unhappy struggles that desolated the country often called her husband from her side, yet Urica did not repine; but her admiration was increased when she remarked the effort it cost him to part from her, and the noble self-denial with which he sacrificed every other object to his duty.

Thus time rolled on, till at length the unhappy crisis came on which sealed the fate of the unfortunate Charles I. His queen had some time previously departed to France, to carry on a secret negotiation with Cardinal Richelieu. Her sad presentiments that she should never see her royal consort again were unhappily realised. Urica's first impulse on hearing of the king's imprisonment, was to hasten to her royal mistress, to whom she had ever been so warmly attached, and strive to soothe her under the heavy sorrows that fell to her lot, and with this view she persuaded her husband to accompany her on a voyage to France, as the Duke of Montrose's army had been disbanded, and it proved expedient for the leaders to leave England.

The only thing that distressed Urica, at her departure, was her being compelled to part from Lord Fawcett's children; but in consequence of a promise made to his first wife, he was obliged to leave them with their grandmother, the old Countess of Kilmaine, under whose care they were to remain till the age of fifteen. This old lady, a zealous Roman Catholic, had taken an inveterate dislike to Urica, whom she accused of supplanting her daughter's children in their father's affections. She had done all in her power to produce an estrangement between them and Urica, but though she could not altogether succeed in this respect, it was on the other hand equally impossible for Urica to obtain any influence in the education of the children; and even Lord Fawcett, much as he wished it, could not take them out of their grandmother's hands at the time, on account of the solemn engagement he had made.

A few days previous to Urica's departure, she received from Holland, through the medium of the Countess Comenes, who had returned thither on her young friend's marriage, a small box, of curious antique workman-

ship, and a letter. The box contained the mysterious little gold ring set with rubies, rendered so remarkable by the legend that attached to it—and the letter was from Angela. It ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR AND NOBLE AUNT,—It has pleased God to call unto himself my beloved mother—your dear sister. She departed this life without being aroused from her mental sleep, and will only awaken to consciousness at the throne of our heavenly Father.

“I have remembered, in all due humility, that you, my dear aunt, whom, alas! I have found too late, are now the eldest member of the house of Casambort, and I therefore send you the ring which, according to custom in our family, now belongs to you, who alone are entitled to wear it. I found no difficulty in drawing it from the cold, stiff finger of my poor mother.

“You have been informed by Madame van Marseeven that God has blessed me with a sweet little daughter, who is as unlike her parents in appearance as possible, but whose striking resemblance to you seems a reward for the sincere affection I feel for you: she has beautiful golden tinsellets, and soft, deep, blue eyes—like yours. I have named her Floris, after our Spanish grandmother; and Madame van Marseeven, who held her at the font, insisted on having her name thus inscribed in the parish register—‘Floris Casambort Gröneveltdt’—and only then, the name you know of, and which has given you so much pain.

“I hear from our cousin, Madame van Marseeven, that you have contracted an union with a noble and honourable man, who will not fail to make you happy. It soothes and rejoices my heart to think of this, and the duty of praying for you becomes doubly dear to me, now that I have to include your unknown husband in my prayers. By God’s grace, my heart has been blessed with that holy peace which rises superior to all the changes and chances of this life; and if you think of me, in the midst of your happy lot, do so in forgiveness and charity, and remember that we all are subject to the will of Heaven.

“I pray fervently to the merciful God of Heaven to send down his blessing on you and your noble husband, and have the satisfaction of naming myself,

“Your humble and affectionate cousin,

“ANGELA VAN DER NÉESS

“(By birth, Van Gröneveltdt).”

Urica was much touched by this simple effusion, and shed a few sad tears to the memory of her departed sister. After indulging for some time in a melancholy reverie, she proceeded, not without a secret palpitation, to take possession of the mysterious ruby ring, by patting it on the little finger which, according to the legend, was destined to wear it. And it is certain, that while it had previously fitted on poor Brigitta’s emaciated finger, it now equally fitted the soft, round finger of Urica, and, once there, could not be drawn off. However, this miracle was explained by her husband, who smilingly ascribed it to the delicate formation of this beautiful finger.

ZIG-ZAG TO PARIS, AND STRAIGHT HOME ;

OR,

A THOUSAND MILES AND FOURTEEN DAYS FOR FOURTEEN POUNDS.

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN FRANCE, IN DECEMBER, 1848.

Tuesday, Dec. 19.—We were up, and taking a standing breakfast in the hotel-kitchen, at half-past six, and at 7.10. spinning along the Paris and Amiens railway towards Breteuil, the station for Beauvais, which town lies about twenty-one miles off the line. This station was reached at 8.2. A.M. We were there transferred to a cab. We stopped at the town of Breteuil Proper, a mile or two off, to be booked as passengers, take a fresh horse, and make a fair start. Daniel sat in front. He hates dogs, whereas a huge mongrel had been allowed to coil himself up in the straw there, *conducteur* affecting ignorance of the fact. "Oh, a dog is there?"

"*Oui*," exclaimed Daniel, *avec explosion*, "*un chien, un énorme chien !*"

And the unhappy brute was dragged forth by the hind legs, reluctantly quitting his lair. Now, there are certain conjunctions of humour, time, circumstance, when a single expression, not very remarkable in itself, will fire up the whole into a blaze of fun and enjoyment. It is often very foolishly that we laugh on these occasions I dare say, but they *do* occur, and one *does* laugh. I remember that we were specially tickled at the moment by Daniel's protest about the "*énorme chien*," a figure of speech, which, though it just meant in French, "a great beast of a dog," had a burlesque grandiloquence to English ears, that was by no means lost upon us.

A long spell of wedged-up jogging had we to Beauvais, four in front and three behind; and just as we neared the end of the journey, a fishy varlet got up in front of all, betwixt the wind and our nobility, and made number eight. It was a curious coincidence, that a French gentleman who travelled with us, mentioned his having been a prisoner of war in England, and that on our inquiring his place of detention, it proved to have been a town in our own county.

Beauvais at twelve. The cathedral is Daniel's chief restoration work, his *pièce de résistance*. At Abbeville, the east end of St. Vulbrain was unbuilt; here it is the choir and transepts that stand alone; a huge elephantine mass, of thirteenth century, but how grand! Its interior height, from pavement to groining, is 163 French, or about 174 English feet! To illustrate by comparison, St. Pancras, to the top of the weathercock, is 157 English feet; St. George in the East, to the same point, 149 feet 10 inches; All Saints, Poplar, 161 feet; and the nave of Westminster Abbey, to the ridge of the roof, is 141. Any of these would, therefore, stand well clear under the vault of Beauvais. And the forest of gigantic shafts, and flying buttresses and pinnacles outside! We surveyed them from the galleries and parapets, which, connected by secret stairs, and wall hollowed passages, form a quaint and mysterious labyrinth all over the exterior. It is what may be called *stupendous* Gothic. And this was the choir and transepts alone. Only fancy a complete cathedral on the same scale—nave, western and centre towers, and all! It would be

the sort of thing one dreams of in a nightmare—oppressively large. We saw inside the model of a colossal statue of the patron saint, by Robinet, intended to be placed on the apex of the gable of the southern transept.

Subsequently, late in the evening, my companions revisited the interior, when it was lighted only by a few lamps used for the vesper service; and they described the way in which the light here and there streamed up the giant piers and caught the groined roof, relieved by surrounding depths of gloom, as something miraculous in effect. I note Beauvais cathedral as the great architectural thing *done* on our journey.

On the ground where the nave should be, stands a church of the ninth century. Close at hand is the Palais de Justice, formerly the bishop's palace, and recently restored by Daniel. The principal *façade* is, I suppose, continental, sixteenth century—square-shaped windows, with slightly ogeed heads, elaborate dormers, &c.

The streets of Beauvais abound in good examples of ancient domestic architecture, of all ages, from the eleventh century downwards, and it is altogether a most picturesque and interesting town. The church of St. Etienne is early; the stained glass there particularly fine.

A jolly dinner as usual—we lived liberally throughout—a lounge in the *café*, and at 11 P.M. into the *intérieur* of a *diligence* for Clermont and Creil, *en route* to Senlis. At the same time we gladly committed the portmanteau to the care of the *conducteur*, to be conveyed utterly away from us for the present, and to be left at our hotel in Paris.

We slept through most of the seventeen miles we had to be shaken over to Clermont, which was reached about 2.15. A.M., and here the body of the diligence, with passengers, luggage, and all, as they were, was craned up by powerful machinery and transferred to the railway. The quiet way in which this was managed was admirable; the more so by contrast, for in this country manœuvres are commonly accompanied by a power of vociferation, and much lamentable diversity of opinion, just at the most critical times too, as to the *modus operandi*, and consequently occupy twice the time they need in the performance, and are all the worse performed at last. We scarcely heard a word, and we were actually in motion on the rails before we were aware of our having been attached to the train.

Creil at 2.50. A.M., where there is a well-ordered refreshment room. We warmed and comforted ourselves inside and out, and then took seven and a half miles of cab to Senlis, knocked up the people at Daniel's house of call there, and, after a rather comfortless delay of half an hour in a cold *salon*, while they were making up beds, got to bed and asleep about five, having been up and stirring for the most part twenty-four hours.

Wednesday, Dec. 20th.—Up and abroad in good time. Senlis was a town of middle ages importance, and formerly the seat of a bishop. Its streets are narrow and tortuous, and singularly devoid of architectural detail. It is a half rural place, and much space in them is occupied by gardens and other inclosures, whose long blank boundary walls give a very monotonous character to its ways.

We saw first the west front of a beautiful little decorated church, now used for cavalry stables. Then visited a college for educating priests, where Daniel was doing architectural matters. He has just completed a pulpit and confessional in oak in the church. The exterior is better than the interior of this church,—thirteenth century. Its tall tower, stuck on

the south side, midway between east and west ends, is a particularly simple and beautiful composition.

The cathedral, though comparatively a small one, is very grand and imposing,—thirteenth century,—sound simplicity of form and construction,—in which Square refreshed himself greatly to his comfort, after the quantity of decorated and renaissance detail he had swallowed during the past week. The two western towers, with their crocketed spires of stone scalework, and the entire west front, form a noble composition. The heads of several statues ornamenting the great doorway had been recently carved by Robinet under Daniel's directions, at a cost of forty pounds English each, an expense to which *we* are by no means in the habit of going for similar works at home. They were simply in stone, and, with a view to proper architectural effect, boldly and roughly cut. Square says he could get them quite as well done here for five pounds each, and it rather seemed to him and myself, that the use of Mr. Robinet's costly fine art upon them was an extravagance.

Daniel has just completed the addition of a lady chapel here, elaborated with colours and gold.

Near the cathedral are some extensive and very perfect Roman remains.

A fireside gossip at the house of Daniel's *maître maçon*,—*très bon enfant*, and highly intelligent. But notwithstanding the odiousness of comparisons, even mere mental ones, we noticed the difference between the disorderly sort of kitchen where we sat, and where he and his family were at breakfast, and the snug and finished comfort of the parlour of the same class of man with us. The truth is, general life is carried on in France at a low standard of comfort and civilisation. There is there, no doubt, less inequality of fortune than in England; partly because *all* are *poor*. The masses appear to be living on a scale of mere existence that cannot be lowered. It is a hand-to-mouth sort of life. The people are independent, it is true, so long as the national machinery works, from their willingness to live with so little; but the untutored savage of the desert is more independent, and scarcely worse off for comfort. With the soup and bread and vegetables they get from their patches of freehold, or buy with their scanty wages, the French labouring classes drag on a dead-alive kind of existence; but let a time come of slack employment and high taxation, aggravated possibly by a diminution of the usual produce of the earth at the same time, and utter misery must possess the land.

The son of our master mason showed us a Gothic chapel he has been arranging himself, attached to a convent,—a very creditable performance, —by no means perfection, but exhibiting a right intention. Both he and his father were people of education and intelligence, above, I think I should say, the parallel standard in England. Square, who ought to be a good judge on the point, says,—no;—that these people were at the top of their trade in the place,—which is true,—and, calling to mind tradesmen he knows of the same position in England, he declares the English are before the Senlis specimens by many chalks.

Daniel suggested to us, that at Senlis we should get our passports *pot en règle* for a return to England, in order to save the delay and expense attendant upon doing the same in Paris. Now, to have made our movements appear consistent with a Senlis *exeat regno*, it would have been necessary to have subsequently concealed from all inquiring persons in authority, the fact of our having been to Paris at all, which,—the moral

question apart,—I considered an inexpedient position for us to assume. As a general rule, it is desirable, in a passport country, that the traveller should not at any rate be ever caught in a lie. If he is so caught he is liable to suspicion to any extent, and to the consequent chances of detention and inconvenience. Our passport was good for Paris, and eventually we left the capital without taking any further trouble about it, and no questions were asked. Had they been put, our answer was plain and true, viz., that we had spent but one day in Paris,—one of our two having been in fact spent, not there, but at Versailles,—and so had not found time to attend at the *préfecture* and *Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères*, to which the authorities would certainly have been able to object, that the proceeding was irregular, but could not have charged us with deception. If my recollection serves me, at our Paris hotel we were asked to exhibit our passports, which, as they were, were in order, but would have been on the face of them otherwise had they been marked at Senlis for Boulogne.

By cab, about mid-day, to Chantilly, through a fine country. We had a view of the palace and gardens from the road before we entered the town. The Chantilly property belongs to the Duc d'Aumale, and is thus one of the many rich possessions centred in this *millionaire* royal house of Orleans.

We visited the magnificent stables, built by the Prince of Condé, between 1719 and 1735, colossal in size, high vaulted, like an enormous tunnel. The ample stalls for 180 horses showed like mere subordinate furniture in the place. Halfway, the pavement extends itself into a circle, and the vault rises into a lofty dome, springing from a gallery; and here bronze fountains and statuary add to the costliness and magnificence of the building, which is altogether a sort of princely extravaganza—the realisation of a Brobdignagian royal fancy. There are here, also, a large circular manège, granaries, lodgings for attendants, &c., all on a princely scale.

On the occasion of the visit of a Russian magnate—a royal prince he was, I believe—to the Condé family at Chantilly, the guest was led forth one day to hunt in the forest. The *chasse* was prolonged till evening. The illustrious stranger was brought home by torchlight, and conducted to a magnificent circular saloon. Hundreds of wax lights flashed brightly on tapestried walls, and a vaulted ceiling, and elaborate architectural enrichments, above, below, and around, and, in the midst of all, on a banqueting-table, loaded with the costly *paraphernalia* of a royal feast. It was a hunting-supper, *sans façon* as to costume, and the guests sat down to it then and there, booted and spurred. Arrived the propitious moment of desert, and suddenly was heard an astounding *fanfare* of hunting-horns, the sounds descending apparently from the clouds. The tapestried walls fell down, the vaulted ceiling noiselessly divided, and all rolled away like the shifting scenery of a fairy temple in a pantomime, revealing to the astonished Russian the stables of Chantilly, extending right and left, in brilliantly-lighted vista, 180 horses in their stalls, and 180 grooms, in the Condé livery, attending them; while, high overhead, the gallery of the circular dome was seen thronged by the *piqueurs* of the hunt, and by the hornmen, who still continued the echoing flourishes that had been the signal for this miraculous change of scene.

Between those fine days and these another striking change had occurred, for now the stalls were empty, and the floor from end to end

was heaped up with seed acorns ; and, in place of grooms in royal livery, one shabby old woman appeared, and conducted us over the place.

Chantilly is the Newmarket, or Doncaster, of France—perhaps it would be more correct to say the Epsom. The course is a wide plain of turf, adjoining the stables. At the time of the races, the sporting world of Paris used to flock down here and encamp in the lodgings and hotels of the town, importing with them all the luxurious *entrain* of metropolitan fast life. Since the last revolution, these scenes have not been renewed. The place is pleasant, and is much frequented by visitors from the capital, who take houses for the summer season, and make the most of the fresh air and forest scenery, and other *agrémens* of the locality.

In a coach-house near the stables, we saw the state coach in which the Prince de Condé went to the *sacre* of Charles X., an edifice of carved, and gilt, and painted wood, of that style that varies the architecture of the London streets on the days of opening and proroguing Parliament, and on Lord Mayor's Day.

St. Leu at three, passing through part of the forest and extensive and beautiful views. A sunset on the Oise, flashing its red-coal light horizontally across the hilly landscape, and on the surface of the river, as we crossed the bridge of St. Leu, made an admirable picture.

The church crowns the village at top of a steep hill rising from the river. It has two towers at its east end, a peculiarity of Benedictine churches. It is good thirteenth century, and very fine monastic ruins are scattered about it, the whole precincts surrounded by the remains of fortifications. The *curé* joined us in the church, and we spent an hour and a half with him convivially in his kitchen. He was a young man, merry and energetic, but serious withal. These reverend gentlemen all appeared to listen with a feeling of "would if I could" to a proposition of Daniel's, to arrange a grand clerical holiday convoy, for the purpose of visiting England, to which he was to be attached as guide, philosopher, and friend. It would be edifying indeed to see the band of black-robed and scarf-girt priests, fresh as imported from their provincial parsonages, threading the streets of London, *duce* Daniel, and to mark the effect upon them of all they would see there. I may here introduce the remark, that the general feeling among those of the clergy we met appeared by no means hostile to the revolution. For the most part, they seemed disposed to give the experiment a fair trial, and to hope for the best ; and one of them evidently sympathised ardently with its promoters.

Descending the hill to our dinner, we called upon Daniel's head mason, for the sake of seeing the interior of a French workman's house. The man had been in the old Guard, a fine tall fellow, and his wife was a jolly old woman. Their domestic comfort was good French, but not good English, ditto—what in trade style might be called *good seconds*.

We dined miraculously at one franc and a half a head, at a common little establishment near the railway station, in a room where the Oise boatmen and peasants were hob-a-nobbing over their beer. Soup, gudgeons—than which no Greenwich or Blackwall whitebait is more delicious—veal chops, salad, *friture*, &c., &c., and two bottles of wine, all good, for one franc and a half a head !

At 7.30 P.M., we took the train, and at half-past nine, Square, Joseph, and I were walking, arm-in-arm, along the Boulevards of Paris, with the blaze of the street-lamps, and the brilliant *cafés*, and all the bustle and movement of a gay capital around us.

We made for the Palais Royal direct, that Square might see it by lamplight. I have always thought that to stand after dark hour in the centre of that glittering square, and to look round, is a wonderful sight. We paced once or twice up and down the *Gallerie Vitrière*, took note of the *Garde Mobile* sentries—stunted lads of fifteen and sixteen, carrying their muskets huggingly, and with difficulty—and, by the Rue St. Honoré and Place Vendôme, all now, at ten o'clock, silent and dark, reached the Hotel Trouchet, behind the Madeleine, where, in Joseph's comfortable bachelor's room, we sat round the fire, and indulged in pleasant retrospect of our travels.

Daniel had driven off direct from the station with our *impedimenta*, leaving us free to run for the half hour of Palais Royal gaslight that then remained.

This day Prince Louis Napoleon was inaugurated as first President of the French Republic, returned by an imposing majority. Throughout our journey, we had read in the papers, first, of his assured success, and next, of the triumphant expected amount of his majority; but really nobody that we met called up the least enthusiasm on the subject. Here and there *Vive Napoléon*, or *Vive Cavaignac*, was to be seen scrawled on a wall, or *à bas* one or the other, and this was the most lively expression of feeling we noticed.

Thursday, Dec. 21st.—The frost began yesterday, and to-day was hard, clear, and bright. I ran out early, and put myself under hot water at one of those Parisian bathing establishments, which, in their completeness of arrangement, readiness and cleverness of service, and cheap prices, are among the several small items of refinement which the French have certainly a right to score up as honours in the game of civilisation, against our many more substantial achievements. Let a thoughtful friend of mine be heard. "The end and object of French civilisation is luxury. That of English, comfort. The former is more social in its character than the latter, which acts mainly on the individual, or on the family. I think the Greek, with his glorious temples, and his public games and processions, readily dispensed with the home comforts of the Roman, as the Frenchman, and, indeed, the Celt generally, dispenses with those of the Saxon." Also, be the "skyey influences" remembered.

Just to show what may be done in a few hours in the way of sight-seeing, and sight-seeing, be it observed, *to a purpose*, for we did not accomplish a mere thoughtless slaughtering *battue* of the lions of Paris; this day's work is recorded, and mention made of places and things, almost *ad nauseam*, familiar to everybody.

Between 9 and 10 A.M., we breakfasted at the Café de la Madeleine, and Daniel having joined us about 10, we started on a survey of Paris.

On foot we went down the Rue Royale, now Rue Nationale, and through the Place de la Concorde, stopping in the latter square to look round and take in the architectural *coup d'œil*, which is one of the finest in the capital; then up the avenue of the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, and did *that*; then, turning to the left, along the outer boulevard skirting the city wall, to the point of high ground opposite the Champ de Mars, where Napoleon intended to have built a palace for the King of Rome, the excavations for which were dug, and are patent. Hence we had a good general view of great part of Paris.

We crossed the river and the Champ de Mars, and looked at the Ecole

Militaire; passed on to the Invalides, and walked round and through it, including the church, but not the dome interior, which was closed on account of the erection of Napoleon's tomb. Then into the Rue de Grenelle, where we had a specimen of the peculiar physiognomy of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Now, to save time, we took a cab to Saint Sulpice, which by the way, considering its great size, is not the grand architectural monument it might have been.

Next, to St. Germain des Prés. Metropolitan Gothic is rare for the most part everywhere. It is apt to be pulled down to clear the way for the great march of so called improvement—by no means read *march of intellect*, though so called also. The polychrome and arabesques here are very elaborate, and have the look of being ambitiously learned. It is good *work*, and altogether the effect is fine.

To the Luxembourg Palace and gardens, noticing, at Daniel's bidding, the avenue in the latter where Marshal Ney was shot.

Then, by narrow ways, to the Rue St. Jacques—scene of June barricades—to the Panthéon, which we surveyed outside and in, visiting also hastily the vaults, for the sake of the tombs of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau. This building was held by the mob in June against soldiers and cannon for hours, and, when at length an entrance was forced, a barricade remained to be taken in the interior itself. The temporary screen masking the west door, was, as we saw, torn and broken by shot; grape and musket balls had marked the neighbouring walls, and here and there a round shot had left its stamp on the columns of the portico. Inside, at the end of the building furthest from this door, there stood at the time of the fight, and still, indeed, stood then, but not exactly *talis qualis*, a gigantic statue of Immortality—very solemn and majestic—the sublimation of the French *posé* in such matters, bearing a gilt palm branch in its right hand, and altogether intended to look as glorious and immortal as possible. Through the west door and across the building came a round shot, whizzing over the heads of the barricaders, cleanly decapitated Immortality, passed through the window behind her, and finally lodged in a house opposite. The goddess, as we saw her, stood grand and headless, still bearing erect, as if nothing had happened, the gilt palm branch, and having altogether a most ludicrously unconscious effect of diminished dignity.

St. Etienne du Mont, with its fanciful architecture, a sort of grotesqueness and revelry of Gothic and renaissance, pleased Square greatly.

We had a hasty glimpse of the Hôtel de Cluny; crossed the Petit Pont, passing by the Hôtel Dieu; and spent some time upon Notre Dame, which Square, I was glad to find, extolled. It is rather the fashion among artists to depreciate its excellence by invidious comparisons, but I have always ventured to retain my own small opinion, that it is a very grand interior, and a fine monument altogether. The quadruple arrangement of side aisles and chapels is very imposing.

We passed on, across the Isle de la Cité, and over the north branch of the river to the Hôtel de Ville, now become an enormous pile. The original bit was rich and picturesque, but the recent additions in the same style have been so extensive as to make that almost an insignificant morsel of the present whole, and have contributed the telling effect of size and

costliness, so that the building is now one of the most remarkable monuments of Europe.

Hereabouts we dismissed our cab, and Daniel departed on an errand of his own, but to meet us again. We walked along those wonderful quays of Paris—wonderful, I mean, in the magnificent architectural views they afford—to the Louvre, casting a glance *en passant* at St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

We did the Louvre and its picture gallery. A new and better arrangement of pictures has been lately made, the Italian and Spanish *chefs d'œuvre* being now placed in the large square ante-room, near the eastern, or entrance end of the gallery, instead of, as of old, at the far west end, only to be reached after the innocent amateur had wasted his fine-arts' appetite upon all manner of French trash, or upon things better than this, but gross feeding by comparison with the real *bonnes bouches* of the intellectual feast. It was an order of things in picture, seeing, like that in in eating—observed of a gentleman just returned from northern travel. He was showing off at the Athenæum his familiarity with Swedish customs, by beginning dinner with cheese, upon which a member at the next table observed to a friend—"Why, there is a man there *eating his dinner backwards!*"

We took a hurried look at the Musée Egyptienne, and the apartments on this side, including that ante-room, marvellous for its display of gold plate and precious stones, and other beautiful and costly things.

We traversed the great square between the two palaces, and passed round the south-western angle of the Tuileries, into the glorious garden. With a bright winter sun on the palace, the trees, the statues, and fountains, it did one good to see this beautiful scene—beautiful even now, though without the green foliage, and the gay flowers, and the many-coloured, restless crowd, and the warm summer light.

On the other side of the garden we rejoined Daniel; progressed to the Place du Palais Royal, where in February the municipal guards deserved so well of their country, fighting like lions, and only giving up their post when shot down and burnt out; then, through the palace, to the Halle au Blé. Why do the French farmers think it necessary to bring great *sacks* of samples, to fill up the area of the place, instead of handfuls in *pocket bags*, which are surely sufficient for the purpose?

To St. Eustache—a most curious adaptation of renaissance detail, thoroughly carried out to a church design. The general forms, the principle of construction, and the sentiment of the building, are essentially Gothic, and I had been led into the error—a sufficiently prevalent one among even the knowing—of supposing that the church had been, in fact, originally, perpendicular Gothic, subsequently tortured into renaissance. I now saw the truth, viz., that it is a *bonâ fide* original renaissance church, and an exceedingly beautiful interior it is, and a very remarkable architectural curiosity. The application of the style has been less successful outside.

Then to the Place des Victoires, and the Bourse. Through some of the glazed passages, so peculiar a feature of Paris; along the Boulevards, and, by the Rue de la Paix to the Place Vendôme, and viewed the column, and so home.

Finally, we ate a Parisian lion, in the shape of a systematically good

dinner at the Café de la Madeleine, enjoyed a pleasant domestic *soirée* with friends of Daniel's, and ended the day in Joseph's quarters with the usual *noix*.

I abstain almost entirely from detailed descriptions and critical comments, simply desiring to record the day's work in nearly as few words as possible. In six hours we saw a very considerable portion of the city, nearly all its most important monuments, much of its street scenery, and altogether quite enough to stamp the general tone and character of the place on the memory of any person of ordinary observation.

Of the political state of France,* who but the wisest shall write in few words, or in many, any reflections that shall be worth twopence? Of political *fact*, it may be easily said, that in the recent Presidential election, various parties have combined to achieve the curious result of placing Louis Napoleon in the chair, Orleanists and Henry the Fifth people, because they judged him the most respectable and least mischievous *locum tenens* that could be found to fill it during a season impossible for *them*; others, who cared not a fig for the particular houses of Orleans or the Bourbons, but who wanted monarchy of some sort or other, because they thought his election would lead to it; people who had suffered in mind, body, and estate, by the revolution, and timid people, who feared worst from it, because they looked to a supposed moderate ruler to serve as a check on the progress of wild revolution; Napoleonist, because they expected a restoration of the Empire, or felt the mere magic of the name; a great portion of the army, with the recollection of former triumphs and army supremacy, and the expectation of a renewal thereof; whole flocks of simple-hearted ignorant peasants, fully believing in a total relief from taxes and a general *je ne sais quoi* of good to ensue from his election; some strong republicans, because they thought this man would be the easiest to get rid of afterwards, and others of the same party, because they hated Cavaignac and his iron rule, and because the surest way to oust the general, was to vote for the prince. Good easy republicans—the class analogous in that party, to what in English churchmanship has been recently termed the *high and dry*,—because they simply thought *he would do*; and a great proportion of all French classes, from the general disposition of mankind towards hero-worship,—from a desire to honour, in the living nephew, the glorious and immortal memory of the dead uncle; and notwithstanding the red republican votes for the prince, that the Reds have been mortified and maddened to the last degree, to find how miserably minute the election has proved their actual party to be,—a party which they, a few in Paris and in the large and notably turbulent towns, had vainly and arrogantly imagined to be *the great French party*. Further, I think it may be predicted,—though this is indeed beyond the province of *fact*,—that, before long, these few hot Republicana, calling the mob to their aid, will again kick up a row, and that they will be shot down and annihilated.

Whether the eventual result will be peace and quiet, and a regular working of the machine of government, must depend upon the degree of *savoir faire* displayed by the party left in power, in dealing with the difficulties, by which, in any case, they will be sure to find themselves surrounded.

The French have yet to learn, how to work political changes and re-

* The following political observations were written in January or February, 1849.

forms, coolly, quietly, and considerately, and so, with a chance of their being practically good and useful. They are the merest children in political knowledge, and, constitutionally sanguine and intemperate, where angels would fear to tread, *they* rush in at a *pas de charge* without a moment's misgiving. To hear them talk wildly, of what ought, could, should, and *must* be done, or undone, *coûte que coûte*,—flying off at a tangent upon any momentary impulse of excited thought, and recklessly determining on a course of action,—makes one groan over and despair of them and their country.

Common sense rejects the idea of such people being competent to rule themselves, and I sincerely believe, moreover, that although their vanity may be wounded by the idea of being ruled, practically they dislike the trouble and responsibility of ruling themselves, or trying to do it,—that their genius and true inclination are *not* for republicanism,—that they require a *manager*,—their royal *homme d'affaires*,—a king,—King Log or King Stork,—king at any rate,—some one to *undertake* the government contract, whether he *underlets* it or not; and that the *paraphernalia*, the trappings and splendour of a court, and the pleasant, easy, and luxurious habits of a nation headed by a court, are verily grateful to them. No grinding down of the masses; no selfish monopolies; fair play for all; but still, a king, a king's government, and *la bonne société*, with their expensive wants,—wants which the people will always gladly supply receiving the *quid pro quo*. A class, aristocratic, luxurious, and, no doubt, to the best of their ability, *selfish*, must of necessity always exist in a vain, pushing, pleasure-loving people. If it be not at first an *aristocratic* aristocracy, it will be, for a season, a *plebian* one; but the French have too strong natural good taste in conventionalities, too keen a perception of the ridiculous and the inconsistent in matters of refinement, not to prefer in the end, a *true* aristocracy, including, as it always must now, that of talent, when polished and presentable,—for precious stones in their native roughness do not pass current in France,—to find permanent favour there, they must be faced up and handsomely set.

Sum total of my opinion of the French republic. That few care a rush for it; certainly not the provincial masses, nor any who have anything to lose anywhere. That its decided enemies, though by no means avowedly such, are a very numerous party. That it has hitherto lived, less by any inherent vitality of its own, than through a *laissez aller* and cowardly indifference on the part of the general nation, to the proceedings of a few leaders of movement in Paris. And that the protestations in favour of it, and oaths of fidelity sworn to it with outstretched arms, and uplifted eyes, in public, are, on the part of very many, mere parliamentary and official claptrap. And, that of its ultimate utter downfall at no very distant period, I make no doubt.

A letter of introduction we had to M. Odillon Barrot, from an intimate friend, had circumstances permitted us to take advantage of it, might have given us an insight into some things lying beyond our actual philosophy.

THE SHADOW-SHOWER.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

"WHEN," said the little barber to me, "I stood before the mirror and saw myself whetting my razors in my flaming costume, black face, horned head, and other appendages, the sight struck me as rather remarkable. On returning home the same night from the theatre, perhaps a little excited, I threw off a sketch of the whole scene. Such was the impression that stranger made upon me, I feel convinced nothing can be more like him with regard to the features than the portrait in your hands."

"I was lost in a sea of doubts. Could such a strange resemblance be merely accidental. Impossible. I made purchase of the picture at his own price, and the idea suggested itself of turning it to the account of the one paramount object of my life and wanderings, by exhibiting the scene as described by the barber in every public and general manner I could devise, in the bare hope of discovery."

"A very comical kind of advertisement, certainly," observed the major, "and not the most flattering to some men's feelings."

"My sole object," replied the showman, "was to find my master by whatever means, and not once till this last hour heard I—"

As the old man was proceeding the door suddenly opened, and there entered the identical stranger as at the last meeting.

The showman began to tremble all over, while, with outstretched neck, clasped hands, and awe-struck features, he gazed stedfastly upon the figure, looked once at the portrait he carried round his neck, and then with a loud cry of recognition, threw himself at his lost master's feet.

Words were vain to paint the ensuing scene. The change in the stranger's manner after the recognition, was little less marked than in that of the poor showman. "My good old Jacob," was all that he could utter, as he raised him from his feet and embraced him.

III.

NEVER, perhaps, was there a picture of more perfect happiness presented to the eye of a painter than in the whimsical child-like expressions, the restless gestures, the rapt gaze and admiration, and the quiet, inward, triumphant laugh of the old man.

"Ah, ah!" he ran on, as if by himself; "Jacob's a cunning fellow—right after all—quite right—very acute and sly, for a servant; but, no, no, not he—not he—it was Heaven itself which sent him the happy thought."

The stranger laughed too; and so fully were they absorbed in each other, that they seemed quite to forget there were any other persons present. The good baron gazed on them with unalloyed delight; for to him they owed the singular recognition which had taken place. At length, after stroking the old man's head as you would that of a once lost child, making him drink wine with him, and then to the health of us all, he put on his hat, and, taking the old man under his still strong and

muscular arm, walked out with him, merely muttering "Wonderful! Good night, gentlemen;—we shall, perhaps, meet again."

He was true, in one sense, to his word; for, at the next meeting of the members old Jacob made his appearance—no longer with the sad monotonous cry of his phantasmagorian show, but with a sealed packet, which he placed in the baron's hands. He had already exchanged his strange conjuror's dress for a plain suit of black, and looked so very different, and so comparatively gentlemanly, that it was difficult to suppose him to be the same man. He handed also his master's card, and a letter, found to contain an invitation to his country-house, for the baron and the blunt major, his friend.

"Are we to open this packet really, friend Jacob, if you are indeed the same man?" asked the major.

The old showman only laughed, and bowed; and then observed that it would be found to contain much of that which he did not think himself authorised to relate,—and with a request that the MS. might be returned when they had perused it, he hurried back to his now happy home.

You may be sure the curiosity of the merry brotherhood was not long at fault. The baron read aloud:—

"Rich, my own master, and longing for adventure, I reached the famed French capital, that mart of the world. I had seen only the sunny side of life,—youthful passions were struggling for the ascendant, and ere long plunged me into an abyss of extravagance and folly. Ah! had I then listened to the warning voice of my honest Jacob, what years of unavailing sorrow and regret had I not spared myself! But I shall pass over the ordinary incidents in the career of too many men of fortune, to dwell upon one or two in particular, which gave a new and fatal direction to the current of my destiny. In the list of those whom I called my friends—familiar demons would often be a more appropriate designation—I counted the Chevalier d'Armincourt, one of the most dangerous *roués* of his infidel club. Fascination of manners, liveliness of wit, experience, travel, and an unfailing fund of anecdote and humour, added to an assumed air of generous and disinterested regard for those whom he singled out as his victims, gave him almost irresistible influence over less practised or weaker minds. His wily couched flattery, and depth of dissimulation, made his conquests, with the skill of his rapier, easy ones over either sex. Though he had many rivals, fortune had hitherto invariably crowned his consummate audacity, hypocrisy, and cunning. He won my confidence by the singular deference and respect he evinced towards me upon every occasion, both before his satellites and the world, making me the 'observed of all observers,' and applauding whatever I said or did, to the very echo. So completely, in short, was I deluded, that I laughed to scorn the serious looks and broader hints of my honest-hearted servant; nay, even amused myself with showing the chevalier some anonymous epistles which I received, little complimentary to him. It was only a mercy that poor Jacob was not rendered as corrupt and abandoned as the rest of us; for he had temptations and examples more than enough to ruin twenty less staunch-hearted fellows, even while perilling his life to rescue the life and soul of a master then so little worthy of love so devoted.

In our early acquaintance, this most accomplished barbarian—for such he really was—had repeatedly offered me his purse, his horses, to bet or

to hunt with—his country-house, and an introduction to his favourite mistress. Within a short time, however, he had as little scruple in availing himself of those obligations to me which I had felt too much pride to accept of; and yet all these failed, up to the eleventh hour, to remove the scales from my eyes. More than once I took up his quarrels—bled on the field as freely as at the banker's "rouge et noir;" and hung, half-frantic, over his couch, when on one occasion his life was despaired of.

How few were able to resist the seductions of a Parisian carnival during Easter week, under the old *régime*. From the central points to the extremest outskirts—from the old Boulevards to the new Bois de Boulogne, all nature and all art assumed their gaudiest and most attractive attire, yet as if all were arrayed in the most negligent and taking *dishabille*. Then, indeed, the world might be said to go round, and every body with it, dizzy with pleasure, and the madness in the hearts of men, spite of the most persecuting inquisitors and gend'armes on the face of the earth. But what are words? A vision of the kind, amidst such a people, must be seen to be appreciated, or the whirl, the distraction, the real *abandon* of the whole scene are lost.

For "my friend" D'Armincourt and "his friend" to have been absent from the gorgeous "spectacle" would have been considered high treason against beauty and the spirit of the age. Longchamp and the Bois de Boulogne were not then what they have since been made; but as of themselves made for all the social charm and exquisite re-union of the wild, the tender, and the gay.

I was breathing a new element, mad with folly, and D'Armincourt shone with more than his usual brilliancy and wit. As the evening shadows began to fall, we were returning through a less frequented part of the forest, when we overtook a lady, attended by a single groom, seated upon an inexpressibly beautiful Andalusian Arab, which she rode and ruled, obedient only to the voice, with an air of uncommon ease and grace. If her figure were perfectly faultless, what shall I say of the radiant beauty which flashed upon us in those soul-lit features and love-inspired eyes. Never had I experienced such a thrill of delight as my eyes for a moment encountered hers. It was, if I can so express it, as if my heart had been suddenly struck with the whole artillery—the thunderbolt of love.

Never had I conceived it possible that so angelic a creature, so rare an essence, as it beamed upon us, of all that is beautiful and fascinating, could belong to earth. "My friend" saw the effect that one look had produced upon me, for I could not utter a word. Purposely relaxing our horses' speed, she soon again passed us. Was it a dream that our eyes again met—that the same flash, a flame rather, seemed to dart from and to mine, and penetrate to my inmost being? Oh, yes! it is, it was—I must and will look upon it so—nothing real—a mere hallucination and a dream;—did not years of unavailing grief and remorse give that beatific vision—the lie? That day I no more lost sight of her again till she entered the antique court-yard of a secluded and somewhat gloomy country mansion, like a castle of the old nobility, near Chaillot. Two blacks dressed in a foreign livery threw open the gates; the sound of a French horn was heard for a moment, and then other doors were heard to open, and the measured tread of many feet. As the castle gates closed upon my view, I felt as if I had that moment been shut out

of Paradise for ever; such, I thought, must have been 'the sensation of the first man, when flying from it before the sword of fire.

The promised pleasures of that festive season appeared now the dullest and most unmeaning pursuits. Absent, gloomy, distracted, one only vision was ever before my eyes, filled the imagination, haunted my soul and my rest.

It was impossible that a keen observer like D'Armincourt should not detect the state of my mind.

"Why deny it any longer—why try to deceive your best friend—I know all about it."

"What!" I replied, "that the angry god has lodged his whole quiver full of arrows in me at a shot?"

Smiling with a peculiar expression—for few villains ever dare trust themselves to an open laugh—the best of friends rallied me on the extreme folly of a serious passion. "Either extinguish it, or, the same thing," he added, "attain its object."

"Its object!" I exclaimed, "impossible."

"Nothing more easy; you are a dreamer, my friend—I a man of business—you think her an angel of purity—I believe she is only the mistress of the — ambassador."

I started to my feet.

"You are mad to say so; or you must think me mad."

"Love—mad, yes!" was the reply; "when you may have her to-morrow for the asking. You should take pity on the pretty Rosa—*deum intersit!* for all her charms cannot make the old sinner young again."

Need I add, that after a short and fierce struggle with my terrific passion, I gave into the snare so artfully spread for me—my honour like my purse was at his disposal; he laid the entire plot, and I was but too eager to execute it.

In the dusk of the evening we assumed the uniform of officers of the "gens d'armes," and proceeded in a private carriage to the environs of Chaillot. A well-forged order *de par le Roi*, opened to us public gate and private chamber; in such an atmosphere, spurious as it was, "the boldest held his breath," and retreated before us as if we had been some polluted and unhallowed thing—a political leprosy, and worse such as we really were. The old diplomatist was engaged in other intrigues, and we went right on to the boudoir of the fair Rosa itself. D'Armincourt, who had taken on himself the part of sergeant, very politely informed her that he had a government order to secure her person. She exhibited the most charming and touching disorder possible; threw herself at our feet; beseeched us to await the arrival of her adopted father and benefactor; but finding us stern and unrelenting, she put on the heroine with a deal of beautiful scorn, and condescended to accompany us.

We brought her to my own residence, near the faubourg St. Antoine. I was loud in my thanks to my "kind friend," who had seated himself at Rosa's side, taken her hand, and began to address her in language I could not brook. She burst into tears, and cast herself imploring my protection at my feet. I required an instant reparation, when laughing in my face—one of those revolting laughs—he observed,

"Did you think you were to have the lion's share? You were cursedly mistaken if you did!"

So great was my rage that I threatened to throw him there and then through the window, if he did not take himself out of the house. He grew deadly pale, whether from fear or from rage I know not; BUT HE DISAPPEARED.

It was then my turn to beseech forgiveness and compassion at the feet of my fair conqueror, to whom I unbosomed the deep and secret passion which had impelled me to adopt the desperate step which I had just done.

IV.

THE perfidy and presumption displayed by D'Armincourt when he conceived that he had me in his power, had opened my eyes to his real character. From all previous experience he was led to infer that he could play with my honour and right feelings with the same impunity as he had done with weaker victims to his arts, whom he first ruined and then trampled upon, till he made them his submissive creatures to lure other young and wealthy madmen into his toils. Numbers of the innocent and unsuspecting, especially in a highly polished and corrupted state of society, are thus rendered the unhappy instruments of the deep-plotting and artful, who become wealthy by the most heartless and atrocious frauds under the guise of proffered assistance, till they succeed in getting the entire property of the weak or unhappy objects of their fraud into their own hands. Their next step is to compel their victims to defraud their own creditors, after having first stepped into the property—often under the lure of a friendly conveyance—when suddenly they foreclose, throw off the mask, leaving the wretched men to bear the whole odium of the diabolic fraud perpetrated by themselves, defeating the object of the laws themselves, out-manceuvring even the most wily practitioners, and the courts of equity as well,—thus reversing the adage by giving them the mere shell while they eat the oyster. The consequent ruin of thousands of poor working men, and of hard toiling tradesmen, never gives them a moment's uneasiness, but seems rather to add a zest to the sense of their triumphant villany.

D'Armincourt was one of these strong-headed, deep-plotting men, who, as was observed by a legal authority, make the lawyers themselves disgorge the plunder into *their* dirty hands, and would, if possible, overreach the arch impostor and author of frauds himself.

Though now a chevalier, he was a true "Chevalier d'Industrie," for he owed all to his successful frauds, which had elevated him from the very dregs of society. A compassionate bookseller—strange anomaly, as it may appear—had first taken compassion on the ragged urethin, and employed him in sweeping the shop and carrying parcels. The too common organ of cunning and acquisitiveness being highly developed, were already actively at work,—he made rapid way,—and his first great feat on which he founded his future fortunes, was to accomplish the ruin of his benefactor. Like Hogarth's rake, he advanced in his money career, every step, to some greater villany, and seemed resolved never to look behind him till he should reach the end of his flagitious career. Yet, this man displayed the most amiable deportment, the most calm and

gentle manners; his bland smile, especially when accompanied with the first offers of sympathy with the unfortunate, and of service to the embarrassed, was perfectly irresistible. As the good man is always delighted with the company of those whom he has obliged or rescued from want, so this fiend in man's shape took singular pleasure in the society of those whom he had ruined; in rendering them dependent on his smallest bounty, for the purpose, doubtless, of making them instrumental to his future plans of plunder.

For once, however, this wily 'mammon of unrighteousness' had miscalculated his strength, and mistaken his man. When offering the last daring insult to myself and to the being whom I so passionately loved, taking advantage of me to decoy her from her friend, he believed that he had finished his work,—that I was a ruined man. It was to the noble, patient, and disinterested conduct of my poor, faithful Jacob I still owed my safety and my honour. Long before I suspected the cheat, he had skilfully counteracted his infernal plots, and by turning his own weapons against him, while I was squandering thousands he was regaining them, and placing them to my old account. Were there ever fidelity and love like his,—proof against the worst errors and frailties of a master whom he might have joined in plundering, deserted, or made himself wealthy at his expense at any moment! Well might I seek that good and faithful servant through the world; but that he should have sought me,—found me, and put the crown of tried fidelity on his long devoted service,—that is the wonder and the praise.

My defence of Rosa, and my sorrow for what had passed, won her confidence and dried her tears. Yes, she confessed, too, that the deep impression produced, at first sight, on that fatal day was not shared by me alone. She bade me not to think lightly of her; she was an orphan, and had been adopted and educated by Lady M——, a niece of the ——— ambassador. There was a nameless charm in the voice and manner of the lovely Rosa, which it was impossible to resist. The ensuing evening, as I sat conversing upon the plan of restoring her to her friends, and making known my ardent wishes to offer her my hand, a noise of many feet was heard; the door flew open, and I was a prisoner in the hands of the gens-d'armes.

My position was most dangerous, it was the work of D'Armincourt, who had accused me to the minister while he affected the greatest surprise and sympathy, declaring he would never rest till he had obtained an order for my release. But Jacob soon appeared before I was committed to the Bastille—revealed the entire plot, and earnestly besought me to exchange clothes, and save myself while there was yet hope. But I owed my liberty to another. Jacob had made known the chevalier's treachery to the friends of Rosa, and an order of the dreaded minister set me free.

My first impulse was to seek D'Armincourt; but he had fled. A few weeks afterwards, I received an invitation from the ——— ambassador; and I had the pleasure of beholding Rosa and Lady L——, and of being accepted on the footing of a lover. What was my horror, then, the very next day, to see under the head of "Case of Abduction," in the *Moniteur*, an account of Rosa having been carried off in returning late in the evening through the "Bois de Boulogne." Having heard that the chevalier possessed a small estate and castle not far from Amiens, it im-

mediately suggested itself to me, that thither he had borne his prize. Love and vengeance at once gave wings to my pursuit. Arrived in the neighbourhood, I soon ascertained that he was actually there; and to avoid suspicion, and obtain access to the object of my search, I assumed the dress of a labourer, taking my faithful Jacob along with me. To his address I again owed the means of conveying a letter to the fair prisoner, acquainting her with my presence and the plan arranged for her escape. A spot in the adjacent grounds, close to which a carriage and four were in waiting, was indicated, at a late hour the ensuing evening, and there I impatiently awaited the result. I had received by the same means proposed by Jacob a few lines in reply to my note, assuring me that she would not fail.

Though it was my intention, for the sake of Rosa, to avoid an open fracas if possible, I had taken the precaution that we should be both well armed. About an hour, that seemed days, after we had taken our station, I saw, to my infinite joy, a white form, glancing here and there—now lost—now flashing bright through the dusky shade, and rapidly approaching. By the quick beating of my heart, the same wild agitation I had felt on first beholding her, I knew it must be my only beloved one; and the next moment she was in my arms.

"Save yourself," she cried; "he will kill you—he is in pursuit."

Even as she spoke a shot was fired—another, and another. As I rushed forward, I saw the lovely being I adored lifeless at my feet, while my poor devoted servant staggered and fell.

I caught one glance of a demon face, as I thought, mocking and mowing at me through the shadowy trees, rendered more indistinct in the gathering nightfall—and a sneering demoniac laugh, such as I had once before heard, fell on my ear. Was it real, or all one hideous dream? For it seemed as if ages of accumulated horror were pressed into that one fearful moment. I dreamed that I fired again and again, as I at last reached and threw myself with the fury of outraged love and despair upon that fiendlike foe. Nothing could resist the maniac impulse—I felt my sword pierce through and through that traitorous murder-teeming heart—I could not exhaust my rage even upon the dead, till the sounds of rapid feet and many voices scared me like some wild beast from his hungry feast. I fled as if pursued by all the furies which I had let loose at every gash into the human hell of that whited sepulchre—an infidel, corrupt, and hard abandoned heart.

But as vainly I fled, and sought balm for the wounds of my bleeding heart in war, adventure, and travel. No forlorn hope—no wild tempting of fate, brought the wished-for rest to me. The only flame that warmed the cold, dead region of my heart, was the meeting with my dear old friend and faithful to the last—the showman Jacob.

THE CONFEDERATES ;OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

THIS narrative, which began its course like that of a summer sun, in gladness and light, is fated by the nature of the times and the events of which it has to treat, as that orb often is, to set in gloom and sadness. Gay were the fêtes, and full of peace and joy the period that dawned on the birth of our heroine; but the intervening years, which must be passed lightly over because but little connected with her history, were filled with national discords and evils, which, like the dark clouds gathering on the surface of the angry heavens, seemed foreboders of the fearful storm which was destined to sweep with uncontrollable fury over the devoted land—to bow the highest and to crush the heads of the lowly.

Charles V., bent by infirmities and premature decay, appears rather to have suffered the sceptre to escape from a hand no longer able to hold it, than, as he would have persuaded the world which he blinded to the very dropping of the curtain, out of contempt for worldly grandeur. Many and various, indeed, were the causes attributed to this last, and as it was considered, most extraordinary event that closed the career of so great a man; but, in examining facts and divesting them of opinions, it would rather seem the more simple, though the less romantic solution, that nature triumphed at last over the conqueror of men, and that he felt his sufferings gradually enslaving his soul. Too proud to let so mean a cause impair a fame so bright, he rather chose at once to tear it from the page of history ere harm should befall it; it was nobly thought, though, perhaps, unadvisedly done.

Having, with the utmost solemnity and pomp, divested himself of all his worldly possessions—which he shared between his son and brother—he retired to a convent in Spain with barely a sufficient maintenance, which, it would seem was not even regularly paid by his ungrateful heirs. His sisters, the Queens of France and Hungary, followed him to that country; and on the third year after their departure from the Netherlands they had all three ceased to exist. Thus Philip found himself entirely left to his own resources in the government of a country which, as we have elsewhere observed, he could neither understand nor appreciate.

That Philip was a man who, in whatever path of life it had been his lot to walk, would have been bad, no one who examines his character closely, and the passions by which he was governed, can doubt; and it seems unavoidable that he should prove, as he eventually did, a cruel and an impolitic monarch. A passionate desire for power and a jealousy of all who appear in the least degree to encroach upon, or slight it—a poverty of mind and intellect which makes a man suspicious, and even envious of those who display greater talents than he feels conscious of possessing—these are defects, alas, too common to human nature, and are often found to embitter domestic happiness even in the humblest walks of life; but whereas in such cases they only blight the existence of a few, when they

appear in one in whom uncontrolled power is vested, thousands are condemned to mourn and perish for the constitutional defects of one man.

There were, besides, other causes that must at all times, and in all cases, have led to results more or less painful. Philip had no slight difficulties to contend with in the management of that portion of his fair inheritance which his father had most recommended to his care. The first, the greatest, the unconquerable one was his being a *stranger*. Neither the hearts of his people nor his own could pass that rubicon and meet half-way. His father had stood in a somewhat similar predicament with the Spaniards, and they had not always considered themselves fairly treated by him. A Fleming by birth, his affections had remained true to his country; the nobles of the Netherlands had in all things been preferred to the proud Castillians; now the time was arrived for the triumph of the latter, and, in their turn, the Flemish nobles were overlooked, if not actually disliked.

Everything in the Low Countries was calculated to displace and disgust the young monarch. The very system of the government, as it had been transmitted to the different states by their sovereigns previous to their being united under one sceptre, was most irksome to his feelings. Everywhere his stubborn will found a check. The rights of the states seemed an infringement of his own.

A writer of the time compares, quaintly enough, the relative situation in which the sovereign and the people of this country stood towards each other in consequence of the great liberties and immunities enjoyed by the latter, to that of a well-regulated union, where the privileges of either individual are so clearly defined that neither can transgress with impunity. This may be a very happy state of things with well-disposed parties; but if the *ménage* were to consist of a Mahomedan husband and a Christian wife, the difference of opinions entertained by the parties as to the just limits of power would endanger, if not destroy, the good understanding between them. The Netherlands, indeed, were not unlike a good-natured, easy *fellow*, that only wanted a little humouring to go right, but, like most women, were easily roused to contention. Philip, however, preferred the curb to the snaffle in all his dealings with mankind, and he soon tried how far he might proceed with the changes and innovations he was determined to introduce.

He first essayed to place Spaniards in office and situations of trust, a measure which the laws of the country prohibited. It was an encroachment upon the privileges he had sworn to respect. Nor was his endeavour attended with success. The three powers which composed the states, the nobility, the clergy, and the representatives of towns, all opposed it with equal firmness, and the King had the humiliation to be obliged to give up a point which policy should have forbidden him to attempt.

War with France, which had been distasteful, and even harrassing, to the Flemings, after having lasted, with short intermissions, for many years, was at length brought to a close. This much-desired event, attributable to the decisive victories gained by the king's party, was chiefly due to the skill and gallantry of the Count of Egmont, for whose services Philip affected as much gratitude as the nation really felt. The Spanish troops, however, yet lingered in their garrisons, although peace put an end to every ostensible reason for detaining them; and the

Flemings were not slow in seizing upon this subject of discontent, against which they loudly protested.

The depredatory, overbearing, and oppressive conduct of these troops was the cause of as much suffering and annoyance to the inhabitants of the towns and provinces as the presence of a conquering army could have been; and the king was obliged, at Ghent, to listen to a truth from the lips of the Syndic of that town which his courtiers would have little cared to breathe in his ear.

"What need," said he, boldly, "have we of foreigners among us, that neighbouring nations may think we are too foolish or too weak to defend our own frontiers? We deserve not, nor will we incur such blame. Let the strangers depart from among us; we need them not."

"I suppose," replied the king, "the next thing I shall hear will be a desire that I also depart, for I, too, am a stranger." And he left the council in the midst of a deep silence, for what he had just said had found an echo in every heart.

It was, however, necessary to the secret purposes of Philip that these troops should not be withdrawn, and he still retained them in the Netherlands, under specious pretences, contenting himself with soothing the general irritation by fair promises.

However much the individual characters of princes and rulers may modify their principles of government, there is one great truth which is worthy of remark. Contemporary monarchs, like contemporary subjects, are generally actuated by the same rules of policy, and pursue the same objects; and as there is ever an *esprit du siècle*, which tends to one point, so there is an *esprit des gouvernemens*, which tends, as much as possible, to counteract it. The great aim of Charles V, and of Philip II., his son, was to crush the budding reform of an antiquated religion which, like all establishments of long standing, required purification and revision; but such an attempt seemed, to the fanatic zeal of the period, a monstrous innovation, threatening to bring others in its course—as dangerous and hostile to the authority of princes as this was likely to prove to that of prelates. Hence we see Catherine de Medici and her sons, Mary of England, and so many minor princes, resisting this reformation by all the means in their power; and in comparing these means we shall invariably find them the same. The cabinets of Spain, France, and Italy were governed by the same crafty, doubling, shifting spirit. Falsehood, prevarication of every kind, secret assassination, or a public execution, were the measures to which they alike resorted. So ordinary a tactic was it in those times to play off one party against another, and to turn to account every private hatred or jealousy, that we, the impartial posterity, cannot understand how so many of the noblest and the best could have fallen victims to so stale a trick.

Upon such principles rested the entire superstructure of Philip's policy in the Netherlands. To destroy, first, the new religion, whose pure dawning light seemed as offensive in his eyes, and those of his allies, as though it had been the rude glare of a general conflagration; and, in repressing it, permitting but that one object to become visible; to curtail, and ultimately destroy, the liberties of the Low Countries; these were the views he had at heart. Charles V. had thought to effect this by introducing the Spanish Inquisition, but had, as we have elsewhere shown,

permitted himself to be overruled by the representations of his sister, the Queen of Hungary. He had, however, enacted penal laws of such extraordinary severity against heretics (as those of the new sect were called during its first struggles for existence), that where these could be accepted and put in force, the resistance to the inquisition must seem rather a matter of jealousy of prerogative than of humanity.

The Low Countries bore with the penal laws, because the execution of them was vested in native authorities; but they would suffer nothing foreign to take root in their soil. The bishops were those to whom all inquiry in religious matters was especially committed; but they were few, and, being countrymen of the delinquents—although we can see no ground whatever for such a supposition—were probably suspected of being too lenient; and Philip determined to create a new set, invested with more extensive powers, more independent of the secular arm than heretofore, and thus gradually to pave the way for the Spanish Inquisition, which he was determined to introduce one day into the Netherlands, Dominicans, *auto da fê*, and all. But, cautious in his approaches towards this great aim, he gave the people fair promises, and resolved upon leaving the difficult task of furthering his designs in the hands of the one to whom he should delegate his power. For this situation two competitors offered themselves to the eye of the public, equally distinguished by birth and popularity—the Princes of Orange and of Gavres, commonly called Count of Egmont. The first was an independent prince, by right of his territory of Orange, in France, and was much considered by the mass, on account of his extraordinary munificence, and the favour extended towards him by the late emperor. By the more reflective he was equally valued for early talent, which had been ripened by his training in the cabinet of Charles V. The Count of Egmont was yet dearer to the people. No less illustrious by birth and alliances than the former—the favourite of the day—the victor whose laurels were yet green—to whom the people thought themselves chiefly indebted for the peace they prized so highly—a man of manners most bland—a scarce merit in those days—his fame was the theme upon which all loved to dilate—his person the idol of all hearts. Between these two, therefore, the chances were imagined to lie. But little did those know Philip who gave this matter such consideration. Never could it, for a single moment, have entered the thoughts of the suspicious monarch, to appoint either the consummate politician, or the successful soldier, to a place of such high trust.

Many, indeed, entertained the opinion that the Duchess of Lorraine, his cousin, had every right to expect to be named Regent of the Netherlands, as a recompense for her strenuous exertions to accomplish the much-wished-for peace with France. This, too, was erroneous. Philip had, in his half-sister Margaret (daughter of the emperor by a noble damoiselle of the name of Vanguest), the wife of Octavio Farnese, Prince of Parma and Piacenza, all he could have sought for or desired. Her son an hostage in his hands; her husband's estates within his grasp; a portion of them, wrenched from him by the emperor, held out as the possible price of satisfactory services—these considerations must make her a tool in his hand—a slave to his will; whilst her firm, active mind, and great knowledge of affairs, ensured her being an able one. His choice, he imagined, would be fully justified in the eyes of the world by

her high rank and close consanguinity with himself, and likely to flatter the Netherlanders, born as she was amongst them. He was not mistaken. All parties were satisfied except the two candidates for the place she was, henceforth, to fill, the Princes of Orange and of Gavres, who never could forget, nor forgive, the disappointment their ambition had met with.

The king received the Duchess of Parma with every possible show of respect. He hastened to form her privy-council in the manner he thought most advisable, empowering her, in case of great difficulty, to assemble around her, and appeal for help and advice to, the Knights of the Golden Fleece. He invested her, in short, with every outward appearance of power; but, in his secret heart incapable of reposing confidence in any one, he left her, as chief counsellor, one who had long been a favourite with his father—a man of obscure origin, Anthony Perrenot, of Granvella, afterwards so celebrated under the title of Cardinal Granvella—to whose guidance the princess was given to understand she was in great measure to submit. He gave her secret instructions to inaugurate the new bishops, of whom Granvella was one, and to re-establish in full vigour the penal laws, which had fallen somewhat into disuse. He named the highest of the Flemish nobility to the government of the different provinces. The Spanish soldiery he left under the command of Orange and of Egmont, in the hope that the popularity of the leaders would somewhat soften the hatred entertained for the men, and, with many fair promises, not one of which he kept or meant to keep, he bade the Netherlands, their grey skies, and stubborn hearts, what he inwardly determined should be an eternal farewell, and departed, leaving a woman to struggle with the difficulties he had created but had not the courage to face.

These would have been sufficient in themselves to have required and drawn out the best abilities of the princess; but they were greatly increased by the presence of Granvella. Although his worst enemies could not deny the real genius for affairs, and the distinguished talents of this man, yet not even his best friends and supporters could gloss over the harsh, and every way unamiable traits of his character. He displayed in his conduct all the overbearing presumption of a *parvenu*; and the nobles, disgusted at having to endure this from one of so mean an origin, treated him with contempt, which he repaid with hatred. Thus the breach daily grew wider. Party-spirit rose at length to so high a pitch that most of the privy-council refused to take their seats, pleading, with some show of justice, that it was unnecessary for them to go through what could be called nothing but a mere matter of form, every subject placed before them for examination having been previously judged, and decided upon, by Margaret and Granvella. This was, indeed, so true, that the latter even went the length of marking those parts of the king's letters with which he did not think it advisable the council should be made acquainted. In vain did the boldest and highest among them—the Prince of Orange, the Counts of Egmont and De Horn—write to the king, to entreat the recall of the obnoxious minister; he was still supported by his sovereign.

The discontent of the higher classes spread like wildfire amongst the lower; and scorn, derision, and insult, met the hated Granvella at every

step. In his public and his private feelings he was equally wounded. All the disorders to which the enforcing of the edicts against the Protestants had given rise, the obstinate refusal of some towns to receive the new bishops, the rebellious opposition of others, the discontent prevailing throughout all classes, in short, were openly laid to his charge. Orange, Egmont, and Horn declared themselves his most inveterate opponents, and put themselves at the head of the league which was now formed against him. In the midst of these tumults, seeing that his presence exasperated all parties to such a degree that the nobles abandoned the council, and neglected their charges as governors of provinces; and that she, alone, unsupported, and very indifferently provided with money, could not even attempt to stem the disorders daily increasing, Margaret herself was compelled to write to her brother urging the recall of the unpopular minister.

The people of Antwerp represented to the king, by letters and by deputies, that the new measures, if enforced, would drive the foreign merchants—most of whom were of the reformed church—from among them, and that their departure, followed as it must unavoidably be by numerous emigrations, and the total want of public credit and confidence, would ruin the town. They prayed, therefore, that they might be exempt, in some degree, from the severity of the laws. They succeeded beyond their hopes, and were permitted to remain, as before, unmolested by the new bishops; but the penal laws were not revoked, and the dread of religious persecutions, and the bloody tragedies that were daily enacted before their eyes, drove shoals of foreigners, and many native merchants from their splendid establishments; and the general discontent—which was fast settling into a deeper feeling—was fostered by the angry nobility.

To all this the regent saw no possibility of providing a remedy, so long as Granvella, a being equally odious to all parties, remained in power; and Philip was at length obliged to give up the point, and recall the minister. But this measure came all too late. In vain did the nobles re-appear at the council, and devote their nightly vigils to the affairs of state; the time had gone by when things might have been brought back to their former order. The ferment was not be calmed; and the religious persecutions, pursued with increased zeal, revolted every generous spirit, every heart susceptible of humanity, whether it beat in a Catholic bosom or in one of the reformed faith.

The wise and the good among the nobility took compassion on the sufferings of their countrymen, which called loudly for redress. Egmont went to Spain, at the request alike of the regent and the king, to lay before him the grievances of the Low Countries; and the hopes of the whole nation were fixed upon the issue. He was received in a manner likely to blind, if not actually to win him over. Every means of flattering his personal vanity, or of engaging his interests, were resorted to; and promises, as usual, were lavished upon him. But on his return home he discovered that he had been merely fawned upon to keep the nation quiet; that the sovereign who owed him so much had played him false—had tried to wither his bright fame by raising suspicions against him in the bosom of his countrymen. This roused the noble Egmont's just indignation, and was a clear demonstration to all parties of the irrevocability of the king's designs.

The minds of the people were now more irritated than ever. Philip had tried, but in vain, to introduce the inquisition, of which he was determined to prove himself the champion, into his Italian states. They represented to him there could be no necessity for it where there were no heretics, and he was obliged to give up the point. The same result, about the same period, attended the pope's endeavours to introduce it at Venice. The Venetians replied they would punish heretics, but not in Spanish. Not deterred by these failures, Philip now resolved, under the name of the decrees of the Council of Trent, to force it upon the Netherlands.

The Low Countries had by this time suffered much and long. They had resisted as mildly as their necessities would allow them, but human patience has its boundaries; and this last, most arbitrary act, overstepped them all. No spirit, however dull and tame—no heart, however cold—could submit to the overwhelming miseries with which this cruel edict threatened the land. An unwise, an unfeeling monarch had lain on them woes so grievous that even rebellion could not make their lot worse, but gave them at least a chance of throwing off a yoke too galling to be borne. If ever a people was driven to justifiable despair, it was the Flemings, under Philip II. In the midst of this political tornado does the nature of this tale compel us to take up again our narrative.

VALDARNO; OR, THE ORDEAL OF ART-WORSHIP.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The Precincts.

CHAPTER I.

CALM was the hour, and soft the air,
 When last I paced those heights alone:
 Calm was the hour, all nature fair,
 When last there with my lovely one.
 Since, sorrow's drifting gloom hath moved,
 Like cypress shade, o'er all I loved.

From Bello Sguardo I beheld
 Palace, and tower, and shrine below,
 Where Art her native court had held
 Since Arno first was heard to flow.
 There stood the pleasant olive grove,
 And by me was my early love.

Alone, I seek the heights once more,
 And see the olive grove again;
 Not as it was in days of yore;
 And joyless is Valdarno's plain!
 For, with a sigh, I vacant see
 The spot where once she stood by me.

Her glance was as a beam divine,
 A light to all on which it bent:
 Now in each palace, tower, and shrine,
 I but behold her monument;
 And the loved vision from me cast,
 With one sad look upon the past.

As the once bright prospect of happiness receded—the outline of whose declining shades thus hung on the horizon—the phantom was replaced by thoughts of intellectual grandeur and visions of fame. But despite the celebrity of my friend, which every day rang in my ears, I entertained no wish to succeed in the comic strain, charming as were its productions. Imaginative minds have above all others a sense of the absurd, and take pleasure in amusing the world with their light humour. Are not the professed wits, however, obliged to drink for the occasion? Their gifts are enviable, although as age comes on their cleverness fails, while their sense of the ludicrous grows more inveterate; and thence is the stroke of wit and of palsy often associated in the same grimace.

In society, I enjoyed both wit and laughter, and contributed my fair portion to the general fund of amusement: but when I sat down to write, a sort of spell crossed me; I was at once imperturbably serious. And then I believed earnestness to be at the bottom of everything on earth, from the vaticinations of the bard down to the joyous shout of the drunkard. Though I might revel in the choicest wit, it was yet only ephemeral nectar; its laughter ever reverberated less distantly than thought along the galleries of a future; for the migrating soul, after passing its last echo, might travel on, far on, amidst the noiseless mansions of meditation!

Angus did not come according to his engagement, and my sister still delayed; so time passed heavily with me in thinking over the things which should have been done.

My mornings were spent with Thanatos, concerning whom certain hints that I had received from Angus led me to suspect him of crime. Though full proof was wanting of guilt, his presence was distasteful to me; and so small was my respect for him, that I did not fail to visit him with my anger on every occasion, whatever it might have been that annoyed me. The vengeance due to others, and yet to be paid, those who should have been deemed too fragile to bear it, was thus meanwhile wreaked upon his head.

At this period I was far from well: all things appeared provokingly quiet, and to invite me into inordinate action. The succeeding scenes will afford a better illustration of the state in which my mind then was, than can be supplied by any other description.

"Open that drawer," I said to Thanatos one morning, after having dictated the above verses. He found it locked. "No, not that," I continued; "the one under it—is that locked too?"

"It is," replied he.

"Here is the key, then."

"It does not fit," replied he.

"Try it upside down."

"It is no use," said he, still fumbling at the key-hole.

"Blow into it, and try once more."

He obeyed, with no better success. I then added, with subdued sarcasm, "Do you think you could pick it?"

Observing that these words were delivered in a tone of irony, he looked circumspectly towards where I stood, as if to learn whether my manner also was one of suspicion. But my back had been turned upon him while yet I spoke, under the conjecture that he would seek in my face a meaning. Shortly after this, I set him his daily task, with a countenance marked by inquietude, and he was for a moment cast down; but his independence of spirit was such, it did not long keep under, but as a float which rises to the surface as quickly as it is struck beneath, was soon as buoyant as ever. He had more than once scattered about verses of his own, the sentiments of which gave proof of intellect; a quality that he now turned against me by realising an icy indifference of demeanour while I dictated to him my own impassioned compositions.

I was engaged in hastening a work of fiction through the press at the time which I allude to, and the following scene will supply another example of the dialogues which passed between me and my secretary on this occasion.

"Will you not condescend to place your name in the title-page of your book?" inquired Thanatos.

"My name will not appear," I replied.

"Dare I ask the motive of this decision?" he resumed.

"You would not comprehend it if I told you."

"There you mistake my powers," he said, with a smile of humility: "though it be little that I can originate, it is much that I can understand, with the assistance of a little explanation."

"An anonymous act may be an offering to the known, of gifts entrusted to one by the unknown," said I.

"But the Unknown always has been revealed to higher sense," observed Thanatos.

"Not to many."

"His name is at least known to all civilised men," he replied.

"You deem, then, that I should adopt the sentiments of the vulgar, and inscribe my name in letters, forgetful of the spirit which pervades the whole?"

Thanatos would have replied, but I walked up to him with measured stride, and drowned his voice in mine.

"Silence, thou menial!" I continued; "be it thy task to listen, as well as to obey. Learn that the expansible soul, even in heathens, finds the apostolic office its destiny; its commission to proclaim aloud what the unknown utters within it. But while gifts of prophecy thus spring up like boiling fountains within the soul, were it not vanity in a mere man to give his name, which is the sign-manual of the body, unto that which has its source in immortality? If the work be one of the few creations which were framed by antecedent decree, let science explore, let research bring to light what was never known before to public honour. The appellation by which a family is distinguished is but a private sign; but the same given to glorious actions has no longer the limited sense it had, but becomes vast and effulgent."

This address terrified Thanatos, and some time before it was concluded he had escaped from his seat, and retired to various parts of the room to elude my pursuit.

My passions now much excited, I felt equal to the task of taxing

Thanatos with crime, afforded the opportunity by the verses of his to which I have recently alluded.

"Is this your handwriting?" I asked, as I held out the scrap of paper on which the verses were written.

"It is," he replied, with a forced smile. "I can rest content with the pale glory of being self-known."

"Indeed!" said I, with mock incredulity. "I perceive it is an address to himself by the fratricide."

Thanatos burned with rage. "Where did you find it," said he. "However, you may read it—a mere passing thought, springing up in the interval of severer duties."

"It has merit," I said, "and appears to me written with the force of truth, if not of inspiration."

He blushed again, and as often turned pale with anger. When I saw him in this helpless plight, my compassion was awakened, and I thought that the cautions given me by Angus might after all be unfounded.

"Forgive me," I said; "your feelings are hurt. It was not my intention to distress you. Indeed, my temper is not good, as it once was. Go to Montecatino, the physician, and beg him to visit me. He, by means of his sacred art, will soften the irascibility under which I labour."

Thanatos was at the point of departure, when, beckoning him to return, I said, "Go forth this morning and summon the citizens to an entertainment on the fifteenth night from the present. Invite the Antinori, the Ricasoli, the Valori, the Guicciardini, the Ridolfi, the Muruspini, the Accolti, the Scali, the Braciolini, the Strozzi, the Pitti; and, if any of them be in the city, the Rucellai, the Salviati, and the rest of the Palleschi party. Indeed, no one need be overlooked who has leisure and good breeding. As a guide to you, there are some hundred names outside, which appear to have been left at the palace gate since my return home. In the New Market, you will be met by Greek, Albanian, Turk, Frank, and Moor, for the merchants assemble there. Bid all come who will; and say I desire to introduce my sister to a circle at once wide and worthy to behold her beauty. Let every delicacy be in constant readiness, from midnight to the hour of dawn. The decorations, too, let be such as to befit the occasion. Yet one more word. You know Montecatino, the physician? Be sure to invite him. Bid him also visit me to-day, at sunset."

In the course of an hour I was at the door of a young artist, called Piombino, who lived in the Via Larga. I desired to accomplish a double end by this visit. He was within, his home among painted heads strewn upon floors, landscapes suspended in air, letters and books upon tables which were never dusted, and figures and busts in plaster, standing for their likeness in corners or on shelves. By the window an easel stood, like a throne, and there the monarch was at work with brush and palette—not a real creator, but rather a solitary clerk in an office of creation's works.

"Come to the Aula Palace, fifteen nights hence, to a grand entertainment," I said; "and if you know any peasant as graceful as yourself, and as good-looking, bring him with you. I have reasons for this request."

"The latter," replied the artist, "I can readily furnish. Indeed, so beautiful is he to whom I allude, that to entertain the notion of ever rivaling the graces of his person, would be laughable. When you see him you will say so too."

"The dresses," I said, "will be those of the last century, with which, of course, neither you nor the youth you speak of can be provided. Spare no expense; the cost is mine. I refuse all thanks. Farewell!—unless you will accompany me in a walk."

Not long after this conversation had been held between us, we were in the street, and close upon the suburbs. We went out at the Porta San Gallo, then ascended the road to the right, which leads to Fiesole.

"You clearly understand me. I require a peasant who speaks the purest Tuscan; of manners simple and attractive; and of such a one the face must necessarily be beautiful, or nature would belie herself. Tell me, is such truly to be found?"

We were passing the Villa Palmieri as I spoke, when the gate, which is to the left, opened slowly, and a young man stood before us. I was struck with his looks, and was led to say, "Chance here presents us with the realisation of our utmost wishes; let us address him, and hear the mother tongue."

"It is the very man himself," said the artist, as the peasant approached him. "His name is Moro."

They entered into conversation, and I listened, while all three of us returned to the artist's house. The peasant was free from embarrassment when I addressed him, and made reply with a rapid fluency of speech, the sentiment of which gave play to features of unique beauty.

"Surely," thought I, "my sister could love this man, or at least be attracted by him from another. When dressed gaudily, he would surpass, in outward appearance, every prince in Florence."

After a time, I was once more alone with the artist. He asked if he had exaggerated the peasant's personal advantages. I replied, that description could not reach, much less flatter, a countenance so new and expressive. He then told me that he employed him as a model. I suggested a Spanish dress for him, which the artist approved; and, finally, I cautioned him to give Moro some instructions as to his behaviour in the presence of an august circle. It appeared, however, that he had already accompanied his patron into select society. It now only remained for me to reward the artist for his service.

"You are at a difficult work," I said, as I glanced over the easel.

"I shall do nothing fit to exhibit yet," he answered.

"Let every touch of the brush feel the influence of your faith in the attainment of perfection," said I, "and the result is hopeful. It is a grand thing to be satisfied with your last work only until a next eclipses it in your eyes. I am your admirer. As a proof of my sincerity, let me ask you to paint me a large picture. The subject shall be determined by yourself, the price by me, and payment made at the mounting of the canvas."

His eyes were flushed with delight, and I saw them still glistening on the dark stairs as he followed me to the door.

Musing as I went along, my foot next touched the step of Musonio's dwelling. It was time that I had paid this visit. It was in fulfilment of a duty long due to the dead. How was it that I had hitherto delayed

it? My thoughts had run in a perpetual current on Ippolito and his concerns, yet never had I felt equal to the responsibility of claiming him as a ward. I still remembered the pure light of his eyes, and a certain resemblance in his features to one I loved, and I wished to have him. The hour of our union, however, seemed daily to elude me. Were our footsteps still to be on the neighbouring rays of a revolving circle, that while I gave him desultory chase he still went on, the distance between us the same? My hand was now on the door; another instant and I had been on the stairs. I hesitated, and the next minute saw Angus. He stood in front of me; and in the brief interval which precedes full recognition, my joy was great. But when I came to pass my eyes over his face, I saw that gladness was not there. The compressed lip and the tristful expression told me why he had not kept his promise of visiting me; told me that he had been absent on trouble; that his pleasures and hopes, at other times so vivid, had quitted this jilting world, their ordinary sphere, the far-extending range of his object-loving nature. They had shrunk into utter nought, as, when touched, do the ever-exploring horns of the snail. And upon this nought, this blank of robbed affections, were these pleasure and hopes—not brisk, as once, but emaciate and languid. They looked out of his vacant eye as across a pathway which had no end—the track followed by the exhausted soul when she fixes her stare on what is present still, but to her invisible. I saw that something that he strove to keep to himself had happened. My discontents seemed to collapse in the presence of that sublime and now unhappy man. He was going to speak, and did not; his soul swollen with trouble—swollen as the sea, when, passive itself, it is goaded by something within it. He put his arm in mine, and marched me slowly forward, with downcast looks. At length he said, “So, I have lost my poor father!”

He walked rapidly on when he had uttered these few words, but shortly slackened his pace again. I made no reply and felt why he had observed a like silence towards me on a similar occasion.

“Ah, he was such a father!” said Angus. “And I was on the point of returning home to visit him. Now I am alone!”

I dared not ask him where that home was, so mute was his manner, so smothered every sigh that escaped his breast. His thoughts ran mountains high; they rolled as if sucked up by the spirit of love towards a firmament not unknown to the experienced in sorrow, where the departed wander in peace. We walked on; but only at distant intervals did he observe my being with him, and in these he invariably warned me against the man who was constantly about my person. Then would he relapse, and, like a soul who suddenly pursues divine things with more than daily ardour, seemed to be travelling again with his father, conscious not of present, but only of speedy separation.

It was evening before I reached home. My thoughts, quieter than they had been in the morning, were still deeply perturbed. I threw myself back, dispirited, into a large chair in the ante-room, but was no sooner seated than I found myself by Montecatino's side, in the dark. A shudder ran over me as I recollected the sensations which had led me to summon him; and now, in his company, I was unwilling to betray my feelings to his ear, though I felt the need of his counsel.

"Do you believe that the moon affects the sick?" I said, as I presented my wrist.

"It is said to exercise a baneful influence over the insane," he replied; "and I have more than once seen their malady at its height during the full."

"How does it touch them; with its cold beams? Or does it draw light from them, as well as from other sources, to slake its thirst?"

"Ah, that is beyond our art to tell," replied he. And, with such brief dialogue, we at that time parted.

CHAPTER II.

THE grand staircase and its succession of rooms above, in the outer quadrangle of the palace, were enlivened by evergreens and banners, with a display of taste which could not fail to gratify all. It was publicly given out that the costumes of those who were citizens must be in the fashion of the last century; a period of singular simplicity. An exception to this order was extended, however, to strangers, who were invited to appear in the costumes of their several countries. Sumptuary and pragmatic laws, the peculiarity of the age preceding, had ceased to have force, the quality, therefore, of no man's raiment was to be restricted as in olden times; but rather, it was presumed that the richest materials and most costly ornaments would find display on an occasion like the present. Upon a slightly elevated platform was a seat, at which I took my place, on the right of the Lady Trivulzio and my sister: and it was not long after sunset, on the grand night, when the guests began to assemble. As each party advanced towards us, the gentlemen made salutation by slightly inclining the head, and raising the cap or bonnet with two fingers, while the ladies, at whose presence I rose, bent forward gracefully, the right arm of each supported by the chevalier at her side. The dresses were not exclusively evening costumes, but such as had been used by day also, both at home, abroad in the air, and at all seasons, according to the taste of individuals. And what a display was there seen of richest velvets, of lustrous brocades, and silk-stuffs; things prohibited to Florentines in past days; manufactured by them to pour luxuries into other lands, to attract wealth to their own.

Suites of apartments extended round the quadrangle, at each corner of which was a saloon of large dimensions. The first, that occupied for the reception of the company, was decorated with the arms and gonfalons of Santo Spirito, the quarter of the city in which the Aula palace stands. From the ceiling was suspended a dove, which appeared ready to descend in the midst of its radiance; and against the four walls were unfurled the four standards of the quarter. On the first was emblazoned the well-known ladder; on the second, five cockle shells; on the third, a scourge; and on the last, a dragon. The sight of such emblems was startling; for in them the republic, at that time free, recognised its safety against the tyranny of the nobles; while the more ardent lovers of liberty hailed with murmurs of delight the painted and illuminated symbols, floating gaily as they did, in these halls of pleasure. Passing out of this, the company streamed through a long line of rooms tastefully and variously set out, at the end of which a new saloon, bedecked with

the arms and gonfalons of Santa Croce, opened to view. There was beheld a sight worthy of royal eyes. In the centre of the room, set fast in the foundations of the floor, was a lofty cross, encased within silver highly-wrought in relief. It was the work of Cellini! The artist himself was present, and during the whole evening stood by this noble monument of his skill, surrounded by admirers, to whom he pointed out its beauties, and explained its merits. At the base was a vivid representation of holy life from the manger to the transfiguration, illustrative of every event of moment on the subject—and in that life what was there not momentous! On the sides of the column the evangelists, visible only at one point of view, were shaded in; while jewels of costly sort were richly set about it, enhancing the splendour of the work, as its pure surface drank the rainbow hues. On the first standard was the car, on the second an ox, on the third a black lion, and on the fourth a wheel, all of which were displayed.

The third saloon was approached much in the same manner as the preceding, and was dedicated to the insignia of Santa Maria Novella. Her bearing was a sun; and on her gonfalons were the viper, the unicorn, the red and the white lion.

Finally, to the remaining saloon were apportioned the symbols of San Giovanni. In the centre of this apartment stood an elegant model of his church, and on the walls the frescoes were outshone by his golden lion, his dragon, his keys, and his minever.

Such, interspersed with festoons of flowers and laurel, were the decorations. The smaller rooms were lighted and furnished to suit every taste, from that of the lover of romance to the pilgrim. Here was a Venus before rosy curtains; there, a painted philosopher and skull was suspended in artificial twilight. Bowers, with two seats only, were raised in alcoves; solitary couches, with the word "repose" above the canopy, filled recesses in which the weary might find rest.

The saloons were brilliantly lighted, and the first being hung with Venetian mirrors, the reflections were multiplied until every object had achieved the remotest point of visible space.

I had already given up my sister to the Count Pallavicini, her lover, who had followed in her trail from Volterra a short time before, and they danced. He strove by every means at his command to stir up a unity of feeling between her and himself; in a word, to make her his victim. For it was her first love; the fatal shoal on which her father before her had struck and been totally wrecked; on which I had so recently stranded. Out of my father's ties had sprung no holy family; no mother joyously displaying her naked child, no guardian reading the sacred book. What was to become of my sister! I, with my warped affections, had escaped, but only to look at her with woe as I quitted the fields of hope.

Meantime, as I thus meditated, the world saluted me every moment, and compelled me to exchange with it the sentiments most in vogue. The bystander who listened to my voice, as to his own echo, had reason to deem that he and his convictions had entered me for a time, and become as me; but my ideas had only been displaced by empty sounds easy to return to their owner. This I saw, and my private thoughts were diverted by it into another current. Look at Pallavicini, said I within me, at the same time briskly maintaining the general conversation—in appearance he tries almost to sacrifice himself in my sister's eyes, yet how

little he entertains her feelings. So it is! Even as the mirrors opposite reflect a faint image of the forms before them, and omit the soul altogether, the lover himself sees but the features, hears but the voice, is witness but to the outward spiritual grace, and not to the heaving heart. No, unless he has suffered in union with his beloved, his soul has not yet compassed hers, or broken into her solitude of cares. It is the scene before and behind those almost invisible mirrors! Before them all dance as in sympathy, converse as in love, gesticulate as in earnest: behind them in mockery, dumb show, and grimace; as if the past century, in the costumes of which all walk, had risen up in a prison of crystal walls, to enact scenes of vanity on a stage of painted shadows.

As I looked around for a new theme, Piombino, the artist, and his poor associate, Moro, were near, their countenances flowing over with delight at the splendour of the rooms and the amusements. I placed my hand on the peasant's arm, and led him and the artist into the first shady chamber.

"Let this seat be our triclinium," said I; "here let us converse tranquilly until my sister passes; for I desire nothing so much as that both of you by turns should lead her to the dance. Be not uneasy, my friends; what can there be to fear? Are not all my guests equal with me in my own palace? But more, I swear solemnly to you both, by the hooks and wounds of one who died for our misdeeds, that he who wins the heart of Angela, be he who he may, shall enjoy her hand."

Turning to the peasant, I said,—

"If you wish to charm her take your cue from nature. This mimicry and glare is a falling off after the sights you have been accustomed to. We, the idlers of the earth, if for once in our lives we would behold the dawn, we rise in summer. You are a witness to the true things of all times and seasons. Is not the sunrise of a cloudy winter's day a sight the more wonderful? First of all the sky is as an arch of ebony! Its solid masonry cracks, and gutters of silent light trickle in at every crevice. Shortly the fissures widen; ere long they spread out into rivers of luminous water, whose sprinklings baptise the day; they expand into lakes as they flow on. The eye wanders exploringly over the frigid waste; with sudden surprise it finds that the black walls have moved away, and a grey space covers purple hills which have newly bordered these rivers of creation. And now the new-born day is upon the old earth, and they blend. Is not all this strange?"

Moro brightened as I spoke, and I had hopes that he might have caught a lesson which would serve him with my sister. One lesson from the novice in the Art of Expression! The book within us is printed more or less legibly on the soul from the types of nature, and this our art spells the lines in the ideal volume, and verbally, or as best it can, makes its abstract, whence finally is worked up the slowly concreting page; that mosaic of symbols, vivid as are the coloured eyes, and chiselled as the lips of beauty; and abounding in the light of soul, out of which it came.

Moro was unrivalled among all present for bloom and manliness of look: and how free from vice appear the healthy! He was attired in the flat bonnet and short-hooded cloak—a costume which counteracts awkwardness, if such exist, and gives play to natural grace.

Piombino was differently dressed; he had on the loose, long coat, lined

with damask, and a doublet of zacovin beneath. This dress changed his appearance very much; and, being that often seen in the portraits of eminent men, gave him an air of greatness which told to his advantage as a young candidate for fame.

My sister appeared at this time, her arm on that of her lover.

"Stay," I said; "it is my wish that you should accept the hands of my friends, Piombino and Moro, as successive partners in the dance. The latter you may converse freely with on nature, his ideas will prove just; the former on art, which he excels in. This carries nature to the canvas, and leaves it there; the other pours the landscape on your ear in liquid colours ready blended, and shades it with music."

Angela obeyed cheerfully under the disappointed looks of Pallavicini, whose frowns reached the eyes of his momentary rivals. I did not address him, but moved away into a room where sat the estimable Pulci alone.

"If you do not disapprove these proceedings, you at least deem that time might be better spent; and how honestly to that sentiment do I respond! But, dear Pulci, you remember my father's confession; should its warning be lost on my sister, on her whom he tenderly loved? You have heard how Pallavicini, of whom she knows nothing, pursues her from place to place, and she offers no resistance."

"Perhaps she is gratified at his attention," replied Pulci to this address from me.

"It is probable," said I.

"Have you heard aught against his good name?"

"Nothing," replied I.

"Then deem not that we are all born to the same misfortune."

"I have summoned the world, at all events, to enable her to see all sorts of men before she makes a final choice. Oh, Pulci, as you love me and revere my father's memory, fail not to pour one warning into her ear."

Thus saying, I shook my head sorrowfully, and walked on. In the centre of an animated group I espied Montecatino, in whom I felt an interest, he being the descendant of him of the name who was hanged by the clergy for denying the immortality of the soul. My friend was habited much as his eminent grandfather might have been in the former time; he wore a long cloak of violet-coloured silk, thrown over a doublet of rich velvet, with slashed pantaloons; a dress worn by physicians of the last age. The keen glance of the learned man had caught my eye as I quitted Pulci.

"I read your thoughts, Montecatino," said I; "you marvel greatly that a man possessed of intellect should thus harbour under his roof a ghostly confessor."

"I should not have ventured to declare as much," said the physician, "had you not penetrated my thoughts with such surprising accuracy."

"Ah; you, though a philosopher, can still marvel: have you reflected that if the confessor had been your own brother he would have also found welcome within your doors?"

"Yes," said Montecatino; "I have even thought that fortune, by some odd freak, might have made a priest of me, and so have reconciled me irretrievably to the order."

"Enough," said I; "Pulci is to me a brother; my confessions are the outpourings of affection. How are the sick?"

"The plague is less fatal daily; but its ravages have not entirely ceased."

"I will lose no more time, but to-morrow, if I live, will enrol my name in the society of the Misericordia."

"It is an ancient and glorious institution," said the physician.

"Lately you have seen its unselfish operations in full activity."

"I have; and it has been my lot to follow many of its noble members from the pest-house to the bed of death, and thence to the tomb."

"The pursuits of your profession, which are ever in the presence of mortality, must almost deprive you of all pleasure in life?"

"Why so?"

"In this room, as you look around, you perceive the seeds of disease germinating in many a fair breast under the sunshine of brilliant eyes, while I in the same creature see only loveliness. Is not that painful?"

"Not in the least now, whatever it might have been during the years of my noviciate. We soon learn the wisdom, and justice too, of reserving all sympathy for our employers, unless perhaps during a wholesale visitation like the plague, which makes us think about ourselves—the true key to pity for human nature at large."

At this point Marco Musonio saluted us; of him I have already spoken more than once.

"Almost daily have I intended to visit you," said I, addressing the Etruscan, "not only to claim Ippolito, in compliance with the will of my father, but to become your disciple."

"Meet us, when you are so inclined," said Musonio, "at the Rucellai Gardens; there, accompanied by Ippolito, I attend regularly the assemblies of the Platonic Academy. Indeed, three weeks hence I deliver myself of my accumulated views on the Etruscan philosophy in the presence of the members; and, as the subject concerns you, it is probable that when the time comes you may wish to attend."

"Be sure that I shall be one among the audience," I replied.

At this juncture I made Montecatino and Musonio acquainted with each other by the ordinary forms.

"I have just been detected by my friend, in serious conversation with Pulci," remarked I; "and, as you may suppose, it instantly excited in him the remembrance of his grandfather's martyrdom."

"I recollect the story to which he alludes," said Musonio, addressing Montecatino; "your ancestor, like yourself, was a physician. He was an hourly attendant on the idea that soul is not, as most are disposed to think, deathless; thus affording an instance of his modesty. Few men in these centuries are so unselfish as to conceive for long together that there is nothing at all to be got by the future." With this quaint remark he left us.

I then took Montecatino aside, and asked him if he had any acquaintance with the Pallavicini family.

"The young count I know something of," replied he.

"Is there any madness among them?"

"I think not," he replied, looking steadfastly at me to read my meaning; but I did not wince.

"Well, to-morrow I take my sister to Aula; the count no doubt will follow us there too; can you come?"

"For what?"

"We may want you, for of one thing I am satisfied—he loves my sister to madness; and for my part I can find no plausible distinction between this and madness itself. Can you?"

"But opinions are now running in favour of Moro; he is thought to have made an impression almost heart-deep."

"Then he shall be at Aula too!"

In another circle, chiefly distinguished by rank, were Savatelli and his lovely bride. He was dressed as a councillor. Theonœ, once the self-reserved and ungathered bud, was then in blossom. She laughed bewitchingly; her frame moved to the cheerful sound of her voice like a light vessel on the wave; her eyes were like captive birds set at liberty. She required to hear the names of those who stood near; she interested herself in the concerns of all, and was never satisfied, as if the vacuity of life, sustained during her youth by the constraint of custom, needed a perpetual supply of information to appease the curiosity so long smothered. I was soon beset with questions.

She desired to know who Moro was, who Piombino, who Montecatino, and who Marco Musorico; and next to their names and pursuits, she was curious concerning the means they had to subsist on. The following may serve as an example of our conversation.

"The elegant figure you now remark is Antinori; his family boasts its descent from Antinous."

"He is as handsome as his fabulous ancestor," said Theonœ.

"By repute he is the most riotous of our youth, and that is saying much: for in what age were the young more rude and licentious? No injury is too great for them to inflict, if it only afford a laugh."

"I insist on your making an exception in favour of the beautiful Antinori," she said.

"Perhaps I do him too little justice, for he is reported to excel yet more in the secret use of the dagger and the bowl. That sweet face, you will say, does not betray its aptitude for the mask."

"The bowl," said Theonœ, "what means the bowl?"

I smiled at her simplicity; but saw that she was really innocent of the phrase, for she blushed without pressing the question, as if conscious at the same time that it might relate to things better left unexplained. I therefore relieved her embarrassment by pointing out that it signified a mode of poisoning under the mask of hospitality.

"Why, he is a perfect hero," said Theonœ.

"If such is your estimate of his worth, no time should be lost in making you known to him personally," replied I.

"Oh, no; I would not speak to him for the world," said the beauty.

As she spoke I made a sign for Antinori to approach, and introduced him to the fair chatterer, who was well pleased.

"How is it that the Gonfaloniere of Justice is not here?" said Savatelli.

"Carducci has too many private affairs on his hands to appear in public at this crisis," replied I.

"Has anything fresh occurred?"

"Only the new treaty."

"What treaty?"

"Between Clement and the emperor."

"I have not even heard it mentioned."

"It is called the treaty of Barcelona."

"But do you know its terms?"

"I do."

"Let me hear, if it be no secret."

"The house of Medici is to be restored; Alexander, the pope's reputed son is to govern; and he leads the daughter of Charles to the altar."

Possessed of important news, Savatelli branched off, and was soon the centre of a circle of his own. I watched him to see what use he would make of his information, and saw him soon environed by a group of Palleschi, who ere long responded eagerly to his gesticulations. For my part I was well affected towards the Medici; a greater family had never flourished in history, upon whose page their names one after another stood out in bold relief, while those of other families occupied comparatively the plain surface.

"We shall be on horseback before many weeks are over our heads," said Francesco Valori, who had quitted the vicinity of Savatelli.

"Indeed!" I replied.

"The Florentines will resist stoutly," said Strozzi, who came up to us.

"And not in vain!" interposed a stranger who walked by, and whose tall form and expressive manner struck a momentary awe into the bystanders.

"Would that these Medici could pursue their old and desperate game with a better grace," said I. "Who is this Alexander? The pope, himself basely born, proposes to us his reputed son, the offspring of three noble fathers and a Moorish woman."

"It is of little moment who he is," said the stranger, turning back, "provided that Clement proclaims him as his kinsman, and the son of the Duke d'Urbino."

"Who is that," said I, as the stranger walked deliberately away.

"It is Ferucci," replied two or three voices.

"He approves of the existing order of things. Well; if the Popolani can win they have a right to rule, but the Palleschi will outwit them. It takes centuries for a populace to acquire the art to govern: the few who have it by instinct are always uppermost."

"The Palleschi have it," said Valori.

"Yes, they have waded through blood so often, they have no feeling left, which is the first requisite. They have the daring calm of soul; having desolated the earth without scruple on all occasions, and incurred the hatred of mankind, they can never more know emotion at the sight of danger."

"It is a generous courage, which no populace can have, to endanger life without a moment of hesitation, however slender and doubtful the glory which is to be won," said Valori.

"And more, the Palleschi have passed through every incentive to live save that which honourable office affords; for other use they are *effete*—utterly worn out."

Savatelli was by this time alone, his hearers had dwindled from him one by one to flock round me. He too came, looking exhausted with the excitement of his subject.

"You have heard the news, I suppose," said Savatelli, wearily, yet still eager to propagate it.

I asked him what concerning; but my voice restored him to his recollection, and saved him the mortification of repeating what he had learnt from me. I thought at what an early age his memory had begun to fail.

The most exciting conversation of the evening having travelled in a circle and again reached me, I was inclined to retire for an hour to my private room in the inner quadrangle, and take refuge from the glare of light and concussion of voices. I reached the furthestmost door, and closed it gently on the din and uproar, which was subdued on the instant, as if by magic, and ere I had proceeded many steps further was silenced. I stood on the private staircase. A clock, once my mother's, struck the midnight hour; its notes chased each other softly over the stairs like silver bubbles, and bounding against my heart seemed to burst there. How often had I heard those sounds under absence of mind or indifference! I looked at the dear spot to which I had been riveted by these associations; it was close to the gallery; and then I repented myself, momentarily, of having once violated the sanctuary from which, in the course of nature, the dead had withdrawn their prohibition, and left all to me. I trimmed my lamp, turned the key, and entered. It was a visit devoid of pleasure, the groups ill-lighted, and in part covered, reflected back upon me their comfortless looks and made me feel unwelcome. The room was cold; I turned towards the door chilled and disheartened. As I passed out a small screen caught my notice; I moved it without much consideration, when I saw before me a new heir-loom. The loud beating of my heart proclaimed it the bust of Dione.

I replaced the screen, put my lamp down, and pressed my heart with both hands, afflicted by emotions which were akin to anguish. But it was soon over; one forced sigh, and I quitted the gallery, and passed to my own room. I was unfit, however, to stay there, or elsewhere; and I returned to those halls of vivacity and splendour out of which I had retreated. The first I encountered there was Montecatino.

"Be in readiness to visit me at Aula," said I; "we shall surely require your aid."

Then was the repast announced, and I speedily assembled the guests in the line of rooms situated between the first and last saloons. The company was soon seated, and the scene presented by the whole thus grouped together was most beautiful. The costumes, Spanish, Neapolitan, Venetian, Florentine, in all variety, gave a picturesque look to the fairy scene, with its banners, evergreens, and coloured lights. The tables were loaded with silver plates and golden covers, each embossed with the representation of some event in Tuscan story.

But no sooner saw I that all went off well, than I relapsed into trains of reflection, and was soon in the vortex of one idea, that of the discovered bust. Yes, it was Dione; she was not to be mistaken for any other. She was not looking as I had known her, weak and resigned, but sad and youthful; even as I might myself once have passionately loved her. And I divined the hand that had worked her holy features. She had sat to him in her loveliest looks; had sat within his tender memory; and he had carefully transferred this one proof impression of her face from his soul to the lasting marble.

GUY FAWKES.

An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII.

HENDLIP.

GARNET proceeded at a rapid pace for some miles before he acquainted his companions whither he was going. He then informed Nicholas Owen, who rode by his side, that he should make the best of his way to Hendlip House, the seat of Mr. Thomas Abingdon, near Droitwich, in Worcestershire, where he knew that Father Oldcorne and Anne Vaux had retired, and where he was certain to meet with a friendly reception and protection. Owen, who was completely in his master's confidence, agreed that no safer asylum could be found, and they pursued their journey with so much ardour, that early on the following night they arrived within a short distance of the mansion. Owen was sent forward to reconnoitre, and returned in about half an hour with Mr. Abingdon, who embraced Garnet, and told him he was truly happy in being able to offer him a retreat.

"And I think it will prove a secure one," he added. "There are so many hiding-places in the old house, that if it is beset for a year you will scarcely be discovered. Have you heard of the fate of your confederates?"

"Alas! no, my son," replied Garnet; "and I tremble to ask it."

"It had better be told at once," rejoined Abingdon. "Catesby, Percy, and the two Wrights, have been slain in the defence of Holbeach; while Rookwood, Grant, and Thomas Winter, all of whom were severely wounded in the siege, have been made prisoners, and are now on their way to the Tower."

"A fearful catalogue of ills," exclaimed Garnet.

"It is not yet complete," pursued Abingdon. "Sir Everard Digby has been defeated, and made prisoner in an attempt to bring additional force to his friends, and Keyes has been arrested in Warwickshire."

"These are woful tidings, truly, my son," returned Garnet. "But Heaven's will be done!"

He then dismissed his two attendants, to whom he gave a sum of money, together with the steeds, and attended by Nicholas Owen, repaired to the house with Mr. Abingdon, who admitted them through a secret door.

Hendlip House, which, unfortunately for the lovers of picturesque and storied habitations, was pulled down a few years ago, having been latterly used as a ladies' boarding-school, was a large and irregular structure, with walls of immense thickness, tall stacks of chimneys, turrets, oriel windows, and numberless projections, contrived to mask the labyrinths and secret chambers within. Erected by John Abingdon, father of the proprietor at the period of this history, and cofferer to Queen Elizabeth in the early part of the reign of that princess, it was filled with secret staircases, masked entrances, trap-doors, vaults, subterranean passages, secret recesses, and every other description of hiding-place. An immense gallery surrounded three sides of the entrance-hall, containing on each side a large chimney-piece, surmounted by a shield displaying the arms of the family—*argent*, a bend *gules*, three eaglets displayed *or*. Behind each of these chimney-pieces was a small cell, or "priest's hole," as it was termed, contrived in the thickness of the wall. Throughout the mansion, the chambers were so sombre, and the passages so numerous and intricate, that, in the words of one who described it from personal observation, the whole place presented "a picture of gloom, insecurity, and suspicion." Standing on an elevated situation, it commanded the country on all sides, and could not be approached during the day-time without alarm being given to its inmates.

Thomas Abingdon, the owner of the mansion at the period in question, and the eldest son of its founder, was born at Thorpe, near Chertsey, in Surrey, in 1560. He was educated at Oxford, and finished his studies at the Universities of Paris and Rheims. A man of considerable taste and learning, but of a plotting disposition, he became a willing tool of the Jesuits, and immediately on his return to England connected himself with the different conspiracies set on foot for the liberation of the imprisoned Queen of Scots. For these offences he was imprisoned in the Tower for the term of six years, and only escaped death from the fact of his being the Queen's godson, coupled with the estimation in which she had held his father. On his liberation, he remained perfectly tranquil till the accession of James, when he became a secret plotter against that monarch. His concealment of the two priests, about to be related, occasioned his being again sent to the Tower, and if it had not been for the intercession of Lord Mounteagle, whose sister he had espoused, he would have been executed. He was pardoned on condition of never stirring beyond the precincts of Worcestershire, and he employed his retirement in compiling an account of the antiquities of that county, which he left behind him in manuscript, and of which Doctor Nash, its more recent historian, has largely availed himself.

With a habitation so contrived, Mr. Abingdon might fairly promise his guests a safe asylum. Conducting them along a secret passage to a chamber of which he alone possessed the key, he left Garnet within it, and taking Owen with him to another place of concealment, returned shortly afterwards with Anne Vaux and Father Oldcorne. The two priests tenderly embraced each other, and Oldcorne poured forth his tears on his superior's shoulder. Garnet next turned to Anne Vaux, between whom and himself, as has been before mentioned, an affectionate intimacy subsisted, and found her quite overcome by her feelings. Supper was now served to Garnet by a confidential servant, and after a few hours spent in conversation with his friends, during which they discussed the disastrous issue of the affair, and the probable fate of the conspirators, they quitted him, and he retired to rest—but not before he had returned thanks to Heaven for enabling him once more to lay down his head in safety.

On the following morning, he was visited by Mrs. Abingdon, a lady of considerable personal attractions, and Anne Vaux; and when he had recovered from the fatigue of his journey, and the anxieties he had recently undergone, he experienced great delight in their society. The chamber he occupied was lighted by a small loophole, which enabled him to breathe the fresh air, and gaze upon the surrounding country.

In this way nearly two months passed on, during which, though rigorous inquiries were made throughout the country, no clue was found by the searchers to lead them to Hendlip; and the concealed parties began to indulge hopes that they should escape detection altogether. Being in constant correspondence with her brother, Lord Mounteagle, though she did not trust him with the important secret of the concealment of the priests, Mrs. Abingdon ascertained all that was done in reference to the conspirators, whose trials were now approaching, and communicated the intelligence to Garnet.

On the morning of the 20th of January, and when long quietude had bred complete fancied security in Garnet, Anne Vaux and Mrs. Abingdon suddenly entered his chamber, and with countenances of the utmost alarm, informed him that Mr. Abingdon's confidential servant had just returned from Worcester, where his master then was, and had brought word that Topcliffe, armed with a search-warrant from the Earl of Salisbury, had just passed through that city on his way to Holt Castle, the residence of Sir Henry Bromley.

"It appears," said Mrs. Abingdon, "that Humphrey Littleton, who has been apprehended and condemned to death at Worcester, for harbouring his brother and Robert Winter, has sought to procure a remission of his sentence by betraying your retreat. In consequence of this, Topcliffe has been sent down from London, with a warrant addressed to Sir Henry Bromley, to aid him in searching Hendlip. My husband has given particular orders that

you are to be removed to the most secure hiding-place without delay; and he deeply regrets that he himself cannot return till evening, for fear of exciting suspicion."

"Take me where you please, daughter," replied Garnet, who was thrown into great perturbation by the intelligence. "I thought myself prepared for any emergency. But I was wofully deceived."

"Be not alarmed, father," said Anne Vaux, in an encouraging tone. "Let them search as long as they will, they will never discover your retreat."

"I have a strong presentiment to the contrary," replied Garnet.

At this moment, Oldcorne made his appearance, and on learning the alarming news, was as much dismayed as his superior.

After a short consultation, and while the priests were putting aside every article necessary to be removed, Mrs. Abingdon proceeded to the gallery, and contrived, on some plausible pretext, to send away the whole of the domestics from this part of the house. This done, she hastily returned, and conducted the two priests to one of the large fireplaces.

A raised stone about two feet high occupied the inside of the chimney, and upon it stood an immense pair of iron dogs. Obeying Mrs. Abingdon's directions, Garnet got upon the stone, and setting his foot on the large iron knob on the left, found a few projections in the masonry on the side, up which he mounted, and opening a small door, made of planks of wood, covered with bricks, and coloured black, so as not to be distinguishable from the walls of the chimney, crept into a recess contrived in the thickness of the wall. This cell was about two feet wide, and four high, and was connected with another chimney at the back, by means of three or four small holes. Around its sides ran a narrow stone shelf, just wide enough to afford an uncomfortable seat. Garnet was followed by Oldcorne, who brought with him a quantity of books, vestments, and sacred vessels used in the performance of the rites of the Church of Rome. These articles, which afterwards occasioned them much inconvenience, they did not dare to leave behind.

Having seen them safely bestowed, Mrs. Abingdon and her companion went in search of provisions, and brought them a piece of cold meat and a pasty, together with some bread, dried fruit, conserves, and a flask of wine. They did not dare to bring more, for fear of exciting the suspicion of the household. Their next care was to conduct Owen, and Oldcorne's servant, Chambers, to a similar retreat in one of the other chimneys, and to provide them with a scanty supply of provisions and a flask of wine. All this was accomplished without being noticed by any of the domestics.

As may be imagined, a most anxious day was passed by all parties. Towards evening, Sir Henry Bromley, the sheriff of the county, accompanied by Topcliffe, and attended by a troop of

soldiers, appeared at the gates of the mansion, and demanded admittance. Just at this moment, Mr. Abingdon rode up, and affecting to know nothing of the matter, saluted Sir Henry Bromley, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, and inquired his business.

"You are charged with harbouring two Jesuit priests, Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne, supposed to be connected with the late atrocious conspiracy against the king, Mr. Abingdon," interposed Topcliffe; "and I brought a warrant from the Earl of Salisbury, which I have delivered to Sir Henry Bromley, commanding him to search your house for them."

"I was loth to accept the office, Mr. Abingdon," said Sir Henry Bromley, who was a handsome, middle-aged man, "but my duty to my sovereign allows me no alternative. I trust, though a Catholic, that you share my own detestation of this diabolical plot, and would not shelter any of its contrivers or abettors."

"You judge me rightly, Sir Henry," replied Abingdon, who, meanwhile, had received a private signal from his confidential servant that all was safe, "I would not. I am just returned from Worcester, where I have been for the last two days. Enter my house, I pray you, and search every corner of it; and if you find a Jesuit priest concealed within it, you shall hang me at my own gate."

"You must be misinformed, sir," observed Sir Henry, who was completely imposed upon by Abingdon's unconcerned demeanour; "they cannot be here."

"Trust me, they are," returned the other; "and I should like to take him at his word."

Giving directions to the band to environ the house, and guard all its approaches, so as to prevent any one from escaping from it, Topcliffe took half a dozen men with him, and instructed them how to act. They first repaired to the great dining-chamber, where, in accordance with the instructions received from the Earl of Salisbury, Topcliffe proceeded to the further end of the room, and directed his men to break down the wainscot. With some difficulty, the order was obeyed, and the entrance to a vault discovered, into which Topcliffe descended. But he found nothing to repay his trouble.

Returning to the dining-chamber, he questioned Mr. Abingdon, who secretly enjoyed his disappointment, as to the use of the vault, but the latter professed entire ignorance of its existence. The searchers next proceeded to the cellar, and bored the floors with a broach to a considerable depth, to try whether there were any vaults beneath them, but they made no discovery. Meanwhile Topcliffe hurried up stairs, and examined the size of the rooms to see whether they corresponded with those below, and wherever any difference was observable, he caused the panels to be pulled down, and holes broken in the walls. In this way, several secret passages were

discovered, one of which led to the chamber lately occupied by Garnet.

Encouraged by this discovery, the searchers continued their operations to a late hour, when they desisted for the night. On the following day, they resumed their task, and Sir Henry Bromley took a general survey of the house both externally and internally, noting the appearances outside, and seeing that they corresponded with the rooms within. The three extraordinary chimney-pieces in the gallery attracted Topcliffe's attention; but the contrivances within were so well managed, that they escaped his notice. He even got into the chimneys, and examined the walls on either side, but could detect nothing. And lastly, he ordered large fires to be lighted within them, but the experiment proving fruitless, he turned his attention elsewhere,

Mr. Abingdon had attended him during this part of the search, and, though he preserved an unmoved exterior, he was full of apprehension, and was greatly relieved when it was abandoned. In the course of the same day, two other hiding-places were found in the thickness of the walls, but nothing was discovered within them. In order to prevent any communication with the concealed persons, Topcliffe stationed a sentinel at the door of Mr. Abingdon's chamber, and another at that of Anne Vaux.

On the third day, the search was continued more rigorously than ever. Wainscots were taken down; walls broken open; the boards of the floor removed; and other secret passages, vaults, and hiding-places discovered. Some priests' vestments and articles used in the Romish service were found in one of these places, and shown to Mr. Abingdon. He at first denied all knowledge of them; but when Topcliffe brought forward the title-deeds of his property, which had been found in the same place, he was obliged to confess he had put them there himself. Still, though these discoveries had been made, the searchers were as far from their aim as ever; and Sir Henry Bromley, who began to despair of success, would have departed on the fifth day, if Topcliffe had not prevented him.

"I am certain they are here," said the latter, "and have hit upon a plan which cannot fail to bring them forth."

The prisoners, meanwhile, suffered grievously from their confinement, and hearing the searchers knocking against the walls, and even within the chimney, felt certain they should be discovered. Not being able to stand upright, or to stretch themselves within the cell, the sitting posture they were compelled to adopt became, after a time, intolerably irksome. Broths, milk, wine, and other nutritious fluids, were conveyed to them by means of a reed from the adjoining chimney; but after the fifth day this supply was stopped, as Mrs. Abingdon and Anne Vaux were compelled by Topcliffe to remove to a different part of the house.

They now began to experience all the horrors of starvation, and debated whether they should die where they were, or yield them-

selves up to their enemies. Wretched as their condition was, however, it was not so bad as that of their domestics, Owen and Chambers, whose wants had not been so carefully attended to, and who were now reduced to the most deplorable state. Nor were their friends less uneasy. Aware that the captives, whom there was no means of relieving, for the searchers were constantly on the watch, could not hold out much longer, Mrs. Abingdon consulted with her husband whether it would not be better to reveal their hiding-places; but this he would not permit.

By this time, every secret chamber, vault, and passage in the place, except the actual retreats of the conspirators, had been discovered by Topcliffe, and though nothing material was found, he felt assured, from the uneasiness displayed by Mr. Abingdon and his wife, and above all by Anne Vaux, that it could not be long before his perseverance was rewarded. Though he narrowly watched the two ladies from the first, he could never detect them in the act of conveying food to the captives; but feeling convinced that they did so, he determined to remove them to a different part of the house, and their unwillingness to obey the order confirmed his suspicions.

"We are sure of our prey now," he observed to Sir Henry Bromley. "They must be half-starved by this time, and will speedily surrender themselves."

"Pray Heaven they do so!" returned the other. "I am wearied to death with my long stay here."

"Have a few hours' patience," rejoined Topcliffe, "and you will find that your time has not been thrown away."

And he was right. Soon after midnight, a trooper, who was watching in the gallery, beheld two spectral-looking figures approach him, and appalled by their ghastly appearance, uttered a loud cry. This brought Topcliffe, who was in the hall below, to his aid, and instantly perceiving what was the matter, he ran towards the supposed phantoms, and seized them. The poor wretches, who were no other than Owen and Chambers, and were well-nigh famished, offered no resistance, but would neither confess where they had been hidden, nor who they were. As the trooper had not seen them come forth, though he affirmed with a tremendous oath that they had issued from the floor, the walls were again sounded, but with no result.

Food being placed before the captives, they devoured it voraciously; but Topcliffe forbore to question them further that night, feeling confident that he could extract the truth from them on the morrow either by promises or threats. He was, however, mistaken. They continued as obstinate as before, and when confronted with Mr. Abingdon, denied all knowledge of him; neither would they explain how they got into the house.

Sir Henry Bromley, however, now considered himself justified

in placing Mr. Abingdon and his lady under arrest, and Topcliffe redoubled his exertions to discover the hiding-place of the two priests. He examined every part of the gallery most carefully,—took down one of the chimney-pieces (singularly enough, it was the wrong one), but was still unable to discover their retreat.

Meanwhile, the poor wretches inside found it impossible to endure their condition longer. Anything seemed preferable to the lingering and agonizing death they were now enduring, and they resolved to delay their surrender no longer. Had they been able to hold out a few hours more, they would have escaped; for Sir Henry Bromley was so fatigued with the search, and so satisfied that nothing further would come of it, that he resolved, notwithstanding Topcliffe's efforts to dissuade him, to depart on the morrow. Of this they were ignorant, and having come to the determination to surrender, Garnet opened the entrance to the chimney, and hearing voices below, and being too feeble to get out unassisted, he called to the speakers for aid. His voice was so hollow, and had such a sepulchral sound, that those who heard it stared at each other in astonishment and affright.

"Who calls?" cried one of the troopers, after a pause.

"One of those you seek," replied Garnet. "Come and help us forth."

Upon hearing this, and ascertaining whence the voice came from, one of the men ran to fetch Sir Henry Bromley and Topcliffe, both of whom joyfully obeyed the summons.

"Is it possible they can be in the chimney?" cried Topcliffe.

"Why, I myself have examined it twice."

"We are here, nevertheless," replied Garnet, who heard the remark; "and if you would take us alive, lose no time."

The hint was not lost upon Topcliffe. Casting a triumphant look at Bromley, he seized a torch from one of his attendants, and getting into the chimney, soon perceived the entrance to the recess.

On beholding his prey, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and the two miserable captives, seeing the savage and exulting grin that lighted up his features, half repented the step they had taken. It was now, however, too late, and Garnet begged him to help them out.

"That I will readily do, father," replied Topcliffe. "You have given us a world of trouble. But you have made ample amends for it now."

"Had we been so minded, you would never have found us," rejoined Garnet. "This cell would have been our sepulchre."

"No doubt," retorted Topcliffe, with a bitter laugh. "But a death on the scaffold is preferable to the horrors of starvation."

Finding it impossible to remove Garnet, whose limbs were so cramped that they refused their office, he called to the troopers





below to bring a ladder, which was placed in the chimney, and then, with some exertion, he succeeded in getting him down. This done, he supported him towards Sir Henry Bromley, who was standing near a small table in the gallery.

"I told you your time would not be thrown away, Sir Henry," he observed; "here is Father Garnet. It is well you yielded yourself to-night, father," he added, to Garnet, with his customary cynical chuckle, "for Sir Henry had resolved to depart to-morrow."

"Indeed!" groaned Garnet. "Help me to a chair."

While this was passing, Oldcorne was brought down by two of the troopers, and the unfortunate priests were conveyed to an adjoining chamber, where they were placed in a bed, their stiffened limbs chafed, and cordials administered to them. They were reduced, however, to such extremity of weakness, that it was not judged prudent to remove them till the third day, when they, together with their two servants, Owen and Chambers, who were as much enfeebled as themselves, were conveyed to Worcester.

CHAPTER IX.

WHITEHALL.

SUCH was the expedition used by Humphrey Chetham and Viviana, that they accomplished the journey to London in an extraordinary short space of time. Proceeding direct to Whitehall, Viviana placed a letter in the hands of a halberdier, and desired that it might be given without delay to the Earl of Salisbury. After some demur, the man handed it to an usher, who promised to lay it before the earl. Some time elapsed before the result of its reception was known, when an officer, accompanied by two sergeants of the guard, made his appearance, and commanded Viviana and her companion to follow him.

Crossing a wide hall, which was filled with the various retainers of the palace, who regarded them with a sort of listless curiosity, and ascending a flight of marble steps, they traversed a long corridor, and were at length ushered into the presence of the Earl of Salisbury. He was seated at a table, covered with a multitude of papers, and was busily employed in writing a despatch, but immediately stopped on their entrance. He was not alone. His companion was a middle-aged man, attired in a suit of black velvet, with a cloak of the same material; but as he sat with his back towards the door, it was impossible to discern his features.

"You may leave us," said Salisbury to the officer, "but remain without."

"And be ready to enter at a moment's notice," added his companion, without altering his position.

The officer bowed, and retired with his followers.

"Your surrender of yourself at this time, Viviana Radcliffe," said the earl, "weighs much in your favour; and if you are disposed freely to declare all you know of the conspiracy, it is not impossible that the king may extend his mercy towards you."

"I do not desire it, my lord," she replied. "In surrendering myself, I have no other aim than to satisfy the laws I have outraged. I do not seek to defend myself, but I desire to offer an explanation to your lordship. Circumstances, which it is needless to detail, drew me into connexion with the conspirators, and I became unwillingly the depository of their dark design."

"You were guilty of misprision of treason in not revealing it," remarked the earl.

"I am aware of it," she rejoined; "but this, I take Heaven to witness, is the extent of my criminality. I held the project in the utmost abhorrence, and used every argument I was mistress of, to induce its contrivers to abandon it."

"If such were the case," demanded the earl, "what withheld you from disclosing it?"

"I will now confess what torture could not wring from me before," she replied. "I was restrained from the disclosure by a fatal passion."

"I suspected as much," observed the earl, with a sneer. "For whom?"

"For Guy Fawkes," returned Viviana.

"God's mercy! Guy Fawkes!" ejaculated the earl's companion, starting to his feet. And turning as he spoke, and facing her, he disclosed heavy, but not unintellectual features, now charged with an expression of the utmost astonishment. "Did you say Guy Fawkes, mistress?"

"It is the king," whispered Humphrey Chetham.

"Since I know in whose presence I stand, sire," replied Viviana, "I will answer the interrogation. Guy Fawkes was the cause of my concealing my acquaintance with the plot. And more, I will confess to your majesty, that much as I abhor the design, if he had not been a conspirator, I should never have loved him. His sombre and enthusiastic character first gave him an interest in my eyes, which, heightened by several important services which he rendered me, soon ripened into love. Linked to his fortunes, shrouded by the same gloomy cloud that enveloped him, and bound by a chain from which I could not extricate myself, I gave him my hand. But the moment of our union was the moment of our separation. We have not met since, and shall meet no more, unless to part for ever."

"A strange history!" exclaimed James, in a tone that showed he was not unmoved by the relation.

"I beseech your majesty to grant me one boon," cried Viviana, falling at his feet. "It is, to be allowed a single interview with my husband—not for the sad gratification of beholding him again

—not for the indulgence of my private sorrows—but that I may endeavour to awaken a feeling of repentance in his breast, and be the means of saving his soul alive.”

“My inclinations prompt me to grant the request, Salisbury,” said the king, irresolutely. “There can be no risk in doing it—eh?”

“Not under certain restrictions, my liege,” replied the earl.

“You shall have your wish, then, mistress,” said James, “and I trust your efforts may be crowned with success. Your husband is a hardy traitor—a second Jacques Clement—and we never think of him without the floor shaking beneath our feet, and a horrible smell of gunpowder assailing our nostrils. Blessed be God for our preservation! But whom have we here?” he added, turning to Humphrey Chetham. “Another conspirator come to surrender himself?”

“No, my liege,” replied Chetham; “I am a loyal subject of your majesty, and a staunch Protestant.”

“If we may take your word for it, doubtless,” replied the king, with an incredulous look. “But how came you in this lady’s company?”

“I will hide nothing from your majesty,” replied Chetham. “Long before Viviana’s unhappy acquaintance with Fawkes—for such I must ever consider it—my affections had been fixed upon her, and I fondly trusted she would not prove indifferent to my suit. Even now, sire, when all hope is dead within me, I have not been able to overcome my passion, but love her as devotedly as ever. When, therefore, she desired my escort to London to surrender herself, I could not refuse the request.”

“It is the truth, my liege,” added Viviana. “I owe Humphrey Chetham (for so this gentleman is named) an endless debt of gratitude; and not the least of my present distresses is the thought of the affliction I have occasioned him.”

“Dismiss it from your mind, then, Viviana,” rejoined Chetham. “It will not mitigate my sorrows to feel that I have added to yours.”

“Your manner and looks seem to give a warranty for loyalty, young sir,” said the king. “But I must have some assurance of the truth of your statement before you are set at large.”

“I am your willing prisoner, my liege,” returned Chetham. “But I have a letter for the Earl of Salisbury, which may vouch, perhaps, for me.”

And as he spoke, he placed a letter in the earl’s hands, who broke open the seal, and hastily glanced at its contents.

“It is from Doctor Dee,” he said, from whom, as your majesty is aware, we have received much important information relative to this atrocious design. He answers for this young man’s loyalty.”

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the king. "It would have been mortifying to be deceived by so honest a physiognomy."

"Your majesty will be pleased to attach your signature to this warrant for Viviana Radcliffe's committal to the Tower," said Salisbury, placing a paper before him.

James complied, and the earl summoned the guard.

"Have I your majesty's permission to attend this unfortunate lady to the fortress?" cried Chetham, prostrating himself before the king.

James hesitated, but glancing at the earl, and reading no objection in his looks, he assented.

Whispering some private instructions to the officer respecting Chetham, Salisbury delivered the warrant to him. Viviana and her companion were then removed to a small chamber adjoining the guard-room, where they remained for nearly an hour, at the expiration of which time the officer again appeared, and conducted them to the palace-stairs, where a large wherry awaited them, in which they embarked.

James did not remain long with his councillor, and as soon as he had retired, Salisbury summoned a confidential attendant, and told him to acquaint Lord Mounteagle, who was in an adjoining apartment, that he was now able to receive him. The attendant departed, and presently returned with the nobleman in question. As soon as they were alone, and Salisbury had satisfied himself they could not be overheard, he observed to the other,

"Since Tresham's committal to the Tower yesterday, I have received a letter from the lieutenant, stating that he breathes nothing but revenge against yourself and me, and threatens to betray us, if he is not released. It will not do to let him be examined by the council; for though we can throw utter discredit on his statement, it may be prejudicial to my future designs."

"True, my lord," replied Mounteagle. "But how do you propose to silence him?"

"By poison," returned Salisbury. "There is a trusty fellow in the Tower, a jailer named Ippgrave, who will administer it to him. Here is the powder," he added, unlocking the coffer, and taking out a small packet; "it was given me by its compounder, Doctor Dee. It is the same, I am assured, as the celebrated Italian poison prepared by Pope Alexander the Sixth; is without scent or taste; and destroys its victim, without leaving a trace of its effects."

"I must take heed how I offend your lordship," observed Mounteagle.

"Nay," rejoined Salisbury, with a ghastly smile, "it is for traitors like Tresham, not true men like you, to fear me."

"I understand the distinction, my lord," replied the other.

"I must intrust the entire management of this affair to you," pursued Salisbury.

"To me!" exclaimed Mounteagle. "Tresham is my brother-in-law. I can take no part in his murder."

"If he lives, you are ruined," rejoined Salisbury, coldly. "You must sacrifice him or yourself. But I see you are reasonable. Take this powder, and proceed to the Tower. See Ipgreve alone, and instruct him to drug Tresham's wine with it. A hundred marks shall be his reward when the deed is done."

"My soul revolts from the deed," said Mounteagle, as he took the packet. "Is there no other way of silencing him?"

"None whatever," replied Salisbury, sternly. "His blood be upon his own head."

With this, Mounteagle took his departure.

CHAPTER X.

THE PARTING OF VIVIANA AND HUMPHREY CHETHAM.

HUMPHREY CHETHAM was so oppressed by the idea of parting with Viviana that he did not utter a single word during their transit to the Tower. Passing beneath the gloomy archway of Traitor's Gate, they mounted the fatal steps, and were conducted to the guard-room near the By-ward Tower. The officer then despatched one of the warders to inform the lieutenant of Viviana's arrival, and telling Humphrey Chetham he would allow him a few minutes to take leave of her, considerably withdrew, and left them alone together.

"Oh, Viviana!" exclaimed Chetham, unable to repress his grief, "my heart bleeds to see you here. If you repent the step you have taken, and desire freedom, say so, and I will use every effort to liberate you. I have been successful once, and may be so again."

"I thank you for your devotion," she replied, in a tone of profound gratitude; "but you have rendered me the last service I shall ever require of you. I deeply deplore the misery I have occasioned you, and regret my inability to requite your attachment as it deserves to be requited. My last prayers shall be for your happiness; and I trust you will meet with some being worthy of you, and who will make amends for my insensibility."

"Be not deceived, Viviana," replied Chetham, in a broken voice; "I shall never love again. Your image is too deeply imprinted upon my heart ever to be effaced."

"Time may work a change," she rejoined; "though I ought not to say so, for I feel it would work none in me. Suffer me to give you one piece of counsel. Devote yourself resolutely to the business of life, and you will speedily regain your peace of mind."

"I will follow your instructions implicitly," replied Chetham; "but have little hope of the result you promise me."

"Let the effort be made," she rejoined;—"and now promise

me to quit London to-morrow. Return to your native town; employ yourself in your former occupations; and strive not to think of the past, except as a troubled dream from which you have fortunately awakened. Do not let us prolong our parting, or your resolution may waver. Farewell!"

So saying, she extended her hand towards him, and he pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Farewell, Viviana!" he cried, with a look of unutterable anguish. "May Heaven support you in your trials!"

"One of them I am now enduring," she replied, in a broken voice. "Farewell for ever, and may all good angels bless you!"

At this moment the officer appeared, and announcing the approach of the lieutenant, told Chetham that his time had expired. Without hazarding another look at Viviana, the young merchant tore himself away, and followed the officer out of the Tower.

Obedient to Viviana's last request, he quitted London on the following day; and, acting upon her advice, devoted himself on his return to Manchester sedulously to his mercantile pursuits. His perseverance and integrity were crowned with entire success, and he became in due season the wealthiest merchant of the town. But the blighting of his early affections tinged his whole life, and gave a melancholy to his thoughts, and an austerity to his manner originally foreign to them. True to his promise, he died unmarried. His long and worthy career was marked by actions of the greatest benevolence. In proportion as his means increased, his charities were extended, and he truly became "a father to the fatherless and the destitute." To him the town of Manchester is indebted for the noble library and hospital bearing his name; and for these admirable institutions, by which they so largely benefit, his memory must ever be held in veneration by its inhabitants.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SUBTERRANEAN DUNGEON.

REGARDING Viviana with a smile of savage satisfaction, Sir William Waad commanded Jasper Ipgreve, who accompanied him, to convey her to one of the subterranean dungeons below the Devereux Tower.

"She cannot escape thence without your connivance," he said; "and you shall answer to me for her safe custody with your life."

"If she escapes again, your worship shall hang me in her stead," rejoined Ipgreve.

"My instructions from the Earl of Salisbury state that it is the king's pleasure that she be allowed a short interview with Guy Fawkes," said the lieutenant, in a low tone. "Let her be taken to his cell to-morrow."

The jailer bowed, and motioning the guard to follow him with Viviana, he led the way along the inner ward till he arrived at a small, strong door, in the wall, a little to the north of the Beauchamp Tower, which he unlocked, and descended into a low cavernous-looking vault. Striking a light, and setting fire to a torch, he then led the way along a narrow gloomy passage, which brought them to a circular chamber, from which other passages diverged, and, selecting one of them, threaded it till he came to the door of a cell.

"Here is your dungeon," he said to Viviana, as he drew back the heavy bolts, and disclosed a small chamber, about four feet wide and six long, in which there was a pallet. "My dame will attend you soon."

With this, he lighted a lamp, and departing with the guard, barred the door outside. Viviana shuddered as she surveyed the narrow dungeon in which she was placed. Roof, walls, and floor were of stone; and the aspect of the place was so dismal and tomb-like, that she felt as if she were buried alive. Some hours elapsed before Dame Ipgreve made her appearance. She was accompanied by Ruth, who burst into tears on beholding Viviana. The jailer's wife had brought a few blankets and other necessaries with her, together with a loaf of bread and a jug of water. While disposing the blankets on the couch, she never ceased upbraiding Viviana for her former flight. Poor Ruth, who was compelled to assist her mother, endeavoured by her gestures and looks to convey to the unfortunate captive that she was as much devoted to her as ever. Their task completed, the old woman withdrew, and her daughter, casting a deeply commiserating look at Viviana, followed her, and the door was barred without.

Determined not to yield to despondency, Viviana knelt down, and addressed herself to Heaven; and, comforted by her prayers, threw herself on the bed, and sank into a peaceful slumber. She was awakened by hearing the bolts of her cell withdrawn, and the next moment Ruth stood before her.

"I fear you have exposed yourself to great risk in thus visiting me," said Viviana, tenderly embracing her.

"I would expose myself to any risk for you, sweet lady," replied Ruth. "But, oh! why do I see you here again? The chief support of Guy Fawkes during his sufferings has been the thought that you were at liberty."

"I surrendered myself in the hope of beholding him again," rejoined Viviana.

"You have given a fond, but fatal proof of your affection," returned Ruth. "The knowledge that you are a captive will afflict him more than all the torments he has endured."

"What torments *has* he endured, Ruth?" inquired Viviana, with a look of anguish.

"Do not ask me to repeat them," replied the jailer's daughter.

"They are too dreadful to relate. When you behold his shattered frame and altered looks, you will comprehend what he has undergone."

"Alas!" exclaimed Viviana, bursting into tears, "I almost fear to behold him."

"You must prepare for a fearful shock," returned Ruth. "And now, madam, I must take my leave. I will endeavour to see you again to-morrow, but dare not promise to do so. I should not have been able to visit you now, but that my father is engaged with Lord Mounteagle."

"With Lord Mounteagle!" cried Viviana. "Upon what business?"

"Upon a foul business," rejoined Ruth. "No less than the destruction of Mr. Tresham, who is now a prisoner in the Tower. Lord Mounteagle came to the Well Tower this evening, and I accidentally overheard him propose to my father to administer poison to the person I have named."

"I do not pity their victim," returned Viviana. "He is a double-dyed traitor, and will meet with the fate he deserves."

"Farewell, madam," said Ruth. "If I do not see you again, you will know that you have one friend in this fortress who deeply sympathises with your afflictions."

So saying, she withdrew, and Viviana heard the bolts slipped gently into their sockets.

Vainly, after Ruth's visit, did she try to compose herself. Sleep fled her eyes, and she was haunted all night by the image of Fawkes, haggard and shattered by torture, as he had been described by the jailer's daughter. Day and night were the same to her, and she could only compute progress of the time by her own feelings, judging by which, she supposed it to be late in the day when she was again visited. The bolts of her cell being withdrawn, two men, clad in long black gowns, and having hoods drawn over their faces, entered it. They were followed by Ippreve; and Viviana, concluding she was about to be led to the torture, endeavoured to string herself to its endurance. Though he guessed what was passing in her breast, Jasper Ippreve did not care to undeceive her, but motioning the hooded officials to follow him with her, quitted the cell. Seizing each a hand, the attendants led her after him along a number of intricate passages, until he stopped before the door of a cell, which he opened.

"Be brief in what you have to say," he cried, thrusting her forward. "I shall not allow you much time."

Viviana no sooner set foot in the cell than she felt in whose presence she stood. On a stool at the further end of the narrow chamber, with his head upon his breast, and a cloak wrapped around his limbs, sat Fawkes. A small iron lamp, suspended by a rusty chain from the ceiling, served to illumine his ghastly features. He lifted his eyes from the ground on her entrance, and, recognising her,

uttered a cry of anguish. Raising himself by a great effort, he opened his arms, and she rushed into them. For some moments both continued silent. Grief took away their utterance; but at length, Guy Fawkes spoke.

"My cup of bitterness was not sufficiently full," he said. "This alone was wanting to make it overflow."

"I fear you will blame me," she replied, "when you learn that I have voluntarily surrendered myself."

Guy Fawkes uttered a deep groan.

"I am the cause of your doing so," he said.

"You are so," she replied. "But you will forgive me when you know my motive. I came here to urge you to repentance. Oh! if you hope that we shall meet again hereafter—if you hope that we shall inherit joys which will requite us for all our troubles, you will employ the brief time left you on earth in imploring forgiveness for your evil intentions."

"Having had no evil intentions," replied Fawkes, coldly, "I have no pardon to ask."

"The Tempter who led you into the commission of sin under the semblance of righteousness, puts these thoughts into your heart," replied Viviana. "You have escaped the commission of an offence which must have deprived you of the joys of heaven, and I am thankful for it. But if you remain impenitent, I shall tremble for your salvation."

"My account will soon be settled with my Maker," rejoined Fawkes; "and he will punish or reward me according to my deserts. I have acted according to my conscience, and can never repent that which I believe to be a righteous design."

"But do you not now see that you were mistaken," returned Viviana; "do you not perceive that the sword which you raised against others has been turned against yourself, and that the Great Power whom you serve and worship has declared himself against you?"

"You seek in vain to move me," replied Fawkes. "I am as insensible to your arguments as to the tortures of my enemies."

"Then Heaven have mercy upon your soul!" she rejoined.

"Look at me, Viviana," cried Fawkes, "and behold the wreck I am. What has supported me amid my tortures—in this dungeon—in the presence of my relentless foes?—what, but the consciousness of having acted rightly? And what will support me on the scaffold except the same conviction? If you love me, do not seek to shake my faith. But it is idle to talk thus. You cannot do so. Rest satisfied we shall meet again. Everything assures me of it. Wretched as I appear in this solitary cell, I am not wholly miserable, because I am buoyed up by the certainty that my actions are approved by Heaven."

"I will not attempt to destroy the delusion, since it is productive of happiness to you," replied Viviana. "But if my earnest,

heartfelt prayers can conduce to your salvation, they shall not be wanting."

As she spoke, the door of the cell was opened by Jasper Ipgreve, who stepped towards her, and seized her roughly by the hand.

"Your time has expired, mistress," he said; "you must come with me."

"A minute longer," implored Fawkes.

"Not a second," replied Ipgreve.

"Shall we not meet again?" cried Viviana, distractedly.

"Ay, the day before your execution," rejoined Ipgreve. "I have good news for you," he added, pausing for a moment, and addressing Fawkes. "Mr. Tresham, who I told you has been brought to the Tower, has been taken suddenly and dangerously ill."

"If the traitor perishes before me, I shall die content," observed Fawkes.

"Then rest assured of it," said Viviana. "The task of vengeance is already fulfilled."

She was then forced away by Ipgreve, and delivered by him to the hooded officials outside, who hurried her back to her dungeon.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRAITOR BETRAYED.

LORD MOUNTEAGLE arrived at the Tower shortly after Viviana, and repairing at once to the lieutenant's lodgings, had a brief conference with him, and informed him that he had a secret order to deliver to Jasper Ipgreve, from the Earl of Salisbury, touching the conspirators. Sir William Waad would have summoned the jailer; but Mouteagle preferred visiting him at the Well Tower, and accordingly proceeded thither.

He found Ipgreve with his wife and daughter, and telling him he desired a moment's private speech with him, the jailer dismissed them. Suspecting that the new-comer's errand related in some way to Viviana, Ruth contrived to place herself in such a situation that she could overhear what passed. A moment's scrutiny of Jasper's villanous countenance satisfied Mouteagle that the Earl of Salisbury was not mistaken in his man; and, as soon as he supposed they were alone, he unhesitatingly opened his plan to him. As he expected, Jasper exhibited no reluctance to undertake it; and, after some further discussion, it was agreed to put it in execution without delay.

"The sooner Mr. Tresham is silenced the better," said Jasper; "for he threatens to make disclosures to the council that will bring some noble persons," with a significant look at Mouteagle, "into trouble."

"Where is he confined?" demanded the other.

"In the Beauchamp Tower," replied Ipgreve.

"I will visit him at once," said Mounteagle; "and when I have conferred with him, will call for wine. Bring two goblets, and in that which you give to Tresham place this powder."

Ipgreve nodded assent, and with a grim smile took the packet. Shortly after this, they quitted the Well Tower together, and passing under the archway of the Bloody Tower, crossed the Green, and entered the fortification in which the traitor was confined. Tresham was treated with far greater consideration than the other conspirators, being allowed the use of the large room on the upper floor of the Beauchamp Tower, which was seldom allotted to any persons except those of the highest distinction. When they entered, he was pacing to and fro within his chamber in great agitation, but he immediately stopped on seeing Mounteagle, and rushed towards him.

"You bring me my liberation?" he said.

"It is impossible to effect it at present," returned the other.

"But make yourself perfectly easy. Your confinement will not be of long duration."

"I will not be trifled with," cried Tresham, furiously. "If I am examined by the council, look to yourselves. As I hope for salvation, the truth shall out."

"Leave us," said Mounteagle, with a significant look at the jailer, who quitted the chamber.

"Hark'ee, Mounteagle," said Tresham, as soon as they were alone; "I have been your tool thus far. But if you propose to lead me blindfold to the scaffold, you are greatly mistaken. You think that you have me safe within these walls; that my voice cannot be heard; and that I cannot betray you. But you are deceived—fearfully deceived, as you will find. I have your letters—the Earl of Salisbury's letters, proving that you were both aware of the plot—and that you employed me to watch its progress, and report it to you. I have also letters from Dr. Dee, the warden of Manchester, detailing his acquaintance with the conspiracy, and containing descriptions of the persons of Fawkes and Catesby, which I showed to the Earl of Salisbury. These letters are now in my possession, and I will deliver them to the council, if I am not released."

"Deliver them to me, and I swear to you, you shall be set free," said Mounteagle.

"I will not trust you," rejoined Tresham. "Liberate me, and they are yours. But I will not rob myself of vengeance. I will confound you and the false Earl of Salisbury."

"You wrong us both by your unjust suspicions," said Mounteagle.

"Wrong you!" echoed Tresham, contemptuously. "Where is my promised reward? Why am I in this dungeon? Why am I treated like a traitor? If you meant me fairly, I should not be

here, but like yourself at liberty, and in the enjoyment of the king's favour. But you have duped me, villain, and shall rue it. If I am led to the scaffold, it shall be in your company."

"Compose yourself," rejoined Mounteagle, calmly. "Appearances, I own, are against us. But circumstances render it imperatively necessary that the Earl of Salisbury should *appear* to act against you. You have been charged by Guy Fawkes, when under the torture, of being a confederate in the design, and your arrest could not be avoided. I am come hither to give you a solemn assurance that no harm shall befall you, but that you shall be delivered from your thralldom in a few days—perhaps in a few hours."

"You have no further design against me?" said Tresham, suspiciously.

"What motive could I have in coming hither, except to set your mind at rest?" rejoined Mounteagle.

"And I shall receive my reward?" demanded Tresham.

"You will receive your reward," returned Mounteagle, with significant emphasis. "I swear it. So make yourself easy."

"If I thought I might trust you, I should not heed my imprisonment, irksome though it be," rejoined Tresham.

"It cannot be avoided, for the reasons I have just stated," replied Mounteagle. "But come, no more despondency. All will be well with you speedily. Let us drown care in a bumper. What ho! jailer," he added, opening the door, "a cup of wine!"

In a few minutes, Ipgreve made his appearance, bearing two goblets filled with wine on a salver, one of which he presented to Mounteagle, and the other to Tresham.

"Here is to your speedy deliverance from captivity!" said Mounteagle, draining the goblet. "You will not refuse that pledge, Tresham?"

"Of a surety not," replied the other. "To my speedy deliverance!"

And he emptied the cup, while Mounteagle and the jailer exchanged significant glances.

"And now, having fully discharged my errand, I must bid you farewell," said Mounteagle.

"You will not forget your promise?" observed Tresham.

"Assuredly not," replied the other. "A week hence, and you will make no complaint against me. Are you sure you did not give me the wrong goblet?" he added to Ipgreve, as they descended the spiral staircase.

"Quite sure, my lord," returned the jailer, with a grim smile.

Mounteagle immediately quitted the Tower, and hastening to Whitehall, sought out the Earl of Salisbury, to whom he related what he had done. The earl complimented him on his skilful management of the matter; and congratulating each other upon having got rid of a dangerous, and now useless instrument, they separated.

On the following day, Tresham was seized with a sudden illness, and making known his symptoms to Ipgreve, the chirurgeon who attended the prison was sent for, and on seeing him pronounced him dangerously ill, though he was at a loss to explain the nature of his disorder. Every hour, the sick man grew worse, and he was torn with racking pains. Connecting his sudden seizure with the visit of Lord Mounteagle, an idea of the truth flashed upon him, and he mentioned his suspicions to the chirurgeon, charging Jasper Ipgreve with being accessory to the deed. The jailer stoutly denied the accusation, and charged the prisoner, in his turn, with making a malicious statement to bring him into discredit.

"I will soon test the truth of his assertion," observed the chirurgeon, taking a small flat piece of the purest gold from his doublet. "Place this in your mouth."

Tresham obeyed, and Ipgreve watched the experiment with gloomy curiosity.

"You are a dead man," said the chirurgeon to Tresham, as he drew forth the piece of gold, and perceived that it was slightly tarnished. "Poison *has* been administered to you."

"Is there no remedy—no counter-poison?" demanded Tresham, eagerly.

The chirurgeon shook his head.

"Then let the lieutenant be summoned," said Tresham; "I have an important confession to make to him. 'I charge this man,'" pointing to the jailer, "with giving poisoned wine to me. Do you hear what I say to you?"

"I do," replied the chirurgeon.

"But he will never reveal it," said Ipgreve, with great unconcern. "I have a warrant from the Earl of Salisbury for what I have done."

"What!" cried Tresham, "can murder be committed here with impunity?"

"You have to thank your own indiscretion for what has happened," rejoined Ipgreve. "Had you kept a close tongue in your head, you would have been safe."

"Can nothing be done to save me?" cried the miserable man, with an imploring look at the chirurgeon.

"Nothing whatever," replied the person appealed to. "I would advise you to recommend your soul to God."

"Will you not inform the lieutenant that I desire to speak with him?" demanded Tresham.

The chirurgeon glanced at Ipgreve, and receiving a sign from him, gave a promise to that effect.

They then quitted the cell together, leaving Tresham in a state of indescribable agony both of mind and body. Half an hour afterwards the chirurgeon returned, and informed him that the lieutenant refused to visit him, or to hear his confession, and wholly discredited the fact of his being poisoned.

"I will take charge of your papers, if you choose to commit them to me," he said, "and will lay them before the council."

"No," replied Tresham; "while life remains to me I will never part with them."

"I have brought you a mixture which, though it cannot heal you, will, at least, allay your sufferings," said the surgeon.

"I will not take it," groaned Tresham. "I distrust you as much as the others."

"I will leave it with you, at all events," rejoined the surgeon, setting down the phial.

The noise of the bolts shot into their sockets sounded to Tresham as if his tomb were closed upon him, and he uttered a cry of anguish. He would have laid violent hands upon himself, and accelerated his own end, but he wanted courage to do so, and continued to pace backwards and forwards across his chamber as long as his strength lasted. He was about to throw himself on the couch, from which he never expected to rise again, when his eyes fell upon the phial.

"What if it should be poison!" he said, "it will end my sufferings the sooner."

And placing it to his lips, he swallowed its contents. As the surgeon had foretold, it alleviated his sufferings, and throwing himself on the bed he sank into a troubled slumber, during which he dreamed that Catesby appeared to him with a vengeful countenance, and tried to drag him into a fathomless abyss that yawned beneath their feet. Shrieking with agony, he awoke, and found two persons standing by his couch. One of them was the jailer, and the other appeared, from his garb, to be a priest; but a hood was drawn over his head so as to conceal his features.

"Are you come to witness my dying pangs, or to finish me?" demanded Tresham of the jailer.

"I am come for neither purpose," replied Ipgreve; "I pity your condition, and have brought you a priest of your own faith, who like yourself is a prisoner in the Tower. I will leave him with you, but he cannot remain long, so make the most of your time."

And with these words he retired.

When he was gone the supposed priest, who spoke in feeble and faltering accents, desired to hear Tresham's confession, and having listened to it, gave him absolution. The wretched man then drew from his bosom a small packet, and offered it to the confessor, who eagerly received it.

"This contains the letters of the Earl of Salisbury and Lord Mounteagle, which I have just mentioned," he said. "I pray you say them before the privy council."

"I will not fail to do so," replied the confessor.

And reciting the prayer for one *in extremis* over the dying man, he departed.

"I have obtained the letters from him," said Mounteagle,

throwing back his hood as he quitted the chamber, and addressing the jailer. "And now you need give yourself no further concern about him; he will be dead before morning."

Jasper Ipgreve locked the door upon the prisoner, and proceeded to the Well Tower. When he returned, he found Mount-eagle's words had come to pass. Tresham was lying on the floor, quite dead—his collapsed frame and distorted countenance showing the agonies in which he must have expired.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIAL.

THE trial of the conspirators, which had been delayed in order that full evidence might be procured against them, was, at length, appointed to take place in Westminster Hall, on Monday, the 27th of January, 1606. Early on the morning of this day, the eight surviving confederates (Garnet and Oldcorne being at this time secreted at Hendlip) were conveyed in two large covered wherries from the fortress to the place of trial. In spite of the severity of the weather—it was snowing heavily, and the river was covered with sheets of ice—they were attended by a vast number of boats filled with persons anxious to obtain a sight of them. Such was the abhorrence in which the actors in the conspiracy were held by the populace, that, not content with menaces and execrations, many of these persons hurled missiles against the wherries, and would have proceeded to further violence if they had not been restrained by the pikemen. When the prisoners landed, a tremendous and fearful shout was raised by the mob stationed at the head of the stairs, and it required the utmost efforts of the guard to protect them from injury. Two lines of soldiers, with calivers on their shoulders, were drawn out from the banks of the river to the entrance of the Hall, and between them the conspirators marched.

The melancholy procession was headed by Sir William Waad, who was followed by an officer of the guard and six halberdiers. Then came the executioner, carrying the gleaming implement of death with its edge turned from the prisoners. He was followed by Sir Everard Digby, whose noble figure and handsome countenance excited much sympathy among the beholders, and Ambrose Rookwood. Next came the two Winters, both of whom appeared greatly dejected. Next, John Grant and Robert Bates—Catesby's servant, who had been captured at Holbeach. And lastly, Keyes and Fawkes.

Bitterly and justly incensed as were the multitude against the conspirators, their feelings underwent some change as they beheld the haggard countenance and shattered frame of Guy Fawkes. It was soon understood that he was the individual who had been

found in the vault near the parliament house, with the touch-wood and matches in his belt ready to fire the train; and the greatest curiosity was exhibited to see him.

Just as the foremost of the conspirators reached the entrance of the Hall, a terrific yell, resembling nothing human, except the roar of a thousand tigers thirsting for blood, was uttered by the mob, and a tremendous but ineffectual attempt was made to break through the lines of the guard. Never before had so large an assemblage been collected on the spot. The whole of the space extending on one hand from Westminster Hall to the gates of Whitehall, and on the other to the Abbey, was filled with spectators; and every roof, window, and buttress was occupied. Nor was the interior of the Hall less crowded. Not an inch of room was unoccupied; and it was afterwards complained in parliament, that the members of the house had been so pressed and incommoded, that they could not hear what was said at the arraignment.

The conspirators were first conveyed to the court of the Star-Chamber, where they remained till the lords commissioners had arrived and taken their seats. The commissioners were the Earl of Nottingham, lord high admiral of England; the Earl of Suffolk, steward of the household; the Earl of Worcester, master of the horse; the Earl of Devonshire, master of the ordnance; the Earl of Northampton, warden of the Cinque-Ports; the Earl of Salisbury, principal secretary of state; Sir John Popham, lord chief justice; Sir Thomas Fleming, lord chief baron of the Exchequer; and Sir Thomas Walmisley and Sir Peter Warburton, knights, and both justices of the Common Pleas.

Summoned by an usher, the conspirators were conducted to a platform covered with black cloth, which had been erected at the lower end of the Hall. A murmur of indignation, vainly sought to be repressed by the grave looks of the commissioners, burst from the immense assemblage, as they one by one ascended the steps of the platform. Guy Fawkes was the last to mount, and his appearance was followed by a deep groan. Supporting himself against the rail of the scaffold, he surveyed the assemblage with a stern and undaunted look. As he gazed around, he could not help marvelling at the vast multitude before him. The whole of the peers, and all the members of the House of Commons were present, while in a box on the left, though screened by a lattice, sat the queen and Prince Henry; and in another on the right, and protected in the same way, the king and his courtiers.

Silence being peremptorily commanded, the indictment was read, wherein the prisoners were charged with conspiring to blow up the king and the peers with gunpowder, and with attempting to incite the papists, and other persons, to open rebellion; to which all the conspirators, to the no small surprise of those who heard them, and were aware that they had subscribed their confessions, pleaded not guilty.

"How, sir!" cried the lord chief justice, in a stern tone to Fawkes. "With what face can you pretend to deny the indictment, when you were actually taken in the cellar with the powder, and have already confessed your treasonable intentions?"

"I do not mean to deny what I have confessed, my lord," replied Fawkes; "but this indictment contains many matters, which I neither can nor will countenance by assent or silence. And I therefore deny it."

"It is well," replied the lord chief justice. "Let the trial proceed."

The indictment being opened by Sir Edward Philips, serjeant-at-law, he was followed by Sir Edward Coke, the attorney-general, who, in an eloquent and elaborate speech, which produced an extraordinary effect upon the assemblage, expatiated upon the monstrous nature of the plot, which he characterised as "the greatest treason that ever was plotted in England, and against the greatest king that ever reigned in England;" and after narrating the origin and progress of the conspiracy, concluded by desiring that the confessions of the prisoners should be openly read. This done, the jury were ordered by the lord chief justice to retire, and the injunction being obeyed, they almost instantly returned with a verdict of guilty.

A deep, dread silence then prevailed throughout the Hall, and every eye was bent upon the conspirators, all of whom maintained a composed demeanour. They were then questioned by the lord chief justice whether they had anything to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced against them.

"All I have to crave of your lordships," said Thomas Winter, "is, that being the chief offender of the two, I may die for my brother and myself."

"And I ask only that my brother's request may not be granted," said Robert Winter. "If he is condemned, I do not desire to live."

"I have nothing to solicit—not even pardon," said Keyes, carelessly. "My fortunes were always desperate, and are better now than they have ever been."

"I desire mercy," said Rookwood, "not from any fear of death, but because so shameful an ending will leave a perpetual stain upon my name and blood. I humbly submit myself to the king, and pray him to imitate our Supreme Judge, who sometimes punishes corporally, but not mortally."

"I have been guilty of a conspiracy, intended but never effected," said John Grant; "and solicit forgiveness on that plea."

"My crime has been fidelity to my master," said Bates. "If the king will let me live, I will serve him as faithfully as I did Mr. Catesby."

"I would not utter a word," said Fawkes, looking sternly round, "if I did not fear my silence might be misinterpreted. I

would not accept a pardon if it were offered me. I regard the project as a glorious one, and only lament its failure."

"Silence the vile traitor," said the Earl of Salisbury, rising.

And as he spoke, two halberdiers sprang up the steps of the scaffold, and placing themselves on either side of Fawkes, prepared to gag him.

"I have done," he said, contemptuously regarding them.

"I have nothing to say save this," said Sir Everard Digby, bowing to the judges. "If any of your lordships will tell me you forgive me, I shall go more cheerfully to the scaffold."

"Heaven forgive you, Sir Everard," said the Earl of Nottingham, returning his reverence, "as we do."

"I humbly thank your lordship," replied Digby.

Sentence was then passed upon the prisoners by Lord Chief Justice Popham, and they were removed from the platform.

As they issued from the Hall, and it became known to the assemblage without that they were condemned, a shout of fierce exultation rent the air, and they were so violently assailed on all sides, that they had great difficulty in reaching the wherries. The guard, however, succeeded, at length, in accomplishing their embarkation, and they were conveyed back in safety to the Tower.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST MEETING OF FAWKES AND VIVIANA.

UP to this time, Viviana had not been allowed another interview with Guy Fawkes. She was twice interrogated by the privy council, but having confessed all she knew of the conspiracy, excepting what might implicate Garnet and Oldcorne, neither of whom she was aware had been apprehended, she was not again subjected to the torture. Her health, however, rapidly sank under her confinement, and she was soon reduced to such an extreme state of debility that she could not leave her bed. The chirurgeon having been called in by Dame Ipgreve to attend her, reported her condition to Sir William Waad, who directed that every means should be adopted for her restoration, and that Ruth Ipgreve should remain in constant attendance upon her.

Ascertaining all particulars relative to Guy Fawkes from the jailer's daughter, it was a sad satisfaction to Viviana to learn that he spent his whole time in devotion, and appeared completely resigned to his fate. It had been the Earl of Salisbury's purpose to bring Viviana to trial at the same time as the rest of the conspirators, but the chirurgeon reporting that her removal at this juncture would be attended with fatal consequences, he was compelled to defer it.

When the result of the trial was made known to Viviana by

Ruth, though she had anticipated the condemnation of Guy Fawkes, she swooned away, and, on her recovery, observed to Ruth, who was greatly alarmed at her looks, "I feel I am going fast. I should wish to see my husband once more before I die."

"I fear it is impossible, madam," replied Ruth; "but I will try to accomplish it."

"Do so," rejoined Viviana, "and my blessing shall rest ever on your head."

"Have you any valuable?" inquired Ruth. "My heart bleeds to make the demand at such a moment. But it is the only way to produce an effect on the avaricious nature of my father."

"I have nothing but this golden crucifix," said Viviana, "and I meant to give it to you."

"It will be better employed in this way," rejoined Ruth, taking it from her.

Quitting the cell, she hurried to the Well Tower, and found her father, who had just returned from locking up the conspirators in their different dungeons, sitting down to his evening meal.

"What is the matter with the wench?" he cried, staring at her. "You look quite distracted. Is Viviana Radcliffe dead?"

"No; but she is dying," replied Ruth.

"If that is the case I must go to her directly," observed Dame Ipgreve. "She may have some valuable about her which I must secure."

"You will be disappointed, mother," rejoined Ruth, with a look of irrepressible disgust. "She has nothing valuable left but this golden crucifix, which she has sent to my father, on condition of his allowing Guy Fawkes to see her before she dies."

"Give it me, wench," cried Jasper Ipgreve, "and let her die in peace."

"She will *not* die in peace unless she sees him," replied Ruth. "Nor shall you have it, if you do not comply with her request."

"How!" exclaimed her father, "do you dare——"

"Think not to terrify me, father," interrupted Ruth; "I am resolute in this. Hear me," she cried, seizing his arm, and fixing a look upon him that seemed to pierce his soul; "hear me," she said, in a tone so low as to be inaudible to her mother. "She *shall* see him, or I will denounce you as the murderer of Tresham. Now will you comply?"

"Give me the cross," said Ipgreve.

"Not till you have earned it," replied his daughter.

"Well, well," he rejoined; "if it must be, it must. But I may get into trouble in the matter. I must consult Master Forsett, the gentleman jailer, who has the charge of Guy Fawkes, before I dare take him to her cell."

"Consult whom you please," rejoined Ruth, impatiently; "but lose no time, or you will be too late."

Muttering imprecations on his daughter, Ipgreve left the Well

Tower, and Ruth hurried back to Viviana, whom she found anxiously expecting her, and related to her what she had done.

"Oh, that I may hold out till he comes!" cried Viviana; "but my strength is failing fast."

Ruth endeavoured to comfort her, but she was unequal to the effort, and, bursting into tears, knelt down, and wept upon the pillow beside her. Half an hour had now elapsed. It seemed an age to the poor sufferers, and still the jailer came not, and even Ruth had given up all hope, when a heavy tread was heard in the passage. The door was opened, and Guy Fawkes appeared, attended by Ipgreve and Forsett.

"We will not interrupt your parting," said Forsett, who seemed to have a touch of humanity in his composition. And motioning Ruth to follow him, he quitted the cell with Ipgreve.

Guy Fawkes, meanwhile, had approached the couch, and gazed with an expression of intense anguish at Viviana. She returned his glance with a look of the utmost affection, and clasped his hand between her thin fingers.

"I am now standing on the brink of eternity," she said, in a solemn tone, "and I entreat you earnestly, as you hope to ensure our meeting hereafter, to employ the few days left you in sincere and hearty repentance. You have sinned—sinned deeply, but not beyond the power of redemption. Let me feel that I have saved you, and my last moments will be happy. Oh! by the love I have borne you—by the pangs I have endured for you—by the death I am now dying for you—let me implore you not to lose one moment, but to supplicate a merciful Providence to pardon your offence."

"I will—I will," rejoined Fawkes, in broken accents. "You have opened my eyes to my error, and I sincerely repent it."

"Saved! saved!" cried Viviana, raising herself in the bed. Opening her arms, she strained him to her bosom; and for a few moments they mingled their tears together.

"And now," she said, sinking backwards, "kneel by me—pray for forgiveness—pray audibly, and I will join in your prayer."

Guy Fawkes knelt by the bedside, and addressed the most earnest supplications to Heaven for forgiveness. For awhile, he heard Viviana's gentle accents accompany him. They grew fainter and fainter, until at last they totally ceased. Filled with a dreadful apprehension, he sprang to his feet. An angelic smile illumined her countenance,—her gaze was fixed on him for one moment,—it then grew dim and dimmer, until it was extinguished.

Guy Fawkes uttered a cry of the wildest despair, and fell to the ground. Alarmed by the sound, Forsett and Ipgreve, who were standing outside, rushed into the cell, and instantly raised him. But he was now in a state of distraction, and for the moment seemed endowed with all his former strength. Striving to break from



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them, he cried, in a tone of the most piercing anguish, "You shall not tear me from her! I will die with her! Let me go, I say, or I will dash out my brains against these flinty walls, and balk you of your prey."

But his struggles were in vain. They held him fast, and calling for further assistance, conveyed him to his cell, where, fearing he might do some violence to himself, they placed him in irons.

Ruth entered the cell as soon as Fawkes and the others had quitted it, and performed the last sad offices for the departed. Alternately praying and weeping, she watched by the body during the whole of the night. On the following day, the remains of the unfortunate Viviana were interred in the chapel of Saint Peter on the Green, and the sole mourner was the jailer's daughter.

"Peace be with her!" cried Ruth, as she turned away from the grave. "Her sorrows at last are over."

CHAPTER XV.

SAINT PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

GUY FAWKES was for some time wholly inconsolable. His stoical nature seemed completely subdued, and he wept like an infant. By degrees, however, the violence of his grief abated, and calling to mind the last injunctions of her whose loss he mourned, he addressed himself to prayer, and acknowledging his guilt, besought her intercession with Heaven for his forgiveness.

It will not seem strange, when his superstitious character is taken into consideration, that he should fancy he received an immediate proof that his prayers were heard. To his excited imagination, it appeared that a soft unearthly strain of music floated in the air over his head; that an odour like that of Paradise filled his cell; while an invisible finger touched his brow. While in this entranced state, he was utterly insensible to his present miserable situation, and he seemed to have a foretaste of celestial happiness. He did not, however, desist from prayer, but continued his supplications throughout the day.

On that night he was visited by the lieutenant, who announced to him that the execution of four of the conspirators was fixed for Thursday (it was then Tuesday), while his own and that of the three others would not take place till the following day.

"As you are the greatest traitor of all, your execution will be reserved to the last," pursued Waad. "No part of the sentence will be omitted. You will be dragged to Old Palace Yard, over against the scene of your intended bloody and damnable action, at a horse's tail, and will be there turned off the gallows, and hanged—but not till you are dead. You will then be emboweled; your vile heart, which conceived this atrocious design, will be torn beating from your breast; and your quarters will be placed on the

palace gates as an abhorrent spectacle in the eyes of men, and a terrible proof of the king's just vengeance."

Guy Fawkes heard the recapitulation of his dreadful sentence unmoved.

"The sole mercy I would have craved of his majesty would have been permission to die first," he said. "But Heaven's will be done! I deserve my doom."

"What! is your stubborn nature at length subdued?" cried the lieutenant, in surprise. "Do you repent of your offence?"

"Deeply and heartily," returned Fawkes.

"Make the sole amends in your power for it, then, and disclose the names of all who have been connected with the atrocious design?" rejoined Waad.

"I confess myself guilty," replied Fawkes, humbly; "but I accuse no others."

"Then you die impenitent," rejoined the lieutenant, "and cannot hope for mercy hereafter."

Guy Fawkes made no answer, but bowed his head upon his breast, and the lieutenant, darting a malignant look at him, quitted the cell.

On the following day, the whole of the conspirators were taken to Saint John's chapel, in the White Tower, where a discourse was pronounced to them by Doctor Overall, dean of Saint Paul's, who enlarged upon the enormity of their offence, and exhorted them to repentance. The discourse over, they were about to be removed, when two ladies, clad in mourning habits, entered the chapel. These were Lady Digby and Mrs. Rookwood, and they immediately flew to their husbands. The rest of the conspirators walked away, and averted their gaze from the painful scene. After an ineffectual attempt to speak, Lady Digby swooned away, and was committed by her husband, while in a state of insensibility, to the care of an attendant. Mrs. Rookwood, however, who was a woman of high spirit, and great personal attractions, though the latter were now wasted by affliction, maintained her composure, and encouraging her husband to bear up manfully against his situation, tenderly embraced him, and withdrew. The conspirators were then taken back to their cells.

At an early hour on the following morning the four miserable persons intended for death, namely, Sir Everard Digby, the elder Winter, John Grant, and Bates, were conducted to the Beauchamp Tower. Bates would have stood aloof from his superiors; but Sir Everard Digby took him kindly by the hand, and drew him towards them.

"No distinctions must be observed now," he said. "We ought to beg pardon of thee, my poor fellow, for bringing thee into this strait."

"Think not of me, worshipful sir," replied Bates. "I loved Mr. Catesby so well, that I would have laid down my life for him at any time; and I now die cheerfully in his cause."

"Mr. Lieutenant," said Robert Winter to Sir William Waad, who stood near them with Forsett and Ipgreve, "I pray you commend me to my brother. Tell him I die in entire love of him; and if it is possible for the departed to watch over the living, I will be with him at his last hour."

At this moment, a trampling of horses was heard on the Green, and the lieutenant proceeding to the grated window, saw four mounted troopers, each having a sledge and hurdle attached by ropes to his steed, drawn up before the door. While he was gazing at them, an officer entered the room, and informed him that all was in readiness. Sir William Waad then motioned the prisoners to follow him, and they descended the spiral staircase.

The Green was thronged with horse and foot soldiers, and as the conspirators issued from the arched door of the fortification, the bell of Saint Peter's chapel began to toll. Sir Everard Digby was first bound to a hurdle, with his face towards the horse, and the others were quickly secured in the same manner. The melancholy cavalcade was then put in motion. A troop of horse-soldiers, in their full accoutrements, and with calivers upon their shoulders, rode first; then came a band of halberdiers on foot; then the masked executioner, mounted on a led horse; then the four prisoners on the hurdles, one after the other; then the lieutenant on horseback; while another band of horse-soldiers, equipped like the first, brought up the rear. They were met by the recorder of London, Sir Henry Montague, and the sheriffs, at the gate of the Middle Tower, to the latter of whom the lieutenant, according to custom, delivered up the bodies of the prisoners. After a short delay, the train again set forward, and emerging from the Bulwark Gate, proceeded through an enormous concourse of spectators towards Tower-street.

Aware that a vast crowd would be assembled in the city, and apprehensive of some popular tumult, the lord mayor had issued precepts to the aldermen of every ward, commanding them "to cause one able and sufficient person, with a halbert in his hand, to stand at the door of every dwelling-house in the open street in the way that the traitors were to be drawn towards the place of execution, there to remain from seven in the morning until the return of the sheriffs." But these were not the whole of the arrangements made to preserve order. The cavalcade, it was fixed, was to proceed along Tower-street, Gracechurch-street, Lombard-street, Cheapside, and so on to the west end of Saint Paul's Cathedral, where the scaffold was erected. Along the whole road, on either side, a line of halberdiers was drawn up, while barriers were erected against the cross streets. Nor were these precautions needless. Such a vast concourse was collected, that nothing but the presence of a strong armed force could have prevented confusion and disorder. The roofs of all the houses, the towers of

the churches, the steps of the crosses, were covered with spectators, who groaned and hooted as the conspirators passed by.

The scaffold, as has just been stated, was erected in front of the great western entrance of the cathedral. The mighty valves of the sacred structure were thrown open, and disclosed its columned aisles crowded with spectators, as was its roof and central tower. The great bell, which had begun to toll when the melancholy procession came in sight, continued to pour forth its lugubrious sounds during the whole of the ceremonial. The rolling of muffled drums was likewise heard above the tumultuous murmurs of the impatient multitude. The whole area from the cathedral to Ludgate-hill was filled with spectators, but an open space was kept clear in front of the scaffold, in which the prisoners were one by one unbound from the hurdles.

During this awful pause, they had sufficient time to note the whole of the dreadful preparations. At a little distance from them was a large fire, on which boiled a caldron of pitch, destined to receive their dismembered limbs. A tall gallows, approached by a double ladder, sprung from the scaffold, on which the hangman was already mounted with the rope in his hand. At the foot of the ladder was the quartering-block, near which stood the masked executioner with a chopper in his hand, and two large sharp knives in his girdle. His arms were bared to the shoulder; and a leathern apron, soiled by gory stains, and tied round his waist, completed his butcherly appearance. Straw was scattered upon the scaffold near the block.

Sir Everard Digby was the first to receive the fatal summons. He mounted with a firm footstep, and his youth, his noble aspect, and undaunted demeanour, awakened, as before, the sympathy of the beholders. Looking round, he thus addressed the assemblage:—

“Good people, I am here about to die, ye well know for what cause. Throughout the matter I have acted according to the dictates of my conscience. They have led me to undertake this enterprise, which, in respect of my religion, I hold to be no offence; but in respect of the law, a heinous offence, and I therefore ask forgiveness of God, of the king, and of the whole realm.”

Crossing himself devoutly, he then knelt down, and recited his prayers in Latin, after which he arose, and again looking round, said, in an earnest voice—

“I desire the prayers of all good Catholics, and of none other.”

“Then none will pray for you,” replied several voices from the crowd.

Heedless of the retort, Sir Everard surrendered himself to the executioner's assistant, who divested him of his cloak and doublet, and unfastened his collar. In this state he mounted the ladder, and the hangman fulfilled his office.

Robert Winter was next summoned, and ascended the scaffold

with great firmness. Everything proclaimed the terrible tragedy that had just been enacted. The straw was sprinkled with blood, so was the block, so were the long knives of the executioner, whose hands and arms were dyed with the same crimson stain; while in one corner of the scaffold stood a basket, containing the dismembered limbs of the late unfortunate sufferer. But these dreadful sights produced no effect on Robert Winter. Declining to address the assemblage, he at once surrendered himself to the assistant, and shared the fate of his friend.

Grant was the next to follow. Undismayed as his predecessor, he looked round with a cheerful countenance, and said:—

“I am about to suffer the death of a traitor, and am content to die so. But I am satisfied that our project was so far from being sinful, that I rely entirely on my merits in bearing a part in it, as an abundant satisfaction and expiation for all the sins I have at other times of my life committed.”

This speech was received by a terrific yell from the multitude. Wholly unmoved, however, Grant uttered a few prayers, and then crossing himself, mounted the ladder, and was quickly despatched. The bloody business was completed by the slaughter of Bates, who died as resolutely as the others.

These executions, being conducted with the utmost deliberation, occupied nearly an hour. The crowd then separated to talk over the sight they had witnessed, and to keep holiday during the remainder of the day, rejoicing that an equally-exciting spectacle was in store for them on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD PALACE YARD.

GUY FAWKES's tranquillity of mind did not desert him to the last. On the contrary, as his term of life drew near its close, he became more cheerful and resigned, his sole anxiety being that all should be speedily terminated. When Ipgreve took leave of him for the night, he threw himself on his couch, and soon fell into a gentle slumber. His dreams were soothing, and he fancied that Viviana appeared to him clad in robes of snowy whiteness, and, regarding him with a smiling countenance, promised that the gates of eternal happiness would be opened to him on the morrow.

Awaking about four o'clock, he passed the interval between that time and his summons by the jailer in earnest prayer. At six o'clock Ipgreve made his appearance. He was accompanied by his daughter, who had prevailed on him to allow her to take leave of the prisoner. She acquainted Fawkes with all particulars of the interment of Viviana, to which he listened with tearful interest.

"Would my remains might be laid beside her!" he said. "But fate forbids it!"

"Truly does it," observed Ipgreve, gruffly, "unless you would have her body removed to the spikes of Whitehall gates."

Disregarding this brutal speech, which called a blush of shame to the cheeks of Ruth, Fawkes affectionately pressed her hand, and said—"Do not forget me in your prayers, and sometimes visit grave of Viviana."

"Doubt it not," she replied, in accents half suffocated by grief.

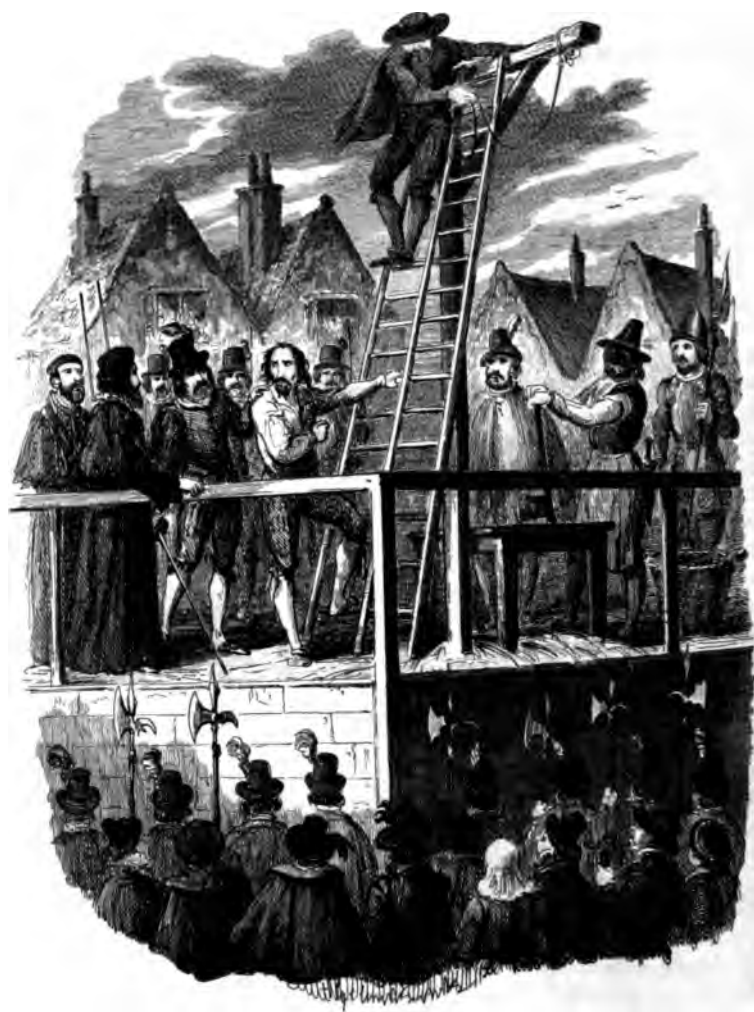
Fawkes then bade her farewell, and followed the jailer through various intricate passages, which brought them to a door opening upon one of the lower chambers of the Beauchamp Tower. Unlocking it, Ipgreve led the way up the circular staircase, and ushered his companion into the large chamber where Rookwood, Keyes, and Thomas Winter were already assembled.

The morning was clear, but frosty, and bitterly cold; and when the lieutenant appeared, Rookwood besought him to allow them a fire, as their last earthly indulgence. The request was peremptorily refused. A cup of hot spiced wine was, however, offered them, and accepted by all except Fawkes.

At the same hour as on the previous day, the hurdles were brought to the entrance of the fortification, and the prisoners bound to them. The recorder and sheriffs met them at the Middle Tower, as they had done the other conspirators, and the cavalcade set forth. The crowd was even greater than on the former occasion, and it required the utmost exertion on the part of the guard to maintain order. Some little delay occurred at Ludgate, and during this brief halt Rookwood heard a cry, and looking up, perceived his wife at the upper window of one of the habitations, waving her handkerchief to him, and cheering him by her gestures. He endeavoured to answer her by signs; but his hands were fast bound, and the next moment the cavalcade moved on.

At Temple Bar another halt occurred; and as the train moved slowly forward, an immense crowd like a swollen stream swept after it. The two gates at Whitehall, then barring the road to Westminster, were opened as the train approached, and a certain portion of the concourse allowed to pass through. The scaffold, which had been removed from St. Paul's, was erected in the middle of Old Palace Yard, in front of the House of Lords. Around it were circled a band of halberdiers, outside whom stood a dense throng. The buttresses and pinnacles of the Abbey were covered with spectators; so was the roof of the parliament house; and the gallery over the entrance.

The bell of the Abbey began to toll as the train passed through the gates of Whitehall, and its deep booming filled the air. Just as the conspirators were released from the hurdles, Topcliffe, who had evidently, from his disordered attire, arrived from a long journey, rode up and dismounted.



THE EXECUTION OF THE REBELS

THE EXECUTION OF THE REBELS

"I am just in time," he cried, with an exulting glance at the conspirators; "this is not the last execution I shall witness. Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne are prisoners, and on their way to London. I was a long time in unearthing the priestly foxes, but I succeeded at last."

At this moment, an officer approached, and summoned Thomas Winter to mount the scaffold. He obeyed, and exhibited no symptom of quailing, except that his complexion suddenly turned to a livid colour. Being told of this by the lieutenant, he tried to account for it by saying that he thought he saw his brother precede him up the steps. He made a brief address, protesting he died a true Catholic, and in that faith, notwithstanding his offences, hoped to be saved.

Rookwood followed him, and indulged in a somewhat longer oration. "I confess my offence to God," he said, "in seeking to shed blood, and implore his mercy. I likewise confess my offence to the king, of whose majesty I humbly ask forgiveness; and I further confess my offence to the whole state, of whom in general I intreat pardon. May the Almighty bless the king, the queen, and all their royal progeny, and grant them a long and happy reign! May He turn their hearts to the Catholic faith, so that heresy may be wholly extirpated from the kingdom!"

The first part of this speech was well received by the assemblage, but the latter was drowned in groans and hootings, amid which Rookwood was launched into eternity.

Keyes came next, and eyeing the assemblage disdainfully, went up the ladder, and threw himself off with such force that he broke the rope, and was instantly despatched by the executioner and his assistants.

Guy Fawkes now alone remained, and he slowly mounted the scaffold. His foot slipped on the blood-stained boards, and he would have fallen, if Topcliffe, who stood near him, had not caught his hand. A deep silence prevailed as he looked around, and uttered the following words in a clear and distinct voice:—

"I ask forgiveness of the king and the state for my criminal intention, and trust that my death will wash out my offence."

He then crossed himself and knelt down to pray, after which his cloak and doublet were removed by the executioner's assistant, and placed with those of the other conspirators. He made an effort to mount the ladder, but his stiffened limbs refused their office.

"Your courage fails you," sneered Topcliffe, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"My strength does," replied Fawkes, sternly regarding him. "Help me up the ladder, and you shall see whether I am afraid to die."

Seeing how matters stood, the executioner who stood by, leaning upon his chopper, tendered him his blood-stained hand. But

Fawkes rejected it with disgust, and exerting all his strength, forced himself up the ladder.

As the hangman adjusted the rope he observed a singular smile illumine the features of his victim.

"You seem happy," he said.

"I am happy," replied Fawkes, earnestly; "I see the form of her I loved beckoning me to unfading happiness."

With this, he stretched out his arms and sprang from the ladder. Before his frame was exposed to the executioner's knife, life was totally extinct.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST EXECUTION.

LITTLE more remains to be told, and that little is of an equally painful nature with the tragical events just related.

Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne, together with Mr. Abingdon and their servants, arrived in London on the 12th of February, about a fortnight after the execution of the other conspirators. They were first taken to the Gatehouse at Westminster, and were examined on the following day by the Earl of Salisbury and the privy council at the Star-Chamber. Nothing could be elicited from them, and Garnet answered the earl's interrogatories with infinite subtlety and address. The examination over, they were ordered to be removed to the Tower.

Topcliffe accompanied them to the stairs. As they proceeded thither, he called Garnet's attention to a ghastly object stuck on a spike over the palace gates.

"Do you recognise those features?" he asked.

"No," replied Garnet, shudderingly averting his gaze.

"I am surprised to hear it," rejoined Topcliffe, "for they were once well known to you. It is the head of Guy Fawkes. Of all the conspirators," he added, with a bitter laugh, "he was the only one who died truly penitent. It is reported that this happy change was wrought in him by Viviana Radcliffe."

"Heaven have mercy upon his soul!" muttered Garnet.

"I will tell you a strange tale about Catesby," pursued Topcliffe. "He was buried in the garden at Holbeach with Percy; but an order was sent down by the Earl of Salisbury to have their bodies disinterred and quartered. When Catesby's head was severed from the trunk, to be set on the gates of Warwick, fresh blood spouted forth, as if life were in the veins."

"You do not expect me to believe this idle story?" said Garnet, incredulously.

"Believe it or not, as you please," returned Topcliffe, angrily.

On arriving at the fortress, Garnet was lodged in the large chamber of the Beauchamp Tower, and allowed the attendance of his servant, Nicholas Owen, while Oldcorne was equally well ac-

commodated in the Constable Tower. This leniency was the result of the policy of the Earl of Salisbury, who hoped to obtain disclosures from the two Jesuit priests which would enable him to strike the decisive blow he meditated against the papists. But he was unsuccessful. They refused to make any confessions which would criminate themselves, or implicate others; and as none of the conspirators, not even Tresham, had admitted their connexion with the plot, it was difficult to find proof against them. Garnet underwent daily examinations from the Earl of Salisbury and the commissioners, but he baffled all their inquiries.

"If we cannot wring the truth from you by fair means, Mr. Garnet," said Salisbury, "we must have recourse to torture."

"*Minare ista pueris*," replied Garnet, contemptuously.

"Leave these two priests to me, my lord," observed Sir William Waad, who was present at the examination, which took place at the council-chamber in his lodgings; "leave them to me," he said, in a low voice to the earl, "and I will engage to procure a full confession from their own lips, without resorting to torture."

"You will render the state an important service by doing so," replied Salisbury, in the same tone. "I place the matter entirely in your hands."

The lieutenant set to work without loss of time. By his directions, Garnet and Oldcorne were removed from their present places of confinement to two subterranean cells immediately adjoining each other, but between which a secret recess, contrived in the thickness of the wall, and built for the purpose it was subsequently put to, existed. Two days after they had been so immured, Ipgreve, who had received his instructions, loitered for a moment in Oldcorne's cell, and, with affected hesitation, informed him that for a trifling reward he would enable him to hold unreserved communication with his fellow-prisoner.

Oldcorne eagerly caught at the bait, but required to be satisfied that the jailer could make good his words. Ipgreve immediately proceeded to the side of the cell, and holding a lamp to the wall, showed him a small iron knob.

"Touch this spring," he said, "and a stone will fall from its place, and enable you to converse with Father Garnet, who is in the next cell. But you must take care to replace the stone when any one approaches."

Promising to observe the utmost caution, and totally unsuspecting of the deceit practised upon him, Oldcorne gave Ipgreve the reward, and as soon as he was gone, touched the spring, and found it act precisely as the jailer had stated.

Garnet was greatly surprised to hear the other's voice, and on learning how the communication was managed, was at first suspicious of some stratagem, but by degrees his fears wore off, and he became unreserved in his discourse with his companion, discussing the fate of the conspirators, their own share in the plot,

the probability of their acquittal, and the best means of baffling their examiners. All these interlocutions were overheard and taken down by the lieutenant and two other witnesses, Forsett and Lockerson, private secretary to the Earl of Salisbury, who were concealed in the recess. Having obtained all the information he desired, Sir William Waad laid his notes before the council, and their own confessions being read to the priests, they were both greatly confused, though neither would admit their authenticity.

Meanwhile their two servants, Owen and Chambers, had been repeatedly examined, and refusing to confess, were at last suspended from a beam by the thumbs. But this producing no result, they were told that on the following day they would be placed on the rack. Chambers then offered to make a full confession, but Owen, continuing obstinate, was conveyed back to his cell. Ipgreve brought him his food as usual in the evening, and on this occasion it consisted of broth, and a small allowance of meat. It was the custom of the jailer to bring with him a small blunt-pointed knife, with which he allowed the prisoner to cut his victuals. Having got possession of the knife, Owen tasted the broth, and complaining that it was quite cold, he implored the jailer to get it warmed for him, as he felt extremely unwell. Somewhat moved by his intreaties, and more by his appearance, Ipgreve complied. On his return, he found the unfortunate man lying in one corner of the cell, partially covered by a heap of straw which ordinarily formed his bed.

"Here is your broth," he said. "Take it while it is hot. I shall give myself no further trouble about you."

"It will not be needed," gasped Owen.

Alarmed by the sound of his voice, Ipgreve held the light towards him, and perceived that his face was pale as death. At the same time, he remarked that the floor was covered with blood. Instantly divining the truth, the jailer rushed towards the wretched man, and dragging away the blood-stained straw, found he had inflicted a frightful wound upon himself with the knife, which he still held in his grasp.

"Fool that I was, to trust you with the weapon!" cried Ipgreve. "But who would have thought it could inflict a mortal wound?"

"Any weapon will serve him who is resolved to die," rejoined Owen. "You cannot put me on the rack now." And with a ghastly expression of triumph, he expired.

Soon after this, Oldcorne and Abingdon were sent down to Worcester, where the former was tried and executed. Stephen Littleton suffered death at the same time.

On Friday, the 23rd of March, full proofs being obtained against him, Garnet was arraigned of high treason at Guildhall. The trial, which excited extraordinary interest, was attended by the king, by the most distinguished personages, male and female, of his

court, and by all the foreign ambassadors. Garnet conducted himself throughout his arraignment, which lasted for thirteen hours, with the same courage and address which he had displayed on his examinations before the commissioners. But his subtlety availed him little. He was found guilty and condemned.

The execution of the sentence was for some time deferred, it being hoped that a complete admission of his guilt would be obtained from him, together with disclosures relative to the designs of the Jesuit party. With this view, the examinations were still continued, but the rigour with which he had been latterly treated was relaxed. A few days before his execution, he was visited by several eminent Protestant divines—Doctor Montague, dean of the Chapel Royal; Doctor Neile, dean of Westminster; and Doctor Overall, dean of Saint Paul's; with whom he had a long disputation on points of faith and other spiritual matters.

At the close of this discussion, Doctor Overall remarked, "I suppose you expect, Mr. Garnet, that, after your death, the Church of Rome will declare you a martyr?"

"I a martyr!" exclaimed Garnet, sorrowfully. "O what a martyr I should be! If, indeed, I were really about to suffer death for the Catholic religion, and had never known of this project, except by means of sacramental confession, I might, perhaps, be accounted worthy the honour of martyrdom, and might deservedly be glorified in the opinion of our church. As it is, I acknowledge myself to have sinned in this respect, and deny not the justice of the sentence passed upon me."

Satisfied, at length, that no further disclosures could be obtained from him, the king signed the warrant for his execution on the 2nd of May.

The scaffold was erected at the west end of Saint Paul's Cathedral, on the spot where Digby and the other conspirators had suffered. A vast assemblage was collected as on the former occasion, and similar precautions were taken to prevent tumult and disturbance. The unfortunate man's torture was cruelly and unnecessarily prolonged by a series of questions proposed to him on the scaffold by Doctor Overall and the Dean of Westminster, all of which he answered very collectedly and clearly. He maintained his fortitude to the last. When fully prepared, he mounted the ladder, and thus addressed the assemblage:

"I commend myself to all good Catholics. I grieve that I have offended the king by not revealing the design entertained against him, and that I did not use more diligence in preventing the execution of the plot. I commend myself most humbly to the lords of his majesty's council, and intreat them not to judge too hardly by me. I beseech all men that Catholics may not fare the worse for my sake, and I exhort all Catholics to take care not to mix themselves with seditions or traitorous designs against the king's majesty, whom God preserve!"

Making the sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast, he continued :

"In nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus sancti! Jesus Maria! Maria, mater gratiæ! mater misericordiæ! Tu me ab hoste protege, et horâ mortis suscipe! In manus tuas Domine, commendo spiritum meum, quia tu redimisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis." Again crossing himself he added,—*"Per crucis hoc signum fugiat procul omne malignum! Infige crucem tuam, Domine, in corde meo!"*

And with this last pathetic ejaculation he threw himself from the ladder.

Garnet obtained, after death, the distinction he had disclaimed while living. He was enrolled, together with Oldcorne, among the list of Catholic martyrs. Several miracles are affirmed by the Jesuits to have been performed in his behalf. Father More relates that on the lawn at Hendlip, where he and Oldcorne last set foot, "a new and hitherto unknown species of grass sprang up into the exact shape of an imperial crown, and remained for a long time without being trodden down by the feet of passengers, or eaten up by the cattle." It was further asserted that a spring of oil burst forth at the west end of Saint Paul's Cathedral on the precise spot where he suffered. But the most singular prodigy is that recounted by Endæmon Joannes, who affirms that in a straw which had been sprinkled with Garnet's blood, a human countenance, strangely resembling that of the martyr, was discovered. This legend of the Miraculous Straw, having received many embellishments and improvements as it travelled abroad, obtained universal credence, and was conceived to fully establish Garnet's innocence.

Anne Vaux, the Jesuit's devoted friend, retired with her sister, Mrs. Brooksby, to a nunnery in Flanders, where she ended her days.

So terminated the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten Gunpowder Treason, for deliverance from which our church still offers thanksgivings, and in remembrance of which, on the anniversary of its discovery, fagots are collected and bonfires lighted to consume the effigy of the arch-conspirator, GUY FAWKES.

END OF "GUY FAWKES."

THE VICTIM OF STEAM.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

PASSING along that once animated and busy thoroughfare—the only direct channel of communication between two of the great capitals of the United Kingdom—London and Edinburgh—what a multifarious crowd of reminiscences and associations of bygone times involuntarily press themselves upon the mind! Where, asks the traveller, are the “Highflyers,” the “Expresses,” the “True Britons,” the “Red Rovers,” that used but a few years ago to rattle along and enliven these now deserted roads? Where are the well-laden teams, drawn by their sleek and lusty greys, that moved as it were at a snail’s pace over the ground? Shall the sound of the bugle, or the whistle of the merry waggoner, never again fall upon the ear, or touch a chord in memory, that has long ceased to vibrate? Where those signs of trade and prosperity—that joyous and comfortable appearance that the various hostleries you passed on your route were wont to assume? The sound of the bugle has been exchanged for the shriek of the whistle, and the omnipotent power of steam has alike supplanted the stage-coach and the stage waggon. Hostleries have been converted into railway-stations; and where once you were accustomed to ask for a glass of brandy, you now ask for your ticket. Small villages that were regaled, at least once a day, by the sight of a stage-coach, are now reduced to the miserable shift of being contented with that of a coal-waggon or a brewer’s dray.

Civilisation is rapidly progressing; the age in which we live is becoming every day more and more utilitarian, but are we not gradually and imperceptibly losing the love of real enjoyment for the purpose of making money and economising time? What pleasure is there in being whirled across a country at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour—in passing green fields and plantations, pleasant landscapes and running streams, without allowing the eye for a moment to dwell upon their beauty, and the mind leisure and opportunity to enjoy itself in their contemplation.

We love the old times—we have a fond predilection for stage-coaches.

They are associated with some of our brightest and happiest moments. In our school-days railroads were just beginning to be talked of; but at the Christmas and midsummer vacations, we always returned home to our friends and relations by the old conveyance, “the “Telegraph” or the “Celerity.” How well do we remember the pleasantries, the facetious stories of the guard—the dashing, off-hand style of the coachman, as he saluted “a brother whip” on the road—the divers houses at which these remarkable men used to alight when we changed horses, ostensibly with no other view than to see that all was right, but, without doubt, instigated by some other powerful motive, for they invariably went into the inn, and we have invariably observed, on their return, an extra suffusion of ruddiness imparted to their jovial countenances, and an additional lustre to their merry twinkling eyes.

Yes, a journey in these days was a delight and an intellectual enjoyment. It was never tedious, never monotonous. Now you were passing through some quiet little village, followed by a band of rosy little chil-

dren, whooping and dancing; now through some bustling little market-town, where all was noise and tumult. Here a princely castle, the seat of some wealthy aristocrat, would rise upon the view; there some modest little country church, the emblem of peace and happiness, would peep from amid the surrounding foliage. And what a heterogeneous description of vehicles you passed on the road! what variety, what subjects for amusement and speculation!

A few miles from the city of York, and not far removed from the high road to London, there stood a neat little dwelling, perfectly isolated, and at a distance of at least half a mile from any other habitation. It was a quiet, genteel-looking little place. There was a garden in front and a garden behind. Honeysuckles and ivy crept up the walls, and with impertinent curiosity peered into the parlour and drawing-room windows, whilst two large pear-trees paid precisely the same compliment to those of the bed-rooms. A small trelliswork porch, overgrown with willows and laburnums, constituted the entrance to this desirable little abode. At either side of the gate that gave ingress to the garden, a couple of poplars were stationed, like two tall grenadiers, guarding the place from unseemly obtrusion. The door and the window-shutters of the house were painted green, and the former was surmounted with a little brass knocker, that gave one of the civilest and genteelest raps imaginable.

The owner of this retired little place had only just taken possession of it. He wished to live in quiet and retirement, and had selected it entirely on account of its seclusion. Mr. Paul Wagglestaff was a member of the old school, and looked with a jaundiced and prejudiced eye upon all the innovations that had been made of late years. The most effectual way of offending him and arousing his ire was by extolling the wonderful powers of steam, and showing what an immense advantage accrued to the public by the rapid transition of passengers and merchandise by railway and water. Many changes in society had been introduced which he had never approved of nor recognised. His patience for a series of years had been put to the severest test by one novelty and another, but the time had come when he could no longer tolerate the new-fangled notions that people had got into their heads. Steam-boats and locomotives had excited the admiration and surprise of the whole civilised world; the former had immortalised the name of a Watt, whilst the latter had reflected undying glory and renown on that of a Stephenson. Strange to say, both these marvellous inventions had only created the most unmitigated contempt and disgust in the breast of Mr. Paul Wagglestaff. Glad to escape, as it were, from a world that manifested so little inclination to please him, he had sought a spot where he could pass the remainder of his days in comparative solitude, enjoying his present existence by casting retrospective glances at the past, and brooding over and admiring the humble and unpretending manners of his ancestors.

Mr. Wagglestaff was a bachelor, between sixty and seventy years of age; his only companion was his housekeeper, who was only a few years younger than himself. It was the chief employment of this female to indulge him in all his whims—encourage him in all his eccentricities—attend to his bodily wants and ailments—discourse with him regarding things which people used to do forty or fifty years before, and to prove, with as much force of eloquence as she could command, the degeneracy of the past generations as compared with that which preceded it. I

will not say that the old lady was quite sincere in all she said anent these matters. She might, possibly, be actuated by a little selfishness; she might wish to curry favour with the old gentleman; she might probably be hinting indirectly at a legacy, or meditating an attack upon his freedom, and desirous of entrapping him into some matrimonial speculation. It is possible that any or all of these thoughts may have been uppermost in her mind, for old ladies are just as shrewd and sly as young ones; and their sympathies (real or feigned) for gentlemen of their own age, are often as dangerous as are the merry laugh and speaking eye of the romping school-girl to her poor, bewildered country-cousin.

The aged housekeeper, however, was a great favourite with the antiquated gentleman; and all his sentiments met with an immediate response from the tongue (she was somewhat loquacious) of that lady. His letters were opened, his accounts kept by her; and if there was anything in the daily papers likely to prove obnoxious to him—as a prospectus of a new railway company; a paragraph announcing the invention of an ariel machine, by which persons might be conveyed with the utmost safety and despatch to the moon—she invariably cut them out before the papers were placed in his hands.

Mr. Wagglestaff's dress was simple and unassuming. He usually wore a blue dress coat, decorated with plain brass buttons, and containing two capacious pockets behind. The waistcoat was of a buff colour, ornamented with horn buttons, and its style or make was coeval with that of the coat. Drab knee-breeches, coarse grey worsted stockings, and ankle-boots fastened with leather ties, completed his attire, which, it will be readily conceded, was not very *recherché*.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wagglestaff one morning, as he and the housekeeper were walking together in front of the house, "here we can walk undisturbed; admire the country; inhale the fresh air, unimpregnated by steam or vapour; and listen to the melody of the lark. We can look over miles and miles of a fine undulating country, and never grow weary of the prospect stretched before us. Ah! this is something like. Thank Heaven! I'm now removed from the improvements of the times, as they call 'em—*improvements* indeed! yes, very nice improvements—their engines and their railroads, and their steam-boats and their machinery. God be thanked! that my forefathers are in their graves, for had they survived to witness such degeneracy as this—had they survived to see their good old habits and customs give way to such abominable changes, I am verily of opinion they would have laid violent hands upon themselves, or committed some act inconsistent with reason or common sense."

"Yes, indeed they would," observed Miss Jigglersbury. "People were very plain and homely in their notions in those days. There was none of that romance or nonsense, which is so common at the present day."

"We are very old people, Miss Jigglersbury," Mr. Wagglestaff said, "and our sojourn here is fast drawing to a close; but you may depend upon it, ma'am, if we were to live fifteen or twenty years longer, we should behold such monstrous things as your imagination is quite incapable of conceiving. From the way in which the times are progressing, as people say, it is utterly impossible to foresee what will occur."

There are really very few ladies or gentlemen who like to be told that they are old, and Miss Jigglersbury herself was not an exception to the rule. However anxious she might be in assenting to everything that Mr. Wagglestaff advanced, the observation respecting the advanced stage of her existence was one that she neither agreed with nor approved of.

"Well, certainly, Mr. Wagglestaff, there are people younger than ourselves, but we are not so very old, for all that. But, perhaps, considering all things, it is not very desirable to be very young, seeing the turn things are taking."

"These are precisely my own sentiments, Miss Jigglersbury; and I am glad that our opinions so closely correspond."

"Yes," commenced Miss Jigglersbury; but she was prevented from saying more, for Mr. Wagglestaff entered the cottage, and proceeded at once to his own room.

The elysium into which Mr. Wagglestaff's good fortune had conducted him, was, unhappily, to be of short duration. He had not been located in this sublunary paradise more than a couple of years, when the beatific visions he had painted to himself were in a fair way of being completely dispelled.

The first intimation that Mr. Wagglestaff received of the intended incursion upon his peace and quietude, was made to him one morning whilst indulging in his accustomed walk. Scarcely more than a hundred yards from the cottage of Mr. Wagglestaff there stood a large brick-building that had been used for some years by a neighbouring farmer as a barn, or place in which to deposit corn. As he was passing this building, he observed three or four people busy at work; and being curious to know what they were engaged with, he accosted a raw country-lad with the view of eliciting the required information.

"What are you about here, my lad?" Mr. Wagglestaff inquired.

"Aboot," replied the lad, "why, nowt vara wonderful."

"Are you repairing the place?"

"Not exzackly, sur. We're boon to hev an engine here."

"A what!" exclaimed the terrified Wagglestaff.

"An engine, sur—a steam-engine."

Had the lad told Mr. Wagglestaff that Captain Warner's long range would be capable of reaching the American continent from our own shores, he could scarcely have been more incredulous.

"Pooh—pooh! it's all nonsense. Why, what the deuce can you do with an engine here?"

"To drive a mill, to be sure. We're boon to grind't koarn wit."

"Well, my lad," said Mr. Wagglestaff, "there's a fine stream of water close by,—why not use that instead?"

"Ho! ho! ho! There's nowt loike steam, sur; it's far afore watter. Ecod, it's all the goa now-a-days. Loard bliss ye, there was me and Dick Watson went on't railway t'other day, and it was loike fleeing ower't grund. Ah's sartin we didn't goa less than twenty miles in't hour. Ho! ho! ho! Dang it, there's nowt like steam."

Mr. Wagglestaff was not particularly edified with the youth's enthusiasm respecting the extraordinary powers of steam, and therefore felt exceedingly disinclined to prolong the conversation. He pursued his walk in a desponding and abstracted mood, and seemed to be impressed with the conviction that there was no place, not even the most remote, to

which he could retreat without being pursued by that Frankenstein of his existence—steam. When he returned home, he and Miss Jigglersbury held a long conversation concerning the inconvenience of a steam-engine in the vicinity. Mr. Wagglestaff declared that he would not be able to sleep of nights with the thoughts of it. Miss Jigglersbury, who was but the echo of that eccentric gentleman's opinions, made a declaration to precisely the same effect. Mr. Wagglestaff expatiated on the unwholesomeness of atmosphere impregnated with steam and obnoxious vapours. Miss Jigglersbury dilated upon the diseases and illnesses arising from a deficiency of pure air, and the deleterious effects of smoke, and upon the vegetable kingdom at large. Mr. Wagglestaff objected to incessant noises. Miss Jigglersbury loved peace and quietness, &c. It was in this way the worthy couple discussed the inconvenience to which they were henceforth to be subjected, and it was after this fashion they contrived to coincide with, and approve of, each other's opinions.

It was, however, finally arranged, that both Mr. Wagglestaff and Miss Jigglersbury should wait upon the proprietor of the mill, and use all the eloquence and influence they might possess to dissuade him from his intention; and in case they did not succeed in this way, to offer him some pecuniary consideration to abandon the undertaking. Accordingly, on the following day, they waited upon this person, but he turned a deaf ear alike to their persuasions, comminations, and the pecuniary offers which they made him; so that the poor old people were obliged to retrace their steps, without coming to any arrangement at all satisfactory to themselves.

I do not think that the proximity of a steam-mill would have affected the personal comfort or happiness of Miss Jigglersbury, neither do I think that she would have concerned herself about it, had it not been for the well-known antipathy of Mr. Wagglestaff to anything in which the power of steam was employed.

The mill, however, in course of time, was put into full operation, and Miss Jigglersbury, with much difficulty and persuasion, succeeded in allaying the fury of Mr. Wagglestaff, who had already determined to sell his property, if even at a sacrifice, rather than be annoyed by living in a neighbourhood in which so objectionable a thing as a steam-engine was used.

Time and custom gradually reconciled Mr. Wagglestaff to the annoyance; indeed, he so far recovered his usual equanimity of temper as to be able to take his walks as usual, which were sometimes extended to the very site of the mill itself. His health, which had at first suffered considerably by chafing and fretting, rapidly improved, his spirits became more buoyant, and his whole system completely renovated. Miss Jigglersbury noted these improvements in the appearance and demeanour of Mr. Wagglestaff with inexpressible satisfaction, and she even had the vanity to ascribe this salutary change to her own nursing and coaxing.

"Miss Jigglersbury," said Mr. Wagglestaff one morning, as he stood looking out of the parlour window, "what can those men be doing in the field there?"

"I'm sure I can't say," replied Miss Jigglersbury. "I hope they are not —"

Miss Jigglersbury intended to say "surveying or levelling," but dreading to alarm Mr. Wagglestaff, she checked herself.

"You hope they are not what, Miss Jigglersbury?"

"Poaching," replied the lady, for want of a better answer.

"Poaching—pooh! people don't poach in broad daylight. It's my opinion they're about something worse than that. It's my opinion they are either surveying or levelling, or something of that kind."

"Oh! I hope not," Miss Jigglersbury exclaimed, her worst fears more than half confirmed.

"I hope not, too, but I can't shut my eyes against appearances. You may depend upon it the fellows are after something of the kind."

"Shall I go and inquire the nature of their business?"

"No, Miss Jigglersbury; I'll go myself. I shall be better able to interrogate the rascals than you."

"You will get excited Mr. Wagglestaff; you must not go. I will go and request one of them to come here, and you can then put what questions to him you please."

Mr. Wagglestaff succumbed to the better judgment of Miss Jigglersbury, who accordingly put on her bonnet and hastened to communicate with the men whom Mr. Wagglestaff had observed in the field. After the lapse of a few minutes one of them stood in his presence.

"You will excuse me," Mr. Wagglestaff said, "for giving you this trouble, but I am anxious to know what you are engaged with in the field opposite."

"We are surveying, sir."

"Surveying!" said Wagglestaff.

"Yes, surveying. You know what surveying is, don't you?"

"To be sure I do," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "But are you surveying for your own amusement or improvement?"

"Ha! ha! that's a good 'un! We should be devilish hard up for amusement if we had no other than that; and as for improvement, I can assure you we are quite *au fait*."

"Oh!" said Wagglestaff; "then what is your object?"

"You've heard of the Great Bubbleton and Gammonshire Railway Company, haven't you?"

"No," said Wagglestaff; "and I don't want to hear about it."

"That's a pity, for no gentleman can help hearing about that company, they're making such a noise just now. We're surveying for a new line of railway for 'em, sir."

"Is that a fact?" Wagglestaff inquired.

"Decidedly so, sir."

"Then by Jove! sir, I'll sell my property to-morrow. I'll not remain to see the first spade put into the soil. Miss Jigglersbury, we'll advertise at once; we'll have no delay."

"But, I say, you had better remain a short while. Sir Jillikins Punshon, Bart., is going to break the soil. There will be grand goings on, sir."

"What do I care for Sir Jillikins Punshon, Bart.? What is Sir Jillikins Punshon, Bart., to me, eh? Do you think his title will mend the matter, sir? He ought to be ashamed of himself, a man of his standing in society, to be concerned in such an undertaking?"

"What! you don't approve of railways, the most brilliant invention of the day? Consider their immense utility to the community at large, the facilities they afford of intercommunication between one place and another, carrying letters, despatches, newspapers, parcels, anything, sir, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with the rapidity of lightning. Write

a letter to-day in York, the next in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Johnny Groat's House——"

"It's all stuff, sir," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "Railways have done more harm than good. People don't want to travel so quick; there's no occasion for it; let 'em take their time. What good has machinery done generally? None. It's all a farce, sir; it's all nonsense. They never thought of railways fifty years ago; and don't you think the people of that day were just as clever and as shrewd as they are now? Ay, a good deal more. Where is all this humbug to stop? By Jove! it's enough to drive me mad. When I was in Liverpool, manufactories were worked by steam, boats and locomotives were propelled by steam. Here is a mill in the vicinity that is driven by steam, and only the other day I read of a man who is engaged in inventing a steam-plough; but I hope he'll fail. It's steam, steam, sir, wherever you turn. For five years I have moved from place to place, in the hope of hearing no more of this monstrous infatuation. But it appears I can't escape it. I will sell my property, however. I'll not remain here any longer. We'll advertise, Miss Jigglersbury; there's nothing else for it."

"Let us take a little time for consideration," suggested the spinster.

"We don't want any. Our minds are already made up," said Wagglestaff.

"I believe you have no further occasion for me?" said the man.

"Not a bit," replied Mr. Wagglestaff. And the man accordingly withdrew.

Mr. Wagglestaff sold his property, and fled the country; but in what direction that miserable and persecuted man went, none ever knew.

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

WINDS without blow bleak and cold,
 Torrents rush to meet the sea,
 Mountains hide their crests of gold—
 All is gloom, but what care we?
 While the blazing pine-logs hiss,
 And the cup around goes free,
 Dearest, at a time like this,
 Is English Hospitality!

Place another vacant chair,
 If a friend should pass this way,
 Small our bounty, yet we'll share,
 Should it chance, as chance it may!
 Poor the comfort we should know,
 Scanty though our store may be,
 Could we not sometimes bestow
 Old English Hospitality!

Thankful for each store of bliss;
 Hark! a step is at the gate!
 Fill the cup! 'twas given for this,
 Friend or stranger, none should wait.
 Charity's a bitter word,
 Better sweet humanity,
 When the heart's deep fount is stirr'd
 By English Hospitality!

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF
PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

IN a large, low chamber of a house on the Meerbrugge sat two females differently occupied. A striking resemblance betrayed the close consanguinity between them; and so lightly had years passed over the person of the elder, that a careless observer might almost have mistaken her for the sister of the pretty girl who sat beside her. A closer inspection would have shown, however, that time, at once the maturer and destroyer, had not failed to leave behind some traces of his course. The *embonpoint*, which gave an additional grace to the figure of her companion, had increased in her to such a degree as to disturb the harmony of outline which characterises youth, and the tender hue of her complexion had deepened into a colour too decidedly florid.

The younger lady was sitting at a table covered with crimson velvet, the reflection from which warmed up the delicate tints of her face, as she leant over a missal whose pages she was carefully illuminating. A small black velvet cap, in the fashion of those yet seen in the pictures of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, contrasted with—and displayed to the fullest advantage—the hue of her beautiful countenance.

The wishes which Mary van Meeren had formed in years bygone had been realised. Margaret had remained an only child, and never did even the hope of another interfere with the all-engrossing love with which her solitary treasure had been welcomed and cherished. Margaret had grown up in a perfect atmosphere of love. When her cheek was pale, all around had trembled; when her infant tears were shed, universal sympathy was excited, which, perhaps, had been refused to more serious woes coming from a less interesting source. Her wishes, however trifling, had been a law, her smiles a favour, and her frowns had a spell that could check the most decided in the family—even Paul himself.

Nor had Margaret been exposed only to the influence of the doting affections of her own family. The future heiress of a wealth—which even in Antwerp was considered immense—had not lacked flatterers and admirers. Poets had compared her complexion to the snow on the mountain's brow; her light brown hair had been termed a silken tissue, interwoven with threads of gold; her intelligent hazel eyes were declared stars of first magnitude; and her mouth, and teeth of exquisite beauty, had been themes of never-ending praise. One said, the expression of her pure soul, stamped upon her face, likened her unto a Madonna; another, that her innocent cheerfulness was that of winged cherubs; in short, all that with which a pretty, fair girl, with the bloom of sweet seventeen upon cheek and heart, could be compared with any degree of propriety, had been constrained into rhyme to illustrate her perfections. When we add that many a friendly artist had as much poetised her with the pencil as others had done in numbers, it will not be thought surprising that Margaret entertained no mean opinion of her advantages.

The maternal eyes of Mistress van Meeren were frequently raised from her ebony spinning-wheel to the countenance she loved so well. The looks

of Margaret had for some minutes been fixed on vacancy, and a deep sigh, unconsciously, betrayed that her thoughts were not of a nature so cheerful as they should have been. The times, indeed, were fast casting their shadows over the lightest hearts and the youngest brows; nor could Margaret hope to escape the anxiety awakened in the breasts of all.

The sigh was re-echoed by her mother. "I wish, Margaret," said she, replying, as it were, to the unspoken thoughts of her daughter, "I could see the end of all this. It would seem as if all our good days were behind us, and there were nought in store for us but evil."

"Nay," said Margaret, "let us not despond. It is true the new religion can no longer hope for a home, or even a shelter here; but there are other lands favoured with milder princes."

"Hush—hush! my darling," said her mother, casting an anxious glance around; "talk not thus lightly of such grave and sad matters. I often tremble to think that your uncle Paul may have taught you more than the English language, which he insisted so urgently that you should learn."

"Yes, he has also taught me to esteem highly that country which my father and he have wished me to consider as my future home."

"Perhaps, too, he has instructed you to renounce the faith as well as the love of your country?"

"Neither," answered the young girl, warmly, her eyes glistening as she spoke. "Father Eustace has maintained both these feelings pure in my heart. Perhaps but for him——"

"Yes, yes! Your uncle is so decided in his opinions, that if he were not so good, and so very fond of you, I could almost find it in my heart to wish that he had taken greater umbrage at the penal laws, which frightened away the foreign merchants from our town. I could wish, I say, that he had followed our friends, the Sturgeons, to England."

"We lost much by the breaking of the association, did we not, mamma? At least, I have heard my uncle say so."

"Perhaps we did, my child; but we have money to spare, and though our whole fortune had been engulfed, if other difficulties had been carried away with the loss, all might yet be well."

"How, mamma? How could all be well? Do you mean if we had accompanied the Sturgeons, as my uncle wished?"

"God forbid!" said her mother, looking almost alarmed at the suggestion. "God forbid! Margaret—but," added she, lowering her voice, and suffering her spindle to remain idle, "your uncle, though so good, and in many respects so wise, cannot, being a bachelor, be expected to be so prudent as the times require. He is not bound by the same considerations as a married man; and what he thinks and feels in matters of politics and religion, is so marked, so unmitigated, that he must draw the eyes of the suspicious upon him. He fears nothing, for he has none who rely wholly upon his protection."

"Dear mamma, you do him the greatest injustice. You know how he is attached to you—to us all. He feels for me as if I were his own child."

"It is never the same thing, Margaret. He lacks, besides, a wife's advice and counsel, and that is much: the attachment and care of a wife never fail to soften a man's acerbity."

"Sometimes, also, his determination and his courage," said Margaret, with a playful smile.

"Nonsense, child!" replied her mother, pettishly; "at your age one knows nothing of these matters; when you are older you will understand them better."

"But," persisted Margaret, the malicious smile still lingering about her pretty lips, "my father entertains the same opinions as my uncle, although——"

"He would not persist in them a month if your uncle were away, and not expected to return, and if all idea of the Sturgeon association and marriage were once fairly set aside. Besides, your father, my dear, may think what he pleases, and no one in the wide world be the wiser for it; but your uncle is a very different person, and with him it is altogether another matter."

"Then, dear mamma, am I to understand that you wish my poor uncle, who has no one on earth to love him but ourselves, to go far, far away, in a foreign land, where none would know or care for him? Oh! say you did not mean that—say you could not form so cruel a wish."

Margaret spoke with warmth: a generous blush crimsoned her cheek; and her eyes looked eloquent with pity and sorrow.

"Alas! my child, the difficulties and troubles of the times, and personal apprehensions, make cowards of the best of us; they make us wish for lesser evils that we may escape the greater."

"If they can make us feel thus towards one so generous, so trusting as my uncle, you may add, fear makes us heartless."

"I do not know what you call being heartless, Greta. Surely, preferring the safety of my husband and child, and a happy home in the land of my birth, are feelings too just, too natural, to deserve such a name."

"Forgive, dear mamma," said the daughter, seeing the pain her reproach had caused; "forgive a hasty word—but surely, if uncle Paul continues so guarded as he has promised Father Eustace he would be for our sakes, there can be no cause for apprehension."

"If you, Margaret, were but once married to a person whose purity of faith was undoubted—one in a situation to protect you and yours, and who had the power and the will to place his affection between you and the Inquisition itself, then my heart would be at ease, which is more than it has been for months."

The deep blush which crimsoned Margaret's soft cheek showed that her mother's words, though spoken generally, had, like those of most women, a particular and direct tendency; and that she was perfectly aware to whom they individually applied.

"My poor uncle," said she, hesitatingly, "would then certainly leave Antwerp."

"How you dwell upon that, Greta!—and if he were to go, your father, your mother, would dwell in security and peace within its walls—their nights would know no anxious watchings—their days no difference of opinions—their wealth would be secured to their beloved child, and that child happy in a union whose peace would be confirmed by a similarity of faith. They might then see the evening of their lives close in the same sweet content and repose in which their earlier days were

spent. All this, my child, depends upon you; for never will your parents in the least thwart your wishes. You have your father's word on it. Ever since you have been old enough to understand such matters, he has suffered you to feel that your hand was entirely at your own disposal. This reservation was mentioned, even from the first, to the Sturgeons; and it frees you and your father from all promise or engagement whatever. But although a free choice is left you, it is a mother's right to point out to her daughter the path she ought to pursue; to argue her into that which is for her good, and to enforce her desires by wholesome commands and tender entreaties."

"Dear mamma, are you so very impatient to get rid of me?" said Margaret, reproachfully.

"I did not expect so childish a question, Greta. I never should have dreamt of touching upon such a subject with one so young, if circumstances did not compel me. Alas! were all things safe around us, how little should I have thought of such grave matters, or of deciding your fate so soon! How ambitious, had the times been otherwise, should I not have been for my darling! But, as it is, a strong arm is needed to support, and a safe shelter to conceal, one so helpless in the midst of these unhappy contentions. That your father and uncle are suspected of being disaffected subjects, and, still worse, of being heretics, I know from a sure quarter. Dangers surround us, and none seem to be well aware of it but myself, whose eyes have been opened by a friend. We ought to provide against them whilst yet we may. The best of all means I am obliged to suggest to you, my child, because through you alone can your father be persuaded in such matters; you alone can counterbalance the power of Paul. I trust much to the precociousness of your reason, and much," added Mistress van Meeren, extending her hand towards her daughter, "much to your love for me, if, indeed, you can have any deep affection for any one, my poor Greta, whose affections have been divided among so many from your cradle."

"Dear, dear mamma," said Margaret, rising, and taking her mother's hand, "how can you say this? Are not my own parents dearer to me than any one on earth? But, surely, you do not think my gratitude to my early teachers, uncle Paul and Father Eustace, can interfere with the more tender duty I owe to you and my father."

"Nay, I do not exactly say that, Greta. Doubtless I owe much to Father Eustace, although a more zealous, a more rigid Catholic——"

"Could never have been more convincing than he, believe me."

"But your uncle has engrossed a great deal of your time to very little purpose. You are over wise, Greta, for one of your tender years, and know much that is, I doubt not, very pernicious. What was the use of your learning English, since I hope you will never be an English wife; and Latin, as if you were to become a priest, and it were necessary to understand what you say when you pray? Then, of what use was it that Master Kay should teach you to paint little things of all sorts and kinds in your missal? At your age, Greta—and I was as wise and as pretty to the full as you are—I knew nothing of all these things; yet was I not a beloved wife, a good mother, and a thrifty housewife?"

"But you forget, mamma, how little skill I really possess in all these things. It was rather an amusement to my kind teachers, a pleasant

manner of spending an hour with so young a favourite as I then was, that induced them to bestow this care upon me, than any serious intention of making me too accomplished. I assure you I am not sufficiently learned to cause you the least uneasiness."

"Nay, Margaret, there are not many girls in Antwerp, be they who they may, better or more accomplished than yourself," said Mistress van Meeren, her maternal pride conquering all other feelings. "But I do think Father Eustace might have omitted the Latin. However, I am not sorry that young Lopez Chievosa taught you Spanish; it may be useful in many respects. You ought, my dear child, to speak it oftener with him. Mind, Greta, I say speak to him, listen to him, nothing more. To consider the point seems necessary, but the hour for decision is not yet at hand."

Scarcely had Mistress van Meeren ceased speaking, when the door opened, and the person of the intruder became visible, and entered slowly the apartment. It was that of a young man in the very flower of youth; and so perfect was the symmetry of his form, so faultless the lines of his slightly-aquiline features, that it was impossible not to be struck, and to a certain degree prepossessed, by so rare a combination. His figure, though slender, was so justly moulded that his exact height could not be determined until his lofty proportions were thrown out by comparison with those of other men. It had, however, upon the whole, more of suppleness and grace than dignity. His complexion was more swarthy than usual, even among his countrymen, but it harmonised well with raven locks, dark eyes of uncommon brilliancy, and the small, carefully-trimmed mustachio, which set off to advantage a mouth so finely chiselled that its every movement and expression added a new grace to his countenance. The dark eyes of the youth were fixed upon Margaret with a gaze of ardent, unveiled admiration; and when we remember the conversation which his entrance had interrupted, we cannot wonder that hers sought the ground, and that her very brow crimsoned, whilst the mother regarded with a mixture of pride and pleasure these choice specimens of a different race and clime, the grace of the one throwing out by contrast that of the other.

"What has brought you hither just now, Lopez?" demanded Mistress van Meeren.

"More bad news of the day," he replied. "I thought it right to communicate them myself as early as I could, fearing lest, but for me, you might be kept in undue ignorance of what is passing."

"You may well insinuate that I ought to be sooner and more fully informed than I usually am of what is going on," said Mistress van Meeren, somewhat piqued. "It seems to my poor judgment that the mistress of a family has as great an interest at stake in these times as the most sober-minded men of the council. It is true my husband and his brother have not been employed this many a month, but I suppose they have means of knowing what is stirring."

"They do not seek to conceal anything from you, mamma," said Margaret. "If they tell you not of every passing rumour, it is because they either think it not confirmed, or that it would only weary you."

"They think! How can you tell what they think, Greta? You take too much upon yourself, my child? Well, Chievosa, what do they talk of now?"

"Why, they say—and this really seems more than a mere rumour—that there is a party secretly forming with a view to overthrow the power of the regent, and even that of the king, in these countries, and that they are sending emissaries throughout the provinces and towns, to sound the minds of the people, more especially of those in office, or distinguished by superior wealth, and who are thought to be disaffected. Those who are suspected of not being over strict in their adherence to the true Church will, doubtless, be amongst the first whom they will seek."

"Alas! can this be true? This is something very serious," said Mistress van Meeren, looking anxiously into the fine countenance of the young man, who had told his news in a voice so musical that the subject lost some of its gravity.

"I suppose," continued Lopez, "they will endeavour, by every means in their power, to maintain in their opposition the towns that have refused the bishops, and repulsed the measures which the king is anxious to enforce. I should not wonder if some of them soon find their way into Antwerp—nay, into this very house."

"May God avert it!" ejaculated Mistress van Meeren; "that is, I would say, they would find nothing here that could repay their trouble."

"We cannot be so very confident on that head," replied Lopez, with a meaning smile. "Nay," continued he, playfully, turning to Margaret, who had cast upon him an inquiring glance, "although it is impossible to blind so old an inmate in your house as myself, it were easy—oh! how easy—to bind me to an eternal, an interested silence."

The look with which he accompanied these words embarrassed Margaret not a little; but she replied with spirit—

"If there were in this house aught that it were necessary to conceal, methinks you are, or ought to be, fully bound to do so already."

"Far be it from me to deny it," answered the Spaniard, more gravely. "I wish I possessed a talisman as powerful to make others speak the words I most wish to hear, as that by which you guide my will in all things."

It would have appeared to most women that Lopez Chievosa had a charm in his looks and voice capable of exerting but too powerful a spell on the female imagination. Perhaps it was some such thought that caused the smile on the lips of Mistress van Meeren.

"The mention of talismans always reminds me," she said, "of that which chance once threw in my way, and which I fancied boded so many great things for Margaret. Well, I've given up all such idle fancies now, and wonder I could ever have permitted them to gain a hold upon my mind."

"They may not be so fallacious after all," said Lopez. "Who can tell but that Margaret, without seeking very far, may find even more than the magic ring was ever supposed to promise. I, at least, have many reasons for thinking so."

"Can you not enumerate them, Lopez?" said Mistress van Meeren.

"Some you may guess, and the day is not very distant when I shall be able to disclose openly that which at present I may scarcely hint at. This much I will say, however,—it depends on Margaret and her friends whether the omen be realised or not."

The meaning of these words could not be misunderstood; indeed, had

they admitted of misinterpretation, the eloquent eyes of the young Spaniard would have cleared all doubt from Margaret's mind, and she felt much relieved when the conversation was interrupted by one of the females of the establishment, requiring her attendance and that of her mother to superintend some domestic arrangements.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN a small closet appertaining to a chamber wholly set apart for business, Paul and Cornelius van Meeren had retired to converse more freely, although the room beyond was tenantless. Here no desk, no ledger, spoke of the labours of mercantile transactions, nor did any surrounding comforts tell of the advantages attendant upon them. The apartment was hung with old tapestry, whose faded hues were no longer distinguishable, and which here and there all but dropped from the walls. One single window, at a considerable height from the ground, shed a dim light through its uncleaned panes, and, together with the heavy door, covered with two curtains of thick carpet-work, produced an aspect by no means cheering to the mind. There were no articles of furniture whatever, except two chairs of dark, uncarved oak, which partook in noway of the scrupulous neatness that pervaded the rest of the house from one end to the other. Here the brothers were in the habit of retiring when they were desirous of being unmolested. None dare penetrate the arcana of this chamber; it was forbidden ground even to Margaret and her mother; yet a notion of its desolation was prevalent throughout the establishment, with many another, to which the brothers little imagined that anything relating to themselves could have given birth.

To this place of security they repaired the moment they were left alone in the office; and having, as usual, locked the door behind them, they carefully dropped the heavy curtains, that every precaution might be used to prevent any sound from within penetrating to the room beyond. That they had good reason to wish for privacy became evident from the purpose which had drawn them there. Cornelius drew from his vest a small gold chain that hung from his neck, to which was appended a key of very peculiar shape and workmanship. He then raised a portion of the loose arras, and disclosed to view an oaken cabinet, exhibiting numberless apertures which appeared likely to correspond with the key. Having applied it to several of these, he drew out, one after another, many small drawers, into which Paul dropped, as noiselessly as possible, now a roll of gold carefully marked, then papers, closely written, or parchments, from which seals depended.

This task being over, Cornelius was preparing to leave the closet, when Paul's hand arrested him, and pointing to one of the dusty chairs before-mentioned, he motioned to Cornelius, who mechanically leant against its back with an expression of impatience stamped upon his usually good-natured countenance. Years had changed in a great degree the character of their physiognomies. The younger brother now seemed the elder. The rotundity of his figure had increased considerably; no slight sprinkling of grey mingled with his once chestnut locks; there were visible marks of approaching baldness, and a certain falling of the features, which denoted but too plainly either the workings of time or care. The good-

natured smile—the kind, yet timid glance, however, still lingered upon his countenance as in days of yore; nor had the peculiar air of conscious importance and jocular condescension that once distinguished Master Cornelius van Meeren, decreased with growing years and consideration.

Not so with Paul. His hair was as dark, his form as erect, as they had been even in his best days. Yet the course of years had not left him unscathed; and as he now stood before his brother, his high, sallow brow covered, like a seared parchment, with lines of passion deepened into furrows; his keen grey eye overshadowed by bushy eyebrows; the original harshness of his features rendered even more striking from the utter want of colour in his face; his form increased in muscular development; no greater contrast could be found than there existed between the two. No trace of the family likeness which had once been now remained; nor would it have been guessed at by those who had not known them previously.

"You look alarm me," said Cornelius, breaking through a silence that seemed ominous. "Surely nothing new has happened to interfere with our plans?"

"Perhaps no fresh cause of alarm, but surely we have already had cause enough for serious deliberation."

"Well now, Paul, I really thought we had argued that point until nothing more was left to say about it," answered Cornelius, pettishly.

"Then you were mistaken," said the elder Van Meeren, sharply. "So long as you do not come to a wiser decision than that upon which you are now acting, I must intreat your attention, I am afraid, more often than you seem to like, to the fallacy of the course you are pursuing."

"Surely," said Cornelius, his complexion heightening under his brother's plain reproof; "surely, as I have not adopted any plan that had not been previously well weighed——"

"With false scales, Cornelius," interrupted Paul. "I will tear away the illusions with which your own weakness or the persuasions of others have filled your mind. Speak not, Cornelius, till you have heard me out, I intreat you. You have been wrong from the beginning; and now are about to feel the effects of your mismanagement. Remember how strenuously I opposed our taking that Spaniard into our house, when his services were first offered."

"Well, what of that? We wanted an intelligent youth; he was powerfully recommended; his knowledge of several languages, his abilities were all in his favour."

"Yes, but he is a Spaniard; and we of all others had most reason to dread the intrusion of such into the sanctuary of our home."

"But," said Cornelius, "you forget we could not well have refused him at the time, without exciting suspicion. It became necessary to efface the opinions entertained of us in higher quarters, on account of our unfortunate clerk, into whose trial we were so near being drawn. This blinded many and propitiated others; for Chievosa is strangely protected. Remember, we got into that scrape by taking into our family one of your German favourites."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Paul, with a sigh. "God knows what has become of him. I grant you are so far right, that, at the moment, the taking of Chievosa hushed up the whole affair, and facilitated the escape

of that true and zealous man, Peter Shwartz. But where was the necessity, or the wisdom, of keeping Chievosa for years after that event? The very mystery with which he loves to envelop himself is strongly against him. If he be in reality, as he so often hints, connected with persons high in rank or power, what means his equivocal position amongst us? If his representations are, as I doubt not, false, they have some ultimate aim which cannot be fair."

"How severe you always are, Paul," said Cornelius, shrugging his shoulders. "The poor boy is, doubtless, the natural child of some Spanish noble. This, at once, accounts for the favour he may possess in the eyes of some higher than himself, and for his subordinate position in life. It also accounts satisfactorily for his pretensions to birth, which he can scarcely conceal, and for his hopes in the future."

"I hate him, as I do all Spaniards!" said Paul, impetuously.

"Allow me to say," answered Cornelius, "that it is sheer injustice. Lopez is a gentle youth, and a well-disposed one. There is nothing in him you can object to but his nation, and that is mere prejudice, for he has few, if any, of the faults that make that nation hateful."

"That is to say, you, like the rest of the family, are blinded by factitious advantages. I grant Lopez is gifted as very few are, in all those exterior graces which the vulgar prize so highly—beauty to gain the eye; a voice to charm the ear; a quick wit ready to jump with the humour of the moment. All these I grant he possesses. But he has not the frank, honest heart that needs no smooth words, nor sweet songs, to convey its straightforward meaning; he has no dignity of soul."

"He has proved himself trustworthy until now," said Cornelius, with some warmth; "nor do I see any reason to doubt a man's honour or his heart merely because he is of another country than ourselves, or, perchance, of another faith. It is an error, too, if you think the love of music, or the gift of song, can in aught impair a man's more sterling qualities."

"Fiddling and strumming are, I confess, but very poor commendations in my eyes; but it is not of this that I would speak, although it is not immaterial to the subject that has made me desire this private interview which you have almost, at least I think so, tried to evade."

"Well, in God's name, Paul, out with it," said the younger brother, with an air of extreme resignation, as he suffered himself to sink into the dusty chair against the back of which he had been leaning.

"Is it possible, Cornelius, you can be so blind to what is going forward in your own house as not to perceive that Chievosa is seeking to gain Margaret's affections?"

"Perhaps I am not altogether so blind as you may please to imagine, good brother," said Cornelius; "but what of that?"

"What of that? Would you give your daughter, my niece, to a Spaniard? Your wealth to a foreign pauper?"

"There is surely no need to alarm ourselves because a young man throws his eyes on a pretty girl with whom he has been in habits of intimacy for many years. We are not obliged to grant Greta's hand to every man who admires her."

"Certainly not; but I am much mistaken if Chievosa is a man whom it would be safe to trifle with. You must not let things go so far, Cornelius. I will just show you how matters stand. We are already

suspected in matters of faith, although, in compliance with your wishes, and for the sake of dear Margaret, I have for years abstained from all outward practice of my religion. Yet great and painful as this sacrifice was, it has been unavailing. I have good reason to think that not only Chievosa, but many others, have the secret of my heresy, as they call it. As to my other opinions, I never have made a mystery of them. You, too, Cornelius, are mistrusted. You are wealthy—a sufficient motive surely to draw down upon you the persecution of that Inquisition which is weighing with a yoke of iron on these miserable provinces. If you refuse Chievosa, you bring upon yourself an enemy who may, at will, employ fearful means of revenge. Now-a-days a man has no need of looking far to find a betrayer. A discontented menial—a jealous neighbour—a disappointed suitor—an angry friend, may, from one hour to the other, and that without compromising himself or suffering the world to know of his villany, at once plunge you into a dungeon whence you may never return to the light of day, or only to be delivered over to the flames. Believe me, Cornelius, let us leave a country where a tribunal of blood, amenable to no law of humanity or justice, is imposed upon the people. Let us fly with our well-earned wealth, and with the objects of our affections, whilst they are yet our own. Let us hurry to England, and there in safety enjoy all the happiness which a mild and equitable government can bestow. Elizabeth loves well the Flemings, and likes to see them bring to her country the industry and arts which a weak, short-sighted prince foolishly disdains. Let me but see you safe, my dear brother, and my poor Greta, then, and then only, can I act.”

“How?” inquired Cornelius.

“I would return,” answered Paul, simply.

“Nay,” said Cornelius, “I have listened to you patiently, but can agree with you in nothing. I speak not English as fluently as you do. To me, to Mary, it were a severe blow thus to banish ourselves from our native land, to which habit, affection, all the ties of existence, bind us. I see no such cause for immediate flight as you do; and I am confident, in the hour of peril, Chievosa both could and would stand my friend.”

“And you would buy his protection,” answered Paul, with a look of contempt, “at whatever price he might choose to put upon it?”

“Come, Paul; I would not willingly anger you who have been my best friend through life, to say nothing of our close relationship; but the less we argue points on which we do not agree, the better in my opinion; and as to Greta, her mother and myself will, doubtless, prove competent judges.”

“You have never spoken so plainly before,” said Paul, with a bitter smile. “I wish you had; it would have spared us much misunderstanding; but,” he added, as Cornelius, with more firmness than usual, rose and made for the door; “but mark me, Cornelius. These are times that will set the ties of blood and long tried affection at naught. Brother will stand against brother, the child against the parent. Well, be it so, Cornelius—pass! I detain you no longer.”

Cornelius paused on the threshold, as if in some hesitation; but, apparently, a more powerful impulse led him forward, for he left the apartment without even turning round. Paul followed slowly and in silence, and closed the door carefully behind him.

“ ANYTHING-FOR-PEACE” MEN.

BY E. P. ROWSELL.

I HAVE a great dislike to the man whose eternal remark is “ Anything for peace.” He never argues himself, and would be glad if all argument could be averted, that there might be no disputes and no quarrelling. He has opinions, but he scarcely ever mentions them ; and when he does venture to hint at their existence, it is only necessary you should state at once your own are decidedly the opposite to cause him to shrink back immediately, muttering a half assent to your antagonistic views. No matter what principle may be involved in any point—he is a man of peace, he has a hatred of strife—peace must be had at any cost, every other consideration must be lost sight of ; and for the sake of quietness, and from an unwillingness to stir up strife, your “ anything-for-peace” individual appears tacitly to approve that which he would be absolutely ashamed to advocate, or even to acquiesce in, openly and avowedly.

It really can hardly be calculated the injury done to society by these very amiable but sadly weak-minded individuals. Any man who has stood up against a palpable evil and denounced its originators and supporters—any man who has struggled against oppression and wrong, who has endeavoured to fight manfully with some evident ill and striven to uproot it, so that there might, through its downfall, be brought about a happier and a brighter state of things—well knows how bitterly discouraging, how hopelessly dispiriting, has been the answer received from many of those who should only have been too ready to have aided his efforts, to have engaged with him in the righteous war, to have toiled with him to the attainment of the same end—the answer, “ No, no—anything for peace—no quarrelling—wait quietly, and all will be right by-and-by.”

This circumstance renders the effecting reform of any description really a very fearful matter. The class of people we have mentioned will almost invariably be found favourable to allowing things to remain as they are. It is not that their judgment may approve of the present condition of affairs (we are speaking now generally), but that inasmuch as to alter it would involve more or less strife and disturbance, they will withhold their sanction from any movement having that object. So if I am one of a body whose proceedings have heretofore been almost of an uniform character, I may point out to that body with convincing clearness the absurdity of those proceedings and the need of a change ; but so certain is it that, in addition to any decided opponents, I shall have arrayed against me the “ anything-for-peace” men, who will regard me with much disfavour—(albeit, they may secretly assent to my views)—as a turbulent individual, stirring up strife—that the chances are greatly against anything accruing from my effort, and my only consolation will be that I shall feel assured I have with me, in spite of their antagonistic votes, the *opinions* of the majority of my audience.

I lose all patience with these men ; there is something to me inexpressibly pitiable in the idea of a man submitting to wrong and virtually acquiescing in the commission of evil, because he cannot summon courage

enough to make opposition. Am I fond of jarring and tumult? Heaven forbid. But in this wretched world we must remember there is too often absolute need of force being opposed to force—of violence being met with violence; if all good men were as meek and unresisting as are some of their class, what would speedily be the fate of every upright and virtuous individual? Peace is a good thing, a very good thing, but oftentimes the way to secure it eventually and permanently, is to abandon all hope of it until we have actually so crushed our enemies that they are totally incapacitated for the carrying on war. If all right-thinking men would adopt and act upon this notion—if, having determined positively upon what is proper, and what is just, they would deliberately and firmly set themselves to enforce their views and to establish that which they believe to be equitable, depend upon it, victory, however delayed, would be theirs at last, and triumph in the end would recompense their labours. I say, then, that the reason so little real good is done in the present day is, that the majority of men lose sight of that most important fact, that it is of no use quietly chatting of improvement which may be achieved in various matters, and wishing that it could be accomplished; but being deterred from proceeding further, either through inertness or unwillingness to awaken the strife contingent on vigorous and unmistakeable effort—of no advantage is this, if reform of any description is to be carried, if benefit is to be wrought, if evil is to be overcome, if wrong-doing men are to be opposed and their plans thwarted and laid in the dust, right-minded men must throw off their comparative apathy, and, leaguely strongly together, must strive with their utmost energy, by the exertion of their every power, by the putting forth of all their resolution and perseverance, to accomplish their glorious ends, and to obtain over all their opponents a decided and a lasting success. I see no hope of the great and good changes that might be effected until this movement be made. I am no friend to turbulent agitation. I hate uproar, noise, and tumult; but I believe that this is not the age when men may sit quietly in their arm-chairs and thank God that improvement is making its way. It may be true—good of a certain description may be progressing, but there ever has been, there always will be, there most certainly is now, a mighty current of dark evil rolling onward likewise with fearful strength, which, if not checked and turned, if not met and successfully resisted, may in a coming hour dash away its bounds, and, sweeping before it all that is good and noble in our land, place us in a far lower position than we occupied in some of those past ages which we are now apt to look back upon with contempt as periods of miserable barbarism. And though my remarks may, perhaps, be of a character scarcely suitable for these pages, and though I may be voted a bore by those readers who expect to find here only the thrilling romance or exciting tale, I cannot refrain from observing in continuation that I do believe there is much in the aspect of the present time requiring and demanding the careful attention of all right-minded individuals. It is, indeed, a hot struggle now to gain the means of subsistence; it is growing hotter daily; the middle classes are treading on the heels of the upper, and the lower are pressing upon the middle; mechanical labour is becoming every day more distasteful, and the desire to earn bread otherwise than literally by the sweat of the brow is perpetually manifest. And in the train of all this, as a natural consequence, come glaring vice and ghastly

immorality. There may not be so much of open transgression of the law at this time, but there is an amount of irreligion, and an utter disregard of all worthy considerations among a vast mass of the people of this nation, which cannot be viewed without deep sorrow and much anxiety. And as year after year goes by, and matters only become more entangled, as the cry of discontent grows louder, and the standard of morality falls lower—as the yell of faction rises and spreads—as class sets itself against class, and interest against interest—as views clash more fiercely and disputes rage more hotly—it may well be with an anxious eye that the lover of his country contemplates the aspect of affairs. With an anxious eye, but it need not be with a despairing one. It is only necessary that the men who have the intellectual sinew for the task should fairly set themselves to work to examine into the various evils which at this time beset us, to consider the remedies which are applicable to, and which will avail against, those evils; and depend upon it, a mighty and a glorious change will spread itself through our land, the clouds now lowering above us will break and disperse, and a bright and rich sunshine rest permanently upon us. I fear I may be viewed as dragging politics into this magazine, in which they ought not to be mentioned. I repeat, that I am not for a moment regarding politics. I am simply setting before my readers this very stern and startling fact, that the aspect of the times shows a vast amount of evil of various kinds requiring most earnestly to be met and dealt with in a more vigorous and energetic style than that in which it is at present treated. And I say a great hindrance in the way of increased action are your "anything-for-peace" men—men who are contented to let evil grow and accumulate rather than there should be the chance of strife being engendered through an attempt at its removal. They are right-thinking men for the most part, and they would act rightly if they dared; but they are firmly imbedded in a miserable apathy and timidity, from which it would appear almost impossible to extricate them. Now, I say to these men—I say to all—that these are not times when people may voluntarily shut their eyes as to what is passing around them, and think there is no need to disturb themselves about matters in which their own comfort and convenience may not be importantly involved. *These are times requiring earnest thought and vigorous action*, and let every one be assured—let the drones and the sleepers, the "anything-for-peace" men, and all others of the class, know and feel, that if they wake not up from their lethargy and their selfishness, they will be hurled in a body to the wall, and having been found useless and unprofitable members of society, will be straightway expelled therefrom, amid the well-merited scoffs and reproaches of those whose lives are lives of labour, and who triumph in the very toil which threatens to overwhelm them.

ZIG-ZAG TO PARIS, AND STRAIGHT HOME ;

OR,

A THOUSAND MILES AND FOURTEEN DAYS FOR FOURTEEN POUNDS.

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN FRANCE, IN DECEMBER, 1848.

Friday, Dec. 22nd.—By an early train to Versailles, where we breakfasted at the Hôtel de la Chasse Royale, the *Royale* dimly showing on the signboard through a recently-applied coat of white paint,—the same place at which, some years ago, I spent some very pleasant weeks. The same people still kept the house, of the name of Oursel, and I was overwhelmed with kind inquiries and civilities.

A grand thing altogether is Versailles,—the palace, the gardens, the park, the two minor palaces, the Place d'Armes, the stables, and the town, itself the offspring and consequence of the huge royal lodging-house adjacent. All savours strongly of Louis XIV.,—despotism, great ideas unchecked, magnificence, courtliness, selfishness,—the good and bad of the full development of the ultra-monarchical principle. But it is a grand whole, and one lingers in admiration for hours about that gigantic palace and on those vast terraces and flights of steps.

A story is extant concerning the preservation of the old hunting-seat of Louis XIII., which remains built up in the pile erected by his son, quaint with its red brick walls, and white stone dressings, and marble busts. It is said that Mansard, wishing to get rid of it, condemned it as unsound. "Very well," said the king, "pull it down, but restore it, with every stone, and brick, and detail, as it now stands." He spoke, and, after the manner of majesty in those days, turned his back. Mansard revised his judgment, and the old *château* stands now as it stood then.

The chapel interior is the finest architectural composition of the place. The extraordinary height of this building, overtopping all around, at once strikes the eye in a general exterior view. This was a trick of the architect, who thus sought, by the *reductio ad absurdum* of comparative effect, to accomplish his object of preventing Versailles from being a stunted palace; and, in fact, an attic was added subsequently to its original erection, and the chapel yet towers above it.

The day was not a public one, but our passports procured us a special *entrée*, and we saw the interior in its length and breadth. Although our time was limited, the visit was a sufficient refresher to my recollections, and satisfactory to Square. The place is unmistakably kingly. I saw on this occasion several rooms I had not seen before; among them, the celebrated *Œil de Bœuf*, or ante-room, so called from the large oval window high up in one end of it, and the confessional of Louis XIV. Fancy his confessions, if sincere! which I take it they never were; for in those days, all went down,—morality, religious feeling, conscientiousness,—before the inflated pomposity of royalty, obsequiously deceived by the whole world, and diligently deceiving itself the while, into almost the idea of its being alike superior to God and man. Versailles, and all such things, went to the account of that great reckoning,—that *dies iræ* that was to come, and that came at last, and began in this very palace, and was there worked out in some of its most terrific and astounding episodes. The *fleurs de lys*, by the way, on the royal arms over the entrance-gate, were covered up; but it was curious to remark, how, here and else-

where, universally, the obliteration of the obnoxious names and ensigns of royalty, and the substitution of the "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," &c., was done in the most temporary style, as if the republic really doubted its own permanency.

It was, just now, circumstances considered, one of the finest moral picture-books imaginable,—that room at Versailles devoted to Louis Philippe's particular 1830 glorification; where he is depicted on all sides; here fraternising, in full uniform, with the good mob of Paris; there, riding in triumph, in full uniform again, in the midst of their pikes and guns, and bare arms, and upturned grimy faces, made to look patriotic and picturesque on the canvas; and, in another place, swearing to the *charte*, in a theatrical attitude of the most sublime composition. There it all was, really painted, in great measure, as it actually took place, curiously interesting historically. And, from these, turn to the recent picture of February, 1848. A friend of mine happened, on the 24th day of that month, to be standing on the pavement of the Place de la Concorde. A stout old gentleman emerged from the garden-gate, trotting along with a small parcel under his arm, and looking suspiciously around him. With his wife, and some of his family who were there, he crept into a cab that waited. The people who stood by, and knew him, stamped with their feet on the ground, and shouted a contemptuous "*Allez !*" as if they were frightening away a mischievous dog. The cab drove off, and so ended the reign of Louis Philippe I., King of the French !

It is said that the ex-king plumes himself upon nothing so much as upon the dexterous dodging by which he effected his escape from France. I am assured on very credible authority, that the French police were most thoroughly acquainted,—as, indeed, it is next to certain such a police would be,—with every step he took, from the Tuileries garden-gate, to the boat in which he embarked; that they were anxiously engaged in watching and protecting him throughout his journey, unseen themselves,—their orders being on no account to stop him,—to see him, and yet not to see him,—and, by every means available, to facilitate his escape.

"Honesty is the best policy" for kings as well as common men. Louis Philippe fell from power just by believing blindly that he could play the part of the artful dodger, for the furtherance of personal ambition and selfish family aggrandizement, to any extent. Like other successful players, he became, at length, careless. Latterly the game had been for some time seen through; it was nearly up, and one flagrant *coup* was the signal for upsetting the tables.

I saw some pictures in the palace, by Horace Vernet, that were new to me, chiefly of African campaigning scenes,—very excellent battle pieces. The capture of the *smalah* by the French cavalry is an enormous canvas, and, I think, full of very good life. Square, whose eye is more critical, said the groups were *too academical*.

Apropos of battle pictures, the Versailles Gallery is just one great pandering to the vicious battle appetite of this people,—a government sentiment intensely mischievous and vulgar.

We returned to Paris by the 2.45 P.M. train. Coming and going, the railway afforded us fine distant views of the capital, and we passed St. Cloud, Sèvres, &c., and saw specimens of the fortified line, and the detached fort of Mont St. Valérien,—that place formerly of pleasant

holiday pilgrimage, where, in an autumn now many years old, I had spent more than one agreeable half hour.

The Madeleine was lighted up, and vespers were performing when we entered. *Grandiose*, finished, and expensive,—a fine interior, to my mind. The absence of all vulgarity of taste in ecclesiastical decoration is a comfort here. The lamps, and the robed priests, and the kneeling worshippers, and the music, which was good, all helped.

Audi alteram partem. T. Square *loquitur*:—"The Madeleine is, in fact, not good. The skeleton, or bone-work, is not well balanced, nor expressive of harmonious and good construction. To mention one instance,—the arched ribs, springing from single engaged columns, upon which the intermediate domes appear to rest, are by far too slight and tottering, and, if they really *were* what they represent, would not do the work—a fatal want of study and reasonableness."

We settled our hotel bill, and made everything ready for a start at seven o'clock that evening.

N. B.—Our Paris expenses consisted of two francs each per night for a bed, and half a franc for *service*, and of the cost, whatever it might be, of our breakfasts and dinners, and *menus plaisirs*,—which may be made anything, or almost nothing,—showing to all whom it may concern, how little difficulty there is here, about the matter of cheap, and, at the same time, comfortable board and entertainment. Our hotel was everything we could wish in point of comfort, and in the best possible situation.

We now parted from Daniel, and Square, Joseph, and I proceeded to dine,—and to dine ill,—at an Italian restaurant opposite the French opera. The hotel porter arrived soon after six with our baggage, in a cab, and at seven, Square and I started by the Paris and Amiens line for Boulogne.

Paris had been seen by us in bright clear weather, and in holiday time, to advantage, and thus it was, I suppose, that I did not observe any particular difference in the appearance of the streets from that of former and more prosperous times. It might be remarked, that there were very few private carriages moving about; some of the shops were shut up; and the actual darkness of the night came on, by reason of an "early closing movement," somewhat sooner than it used to do; but on the whole, Paris looked to me very Parisian.

Saturday, Dec. 23rd.—At half-past two, A.M. we reached Boulogne, the only incident of the journey having been the ravings of a cavalry officer going to Abbeville, on his discovering *en route* that his horse had been left behind at Amiens, and who was thereupon more than half inclined, *more Gallico*, to seek relief to his excitement by jumping incontinently out of the window. It was an edifying specimen of French railway management, and particularly so, when one remembered the prodigious rout and fuss made at the stations, about booking, checks, receipts, &c.

A sharp frost and a cutting wind saluted us as we turned out of the Boulogne station to make our way to the steamer. The Dover mail boat would sail, as we were informed, at four A.M., and, reaching Dover at seven or eight, would enable us to save the London train at ten,—a doubtful achievement if we waited for the Folkestone boat at seven.

It was hard work getting on board. First, there was a long, hurried walk to the extreme end of the pier, catching permits of embarkation in exchange for our passports, *en route*, by the help of a *commissionnaire* shot flying. Next, our baggage was lowered by ropes down to the sands, with accompaniment of great French talk, and our

permits were gathered up by a police-officer by lantern-light, the cold wind blowing the while like mad. Then, as the descent of the perpendicular side of the pier in the dark did not appear remarkably facile, with other travellers we retraced our steps for its whole length, and, descending to the beach, with the help of a guide whom we picked up accidentally, scampered across sand and pools of water, to the edge of the sea, where a crowd of fishermen, boatmen, and boys, was gathered, chattering like ten thousand magpies over our scattered trunks and bags, and each eager to do something and to be paid for it. One thing some of them were certainly destined to do, and to be paid for, viz., to take us up pick-a-back, and to carry us to the boats which were to convey us on board Her Majesty's packet. After a quarter of an hour of infinite confusion and anxiety lest we should be left behind,—for there was not the least order of going established,—and paying all sorts of demands, but, fortunately, in small coin, and battling for our rights on the beach by starlight, we were bundled into a boat, hoping that our baggage had been bundled into that or another, and rowed on board. We saw no police officer on the beach to observe who embarked, so that the demand of permits on the pier-head by lantern-light, was reduced,—in point of end obtained,—to just nothing at all.

The boatmen's fare was demanded before we reached the packet. "What is right you shall have,"—and we got on board. Then ensued a more disgraceful scene than I could have conceived possible on board an English government vessel. Some demur was at first made on the part of the passengers to the amount of the boat fare; at any rate they required, before paying, to see that their baggage was fairly delivered in,—that the *quantum meruit* was there. A vociferous blackguard, foreman of the boatmen's gang, now raved, and bellowed, and gesticulated, on the steamer's deck, and forbid the hoisting in of the baggage. We appealed to the steward, and desired to know, at any rate, the mere fact as to the proper fare. "They may charge what they like, sir." No sympathy there. The master of the steamer witnessed all this, and did nothing and said nothing to help us; and it was only after strong appeal to him, and declaration that we would certainly pay whatever was usual, as soon as we saw our baggage, that he suggested to the Boulogne ruffians to hand it up.

Now all this was humiliating and disgraceful, and really it would seem to be the easiest thing in the world, for the steam-packet companies to arrange with the Boulogne people, for the conveyance of their passengers and passengers' baggage on board from the station, comfortably and quietly, and to charge for it in their fares.

The secret I suspect to be, that these vagabond boatmen, and vagabonds of various other denominations, are allowed by their government to perpetrate these tricks upon travellers, simply because they live by them, and are kept by them off the poor-rates, as we should say in England. But how disreputable, and further, how clumsy a policy this is! So of passports.* The French government use their passport system,—vexatious enough in itself,—as a tax, as a means of increasing the government income, and supporting *employés*. In London, French passports are no longer procurable *gratis* at the ambassador's office; they are only to be had at the consul's, at an expense of two francs each, which help to pay

* This narrative was written early in 1849.

the consul. The permits of embarkation we were obliged to pay a *commissionnaire* to get for us,—for time and circumstances did not permit us to get them ourselves,—were certainly delivered by the government *gratis*, but here again the *commissionnaires*, whose services frequently cannot be dispensed with, are kept off the parish. And the joke is, that no protection whatever is afforded by the system. Our permits were delivered by the authorities to a threadbare stranger who emerged from the darkness as we were walking from the railway station, and to whom we entrusted our passports, not knowing what better else to do. No functionary questioned or saw us, at the time of exchange of passports for permits, and positively, for aught the French government took pains to know, the former might have been presented by or at the instance of scamps who had robbed and murdered us, and who were using our papers for the precise purpose of escaping from justice.

Humbug, overreaching,—a want of *loyauté*,—a general rottenness of moral,—are painful characteristics that show on the surface of things in France just now. The average of the French people are good raw material for making a fine nation of; but they have all very much to learn and amend before they can command the permanent admiration and respect of the world,—in these days especially, in which men are beginning to account brilliant and astounding achievements merely, for very little, and to test national merit and civilisation, by a hard, dry, matter-of-fact moral and social standard.

A notable instance of the national corruption of morals I allude to, occurred to us as we were leaving Paris,—in respect of a trifling matter, but evidencing, I say, a *national corruption of morals*. A porter, bearing the railway company's badge, very assiduously helped us in carrying in our baggage, and then, openly, and quite as a matter of course, touched his cap and asked for a fee.

"Are you paid by the company for doing your work?"

"No."

"Then why that badge?"

He vanished. I pursued the matter further, and inquired the truth of an official, saying we were entirely ready to pay the man for his services if he was paid by nobody else. The answer was a grimace.

"Ah, he is our servant,—has he asked for anything?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"You need not pay him unless you like; but,"—another grimace,—
"in these times, Monsieur,—*que voulez-vous?*"

And this was the morality of a great commercial company! And then imagine, if you can, a sound, healthy, *respublica* in France! I perfectly well remember being subjected to a similar attempt at imposition at St. Germain some years ago; but, on that occasion, the railway superior official actually abused me for not submitting to it.

The remark has often occurred to me, that the suspicious precaution of the small pigeon-hole in a grating, through which money passes at French railway stations, theatres, banks, and other public places, is strongly indicative of the existence of dishonesty, as a well-understood and admitted national vice. The same jealous fencing against picking and stealing may possibly be observed elsewhere on the Continent, but who ever suffers for the want of it in England?

We were at Dover at 7:30 A.M.,—refreshed and breakfasted,—started for London by the ten o'clock train, and reached the London-bridge

station about two P.M. Here, Square and I parted company. At half-past four I left the Euston-square station,—four being the train's time, but Christmas passengers, turkeys, and oysters, causing delay. They delayed us two hours further on the road, and it was half-past ten before I reached the station whence I had started that day fortnight.

I have kept very minute and accurate money accounts and other memoranda, of this journey; and in the subjoined Appendix are some results worked out,—*facts*, which can be *proved*,—and which show, with how little money, and in how short a time, how much may be satisfactorily accomplished.

It should be borne in mind, that the expense and difficulty of the journey were materially increased by its being performed in dead winter.

APPENDIX.

Memoranda applicable to the journey of one person,—the writer of the preceding diary.

English miles travelled, 978.

N.B. From the starting point in question, viz., nearly the centre of England, 1000 miles, at a radius of 400, being half 1000 (to allow for return) minus twenty per cent. (allowed for deviations from a straight line *en route*), would take a traveller *to and from*, any part of England and Ireland; any part of Scotland, except extreme north; the Scilly and Channel Islands; any part of Holland and the Netherlands; the north-western border of Germany; the Rhine beyond Cologne; the north of France, including Orléans, Tours, Angers, Quimper, Brest, Isle l'Ouesant, &c., &c.

Also, from the same point, 1000 miles, at a radius of 800, being 1000 minus 20 per cent., would take him *to*, the Feroe and Shetland Isles; Southern Norway, including Romsdale, Bergen, Christiana, Friderikstad, &c., &c.; the south of Sweden; any part of Denmark; any part of the Rhine; Western Germany, including Hamburg, Berlin, Posen, Hanover, Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, Munich, &c., &c.; any part of Switzerland; any part of the Tyrol; North Italy, including Milan, Venice, Padua, Mantua, Parma, Turin, Genoa, &c., &c.; any part of France; the Pyrenees; the north of Spain, including Saragossa, Bilboa, Burgos, Pampeluna, Corunna; &c. &c.

Visited. Thirteen places of importance and interest, viz.,—Boulogne, St. Valery, Ville d'Eu, Treport, Abbeville, Amiens, Beauvais, Senlis, Chantilly, Paris, Versailles, Dover, and London. Five cathedrals, viz.,—Boulogne, Amiens, Beauvais, Senlis, Nôtre Dame de Paris. Nineteen other churches and chapels specially, besides others incidentally, viz.,—at St. Valery, one; Ville d'Eu, two; Treport, one; Abbeville, one; St. Riquier, one; Rue, one; Ailly le Haut Clocher, one; Beauvais, one (Saint Stephen's); Senlis, two; St. Leu, one; Paris, seven, viz.,—Invalides, St. Sulpice, St. Germain des Prés, St. Etienne du Mont, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Eustache, Madeleine; Versailles, one. Seven palaces, viz.,—Château d'Eu, Chantilly (and stables), Luxembourg, Louvre, Tuileries, Palais Royal, Versailles. The galleries of the Louvre and Versailles. The gardens of Chantilly, the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, and Versailles. Most of the chief monuments of Paris.

Time occupied. Fourteen days and a quarter. Actual expenditure, travelling comfortably, going to good hotels, and living liberally, 14*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*

N.B. By examining the items of the above expenditure, it appears that by savings very easily made, and by no means affecting the general conditions of the journey, the amount of expenditure might have been reduced to 11*l.* 2*s.*

The results of a minute analysis of memoranda of the journey are shown in the following table:—

Divided Expenditure.	Time occupied.	Rate per Day.	English Miles travelled.	Cost.	Rate.	
					Per mile nearly.	Per 100 miles.
		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	d.	£ s. d.
Actual expenditure on locomotion.	In locomotion 3½ days and 2½ nights, 7½ hrs. 27 min.	0 9 9 0 7 3½	978	6 18 9 5 4 1	1½ 1½	0 14 2 0 10 8
Ditto ditto reduced..	Stationary 10½ days and 11½ nights, 270 hrs. 13 min.	0 11 0½		7 17 4	2	0 16 1
Actual expenditure at hotels and otherwise. (N.B.—2 nights and 2 days spent at friend's house.)		0 8 3½		5 17 11	1½	0 12 0
Ditto ditto reduced..	TOTAL 14½ whole days and nights, 342 hrs. 40 min.	1 0 9 0 15 7		14 16 1 11 2 0	3½ 2½	1 10 3 1 2 8
Actual TOTAL expenditure.						
Ditto ditto reduced..						
Particulars of Locomotion.						
Railway (English and French).....	Mail, fast train (English).....		83	1 1 0	3	1 5 2½
	Second class, ditto		352	2 14 8	1½	0 15 6
	Second class (French).....		180	0 16 1	1	0 8 11
	Third class, ditto.....		173	0 12 2	½	0 7 0½
	TOTAL		788	5 3 11	1½	0 13 2
Road (French)	Hired cab (for one person among four).....		46	0 7 8	2	0 16 8
	Public ditto		21	0 2 7	1½	0 12 4
	Diligence (intérieur)		37	0 6 3	2	0 16 10
	TOTAL		104	0 16 6	2	0 15 10
Steamer, first cabin (English).....			59	0 18 4	3½	1 11 1
On foot			27			

JACOB VAN DER NEESS.

A ROMANCE.

BY MADAME PAALZOW.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE shall now return, after a lapse of seven years, to Amsterdam, and the inhabitants of the old house of the Purmurand family.

Spring was clothing with its delicate fresh verdure the old lime-tree, beneath whose shade Angela's mother, the unfortunate Brigitta van Gröneveldt, was wont to recline in former days. Whether from respect to the memory of this gentle inhabitant of the court of pleasure, or from the prevalent custom in the family of assembling there, it was evident this little place had enjoyed constant care and attention. The borders were neatly kept, and filled with rare and fragrant flowers that spread their perfume around. The little court, once so jealously guarded from all outward influence, had gradually become subject to the improvements

and changes which Angela's slight intercourse with the world had taught her to value, and the course of innovation once introduced, though it often met with opposition and hindrance, could never be again suppressed. The little comforts of this place had been the work of seven years, and were looked on by their gentle creator as some approach to the princely magnificence of her relatives. Since the birth of her daughter, she had evinced an anxious desire to preserve and increase the comforts and luxuries of her residence, and even the fear of a quarrel with Van der Néess, which made all her old wounds bleed afresh, could not deter her from her course. On one occasion, when his anger broke forth, she stood her ground so firmly, that Van der Néess was quite confounded; and discovered, to his infinite surprise and confusion, that the gentle creature who consented to remain beside him, without uttering a single reproach, was not to be moved from the determination she had formed—on no account to suffer her daughter's youth to be passed in the same state of degradation to which she had been reduced.

She did not confine herself to a simple announcement of her plan, but even threatened Van der Néess to call in the aid and support of her relatives if he threw any obstacles in her way.

This was certainly the most effectual means of silencing Jacob's opposition, for his cowardly nature made him shrink from every threat; nevertheless, Angela was happy to discover she had no need to have recourse to compulsory measures, for her cause found a support in Van der Néess's own bosom; that is to say, in his passionate love for the child, and this feeling, contrary to his own will and purpose, often defeated his plans and inclinations. In this dark gloomy spot of the earth—where the most miserable vices had their home, and a patient sufferer was toiling through life, the barbed dart of hopeless longing for ever rankling in her breast—God had caused a child to spring up, like a lovely flower; who, richly endowed by the lavish hand of nature, recalled to its mother her own youth, so irretrievably embittered and lost.

This lovely being seemed to have risen a step above those to whom it owed its existence, and to have cast off their blood. But Angela, with a feeling of excusable pride, and humble gratitude to Heaven, attributed to her own ennoblement the power of bringing forth, and offering to her offended family in lieu of herself, a being, worthy of uniting in her own person the noble qualities of two such distinguished families.

"Ah!" she would exclaim, as she looked with enthusiastic love at her beautiful child. "Thou wilt in no respect resemble thy poor neglected mother; thou shalt bear witness that she indeed belongs to the noble race, whose traits and characteristic features she has transferred to thee; and, for thy sake, they will yet forgive poor Angela, for having stained her name by such a connexion."

On the evening on which we return to Van der Néess' home, the peculiar position of this child in the family was clearly shown, by a little scene, which seemed only a repetition of a similar amusement on the preceding evenings. The sounds of a merry tune played on the fiddle, interrupted by the clatter of little slippers on the smooth pavement, might be heard at a distance. They proceeded from the court of pleasure. Angela was sitting in her mother's place beneath the old lime-tree. She had become very thin, her figure looked taller, and her features wore a pale and sickly hue. Her attire was simple, yet rich and elegant; and the choice of colours and materials proved that her taste had been corrected and

refined by experience. Opposite to her, on a low oaken stool, beneath the shelter of a wall covered with clustering vines, sat Van der Néess. He had somewhat increased in corpulence, and his countenance was become of an uniform copper-colour.

He wore a black threadbare cap, set awry on his head, and his hair and beard were verging on white. He had thrown aside his mantle, and was clad in a doublet and hose, but his apparel was of good material, and well preserved. Next in the group came Susa, who had grown very old in appearance, but active as ever, was spinning as if for a wager with a younger maid, who was busy beside her. A little further off, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age was sitting on the ground scraping away eagerly on a fiddle, from which he drew the tune of a lively dance. This was Van der Néess' factotum, the indefatigable assistant of all who required assistance in the house. Cassian—or as he was termed in abbreviation Caas—was ready to run all over Amsterdam at Van der Néess' command, to bear overgrown burdens, to assist in packing goods and bales of all sorts, in the court of business.

He was a little of a carpenter, and had some notion of repairing locks and keys. Another occupation that devolved upon him was that of patching and rubbing out the stains of Van der Néess' old clothes, which the latter would then seek to dispose of secretly, as he could not venture to wear them any longer, for the little Floris would not come and sit on his knees when he was shabbily dressed.

Besides all this, Caas could dress vegetables, mend spinning wheels, tend the flowers, and prune the vines; he would often manufacture playthings for the little Floris, from the remains of old boxes and chests, and she would laugh till the tears came into her eyes, when having fastened a thick clump of bees' wax beneath each of his feet, he skated up and down the old banqueting-room, singing gaily as he proceeded with this novel way of waxing the floor. But his chief delight was to play the fiddle. For this purpose he would rise before daybreak, and as all his housemates protested they could not endure the horrible discordance he brought forth in his musical exercises, he would climb over the wall of the business-court, which was locked at that early hour, and seating himself in the boat on the canal, he would scrape away on his fiddle till all the dogs in the neighbourhood joined in a furious howl, and the little back windows of the houses that looked on the canal opened one by one, and a volley of abuse and execrations, sometimes accompanied by little pebbles, was poured forth on the unhappy virtuoso, who, with a deep sigh, was at length obliged to make his retreat back over the wall. Yet in spite of all these difficulties he succeeded, after repeated efforts and unwearied exertions, in scraping up a lively tune, to which Floris could dance in the evening.

But what could be compared to his musical raptures, when seated on the ground before his master and mistress in the evening, he called forth the tones which sufficed to put little Floris's feet in motion, and gave so much pleasure to this idolised child. Often he would indulge in a secret feeling of pride, at the thought that it was *he* who created all this happiness, and he would play away in rapturous delight, till the perspiration stood on his brow; for the little Floris would cry out, if he paused even for a moment, to perform his favourite manœuvre, that of waxing his bow with a large piece of "kalophonium," which a sailor had once given him, and he kept carefully concealed from Van der Néess, as the latter thought

it far too precious for the purpose, and had repeatedly attempted to take it from him, in order to dispose of it.

But Caas was fully conscious of his dignity as a fiddler, and his pride rose when he saw the value that was set by several strolling bands, whom he met in the taverns, upon a smaller piece of "kalophonium" than his, which, fastened to a piece of pack-thread, was passed round from one to another, and served for the whole party; and Caas would sooner have starved, and bartered his bread to Van der Néess, than his greatest treasure—this large piece of "kalophonium."

In the midst of this motley group the little Floris was dancing gaily on the smooth flags in the centre of the court, where the twilight still lingered; and she looked like a bright and beautiful dragon-fly, surrounded by dark and sad-coloured night-birds.

Who could have believed that Floris was, indeed, the daughter of such parents? or that anything but a mere chance had brought this extraordinary child into these precincts? We will now strive to describe her to our readers, if, indeed, that be possible.

Floris, in truth, bore so striking a resemblance to Zerica that she might have passed for her daughter. While she was dancing, the little net of blue silk and silver cord that confined her clustering ringlets had fallen back a little, and a profusion of golden hair descended on her neck and shoulders, and became the sport of the evening zephyr. Her complexion was of a dazzling white, and the pure blood circled freely beneath her transparent skin, tinging her little rounded cheeks of a delicate red. She constantly displayed a row of regular white teeth, her nose was beautifully formed, and descended in a straight line from her forehead to her pretty smiling mouth. Yet all these charms were forgotten in contemplating her eyes—those eyes of the deepest blue, whose long black lashes were slightly curved upwards at the end, as if to form an entrance to the lovely orbs they shaded; a delicately pencilled line was even then darkening above them, which told of the beautiful eyebrows, that would once be arched there. She was about six years old, and not tall for her age, but her figure was symmetrically formed and rounded; she was never seen to walk, but bounded lightly along, borne up by the elasticity of her delicate limbs. In dancing she had thrown off the open robe, then in fashion even for such young children, as she could more easily execute her steps in her dress and boddice, which were of rich-figured silk,—the sleeves of her snowy white shift were turned up, and her little fair shoulders scarcely rose above her full neck. The most costly part of her attire, though neither very tasty, nor very suitable, consisted in a pair of crimson-velvet slippers, embroidered in gold and silver, she struck so adroitly against the ground with the heels of these as to form a sort of accompaniment to the fiddle, and she seemed to be proud of this dexterity, for it constituted the amusement of the whole party.

Van der Néess, with his hands clasped round his knees, was swinging himself backwards and forwards, while a thick, hoarse laugh burst from his lips: he was so wholly engrossed by the sight of his daughter that his evil inclinations seemed lulled to rest—it never struck him how much her attire must be worn out and impaired by such violent exertion, he would only think of that afterwards, and then heave a deep sigh as if he yielded to an inevitable fate.

Angela had folded her hands, and, like Néess, never took her eyes off her darling. A rapturous smile played about her lips; her eyes, always

large and beautiful, seemed to have increased in size, from the paleness and thinness of her features; they now beamed with the only feeling of happiness this poor being had ever known—the holy and serene joys of a mother. When this lovely child performed its fantastic and self-invented dances, and all its charms and loveliness were developed on this soil of innocent freedom, the anxious mother seemed to gain from these graceful movements, so full of soul and imagination, an insight into the secrets of the future. She looked forward to the time when these talents and attractions of her daughter should have ripened into perfection, and she speculated as to what place they would obtain for her Floris in the world—whether she would be as beautiful, noble, and good as Madame van Mar-seeven, and by what right she would once take her place among her high-born relations in spite of the name of Van der Néess.

Susa would often suffer her thread to slip off the wheel and her active foot to rest while she gazed at Floris dancing, and when the lively young Flemish maid followed her example, laughing gaily at the enchanting sight before her, she excited no reproachful glances from the industrious Susa. Nor did Susa on her part encounter any severe look from Van der Néess' watchful eye, for they were all, according to their different natures, spell-bound by the magical influence of Floris's little feet; and thus this child, while indulging in its highest amusement, at once brought joy to the hearts of the gloomy inhabitants of this gloomy house.

At length she paused—for the second time this evening. She had danced herself out of breath, and she ran up to her beloved mother, throwing herself into her arms to rest for a while; but the latter eagerly sought to persuade her she had done enough for the night, since it would soon be time for her to retire to rest, and she had still to partake of the evening meal. Floris seldom opposed that gentle mother, who could so well enter into the wishes and feelings of her child, and never demanded too much from her.

On the present occasion Floris submitted as usual, and looking forward with pleasure to the approaching meal, she kissed her mother affectionately, while Van der Néess looking over from the opposite side of the court, struck a key loudly against the flags, and cried "Well, well."

"Yes, papa, I'm coming," cried Floris, and kissing her mother once more she bounded lightly across the court to Van der Néess. She drew her little fairy feet out of her gay costly slippers, and slipped them into a pair of little black ones that stood before Van der Néess. The latter took up the embroidered ones from the ground, carefully inspected them, to discover whether they had suffered any damage, and having wiped off the dust with his pocket handkerchief, stuffed them into the ample pockets of his scarlet unmentionables. "Well, papa, they are not spoilt, are they?" cried Floris, who had anxiously followed with her eyes the examination of her favourites; "and you will give them back to me, to-morrow, when I dance, and Caas plays, won't you?"

"Oho," said Van der Néess, as if he were about to refuse. "What, every day? that would never do. Why how long do you think the slippers would last if you go on that way? I warrant you would soon give an account of them, you little fool."

"Well," replied Floris, with the confidence of a spoilt child, "what matter—you know when they are worn out you have only to go with me to that great shop in the Damrack, where all the grand folks go to buy, and there we shall find plenty new ones, even prettier than these."

"Is the little fool out of her senses?" cried Van der Néess, half alarmed, and half enchanted; for whenever she spoke he could scarcely contain himself with delight, and yet she often attacked his prevailing passion and propensities by her desire for all that was expensive and beautiful, and her instinctive aversion to everything low or vulgar.

He was cut to the heart, and ready to inflict an injury on himself, whenever he saw a shade of sorrow on her angelic countenance, and yet he felt as if she fired a pistol at him when she calmly demanded the most expensive things as a matter of course. But though he could deny her nothing, and all the resolution with which he had previously armed himself vanished when she appeared; he felt the more angry with himself for his compliance when she was out of sight, and unfortunately would often visit his displeasure upon poor Angela, though she never was the cause of such expenses, but on the contrary set apart a portion of the pin-money which had been settled upon her by her aunt's desire, for providing the comforts and improvements she had determined to introduce into the house.

It was painful to remark the stratagems to which Van der Néess had recourse with a child who had deprived him of the power of resistance, without being able, nevertheless, to curb or root out his evil propensities. His plan was to persuade her that he had not given, but merely lent, her the things she had obliged him to purchase; and as the child did not exactly comprehend the difference, she was equally delighted with her good papa for lending the object of her wishes, and thus made it easy for him to take it back after a time. Whenever he succeeded in so doing, he was transported with malicious joy. He forgot the sacrifice it had cost him to procure the thing in question, and he would either stow it away in some hidden or unfathomable chest or coffer, or seek to dispose of it to persons ignorant of its real value, by which means he often obtained a higher price for it than he had originally given.

Angela knew all this, and she had unfortunately acquired such quickness of perception that the slightest clue sufficed to enlighten her with regard to Jacob's hidden proceedings. Suspicion never fell upon the servants in this house when any articles were found missing, though this was a thing of almost daily occurrence; but, on the contrary, it was the mistress who sought to remove the uneasiness of the servants when things mysteriously disappeared. Once or twice, encouraged by Angela's mild endurance, and her considerate efforts to screen him, Van der Néess was led on to even greater villany, and had sought to throw suspicion on the servants, and made some brutal attempts to defraud them of their wages for the value of the missing article; but on both occasions, to his infinite surprise, he had met with such thundering reproof from Angela, who plainly proved to him that he was the thief, and that she was fully aware when and where he had secured the articles he had abstracted, that he refrained from repeating the attempt, or at least confined himself to indistinct murmurs and threats. Angela took no notice of these, and Susa, whose suspicions had led her to the same conclusions as her mistress, replied only by the contemptuous sneer she ever held ready for Néess, for time had not diminished their mutual aversion.

In spite of all his resolutions, Van der Néess had never been able to remove all the comforts and arrangements he had introduced into the house for the wicked purpose of deception, or to restore things to their former condition. On the contrary, he had been forced to look on

quietly while Angela, by means of Urica's liberality, added to the inventory of the house by the purchase of some plate and several articles of value, without in any way consulting him; and, by a quiet but determined opposition to his ruling passion, she at length compelled him to submit to a state of comfort and ease in the house, and to accustom himself to the use of suitable furniture and utensils. She was at that period animated by new hopes of becoming a mother, and this induced her to persevere in the task she had imposed upon herself with scrupulous consciousness, for she vowed ever to bear in mind her own oppressed childhood, as a warning to preserve her child, if God should please to bless her with a living one, from the shameful oppression of which she had herself been the victim, and which she had only so lately learnt to understand. She vowed to herself that she would bring up this child, from its earliest years, in habits of ease and affluence, in order that it might not, like herself, at a future period be forced to declare itself unsuited to a more elevated state of life.

The views prevalent at that period in Amsterdam regarding the manner in which a burgher ought to live, far surpassed the just and reasonable demands of his station; besides which the splendid mansion of the Marseevens, which Angela continued to visit occasionally, offered an example, which it would have been difficult to imitate.

But Angela did not fall into the error of selecting such a model for her precedent. She never could so entirely shake off her former habits, as to deem a similar accumulation of luxuries and comforts either desirable or applicable in her situation. But by becoming acquainted with them, and seeing the judicious and agreeable use Madame van Marseeven made of them, her taste became cultivated, and her eyes were opened to the numerous deficiencies still existing in her own household.

Van der Néess had been forced to sign a document by which he agreed regularly to deposit a certain sum in Mynherr van Marseeven's hands every quarter of a year for Angela's use, which was to be wholly at her disposal.

The good burgomaster rigorously insisted on its being paid over to him at the appointed time, though Van der Néess never allowed a quarter to pass without finding some excuse by which he hoped to escape from paying the whole, or at least half the sum agreed on. It is true that he was more successful in withholding from Angela a part of the sums for the house expenditure, which he had also obliged himself in writing to pay out to her; for she did not always feel equal to resist the fierce mildness of his nature which broke forth on such occasions; but in spite of these occasional drawbacks Angela thought herself a rich woman, and the improvements in her house proceeded in accordance with this notion; she felt an innocent pleasure in adding to her stock of comforts some new article, which she had learnt to appreciate, and now treasured up for her daughter.

Floris was not merely the favourite of all in the house, but likewise of all who knew her. Madame van Marseeven bore the tenderest affection towards her, and was so much under the influence of her fascinations, that she was often tempted to be more lenient and indulgent to this stranger child than towards her own family.

Madame van Marseeven's visits to Angela were far more frequent than those of the latter to her kind friend, for Angela shrank a little from entering this great house, which was generally filled with strangers and

noble visitors; yet she gladly suffered Floris to drive to this magnificent mansion in the burgomaster's splendid coach, drawn by four milk white horses, where she was an object of love and admiration; much pleased and entertained by the magnificence around her, she here acquired a taste and love for refinement.

This taste was developed at a very early age in the little Floris, she showed a natural grace and aptness in suiting herself to the custom and usages of refined society; while on the other hand her dislike to everything rude, dirty, ugly, or uncomfortable amounted even to the most perverse wilfulness. But although this disposition, so conducive to cold egotism, seemed calculated to endanger the happiness of this lovely little creature, there was a counterpoise in her heart which outweighed the danger—this child, who called the most hard-hearted miser by the name of father, possessed the keenest sensibility for the sorrows and afflictions of her fellow creatures, added to an eager desire to assist the unfortunate, and a most affecting readiness to sacrifice every personal advantage or enjoyment to this end. Perhaps Van der Néess was never so sorely tempted as when he suffered himself to be induced to walk out with her. For though it flattered his pride when people stopped in the streets to admire this lovely child, he felt as if he were walking on thorns with her, for she insisted on stopping before every aged, decrepid, sick, or helpless person they met, and woe to Néess if any one begged for assistance! He dared not refuse—and he could never do enough for Floris. Her beautiful eyes would fill with tears if assistance were denied, or if she deemed what was given insufficient, and she would rush upon Van der Néess to plunder him of all he had. As the only means of escape, he once hit upon the miserable expedient of leaving the few paltry coins he usually carried about him at home; but he never had recourse to this again, for Floris went into such despair at not being able to relieve a poor mother with two young children, that she threw herself into the woman's arms, begged her forgiveness, unfastened her little apron, cloak, and everything she could quickly undo, and threw these articles of dress over the poor children. Van der Néess vainly sought to prevent her; his threats and cries were of no avail, and this scene collected a number of people around them. Every one was touched by Floris's behaviour, and every one abused and cursed the rich miser for refusing to give money; and the poor woman received a large contribution, for each person gave some little coin to the weeping Floris, whose tears changed into smiles as she delivered these gifts to her *protégée*.

For a long time after this occurrence, Floris refused to go out with Jacob, declaring she did not love that papa who went out into the streets with her, for he was not by half so good as her papa at home. This was a severe punishment for Van der Néess, which he most keenly felt. This single case may serve as a specimen for many of the same kind, and explain the peculiar connexion between Van der Néess and his daughter.

To return to the party in the court. While Floris changed her slippers, a table had been set out by Susa and the maid in the centre of the court. It was covered with a white tablecloth of the finest texture, goblets and vessels of silver, and plates of handsome china were placed upon it, containing a plentiful though simple evening repast. The little family gathered round the table, while the servants received their allotted portions from Susa in the hall, where they assembled. After the repast was finished, Floris's beautiful eyes vainly sought to resist the power of sleep, and her care-

ful mother herself carried her up stairs to the apartment where Floris's neat little bed was prepared beside her own.

While she was yet bending over the sleeping angel, she heard a knock at the door, and immediately concluded it must be Madame van Marseeven, who would often, when at leisure, come to pass an evening with her. Angela, therefore, left Susa to attend to the slumbering child, while she descended to the court.

Van der Néess had already disappeared. Though he constantly indulged in rude jests behind Madame van Marseeven's back, he felt himself incapable of maintaining his dignity in her presence, and therefore made a point of retiring whenever she came, while he attempted to make believe that he despised her. Thus, Angela found this beloved friend, to whom she looked up with filial respect, quietly seated beneath the old lime-tree, awaiting her arrival.

"Angela," said this noble and excellent lady, after an affectionate salute, "I am the bearer of welcome tidings to-day, for I have a kind message and good news from our cousin Urica. But have a little patience and moderate your ecstasies," she continued, as she remarked that Angela, in the greatest delight, was about to interrupt her, "that I may be able to tell you all about her proceedings in regular order; for Van Marseeven wishes to see me after his return from the dinner at the town-hall, and I shall not be able to stay long.

"Our last accounts of Urica and her husband were from France. You know that in consequence of the unhappy events that took place in England, after the unfortunate Charles I. was in the power of the Covenanters, Lord Fawcett's friend and general, the Duke of Montrose, was forced to lay down his arms; and in consequence of the suspicion with which both were regarded by the opposite party, they resolved to quit their country. Lord Fawcett yielded to Urica's wish in selecting France as an asylum, and thus she had the melancholy satisfaction of being near her royal friend, the unhappy Queen of England, at the time when she received the direful news of her husband's execution. Here are the letters which Urica wrote to me during that fearful time. She did not venture to send them while she was in France, for fear of their being intercepted, and bringing herself and others into danger. She is now in Germany, at the court of the emperor, who summoned her husband thither on account of the high confidence he reposed in Lord Fawcett, and the admiration he entertained for his talents. Urica's letters most affectingly describe the despair of the queen, and her profound and lasting sorrow, as well as her deep regret at having, though so unwillingly, parted from the king, and thus escaped the only fate she deemed worthy of herself—that of sharing the martyrdom of her husband. Yet she found the greatest comfort in Urica's and Lord Fawcett's society.

"But now for the most important part of the affair. Immediately after the king's execution the Scots proclaimed the young prince of Wales king, by the title of Charles II., and an ambassador has arrived at the Hague to present to the young king the proposals of the Covenanters. I hear these are such as to place him in a difficult and disagreeable situation, and he has, therefore, summoned his faithful friends and adherents to meet in a council and debate upon this matter. In consequence of this, Lord Fawcett immediately gave up his post in the emperor's army, and is hastening to Holland to offer his services to his king, and, therefore, we may expect to see him and Urica here before long."

Angela turned so pale, and was thrown into such evident agitation by these last words of Madame van Marseeven, that the latter threw her arm around her and drew her kindly to her bosom. A flood of tears relieved poor Angela's heart, and as she wrung her hands, she exclaimed—

"Urica! my Urica! shall I indeed see you again? and—my child—my Floris!" cried she, suddenly animated by a new thought, and fixed an inquiring glance on Madame van Marseeven. Guessing her meaning, the latter said kindly—

"How Urica will admire that lovely child."

"Do you think so, cousin?" cried Angela, her bosom heaving with the violence of her emotion. "Do you think there is nothing about this child to excite her aversion—to awake unpleasant recollections? and that she will acknowledge this child as a relative, and forget all the circumstances connected with her?"

"I have no doubt of it, cousin," replied Madame van Marseeven, much affected by Angela's heartfelt anxiety, which so clearly proved that the wounds inflicted on her heart were only seared over, and ready to bleed afresh; "and you must not doubt of it either, dear Angela. She will rejoice, as I do, at the justice of Heaven, which has bestowed on you so noble and rich a compensation for your undeserved woes."

"Ah," said Angela with a sigh, "you think so, my noble-minded cousin, but you have ever been mild and gentle; you have never been agitated by vehement feelings of aversion like my beautiful and brilliant Urica, who is subject to very violent emotions, as we have all learnt by experience."

"Oh do not suffer such painful reflections to mar the happiness for which you have so long panted," returned Madame van Marseeven. "You have every reason to trust Urica's heart; love seems to have softened her disposition to a degree surprising even to myself, and do not think so meanly of your lovely child. I cannot allow you to question the victorious influence of my darling over the hearts of all who see and know her; I, for my part, should never forgive Urica if she did not acknowledge this child as the worthiest scion of our ancient noble family."

"Do you imagine I could think meanly of my child?" cried Angela. "Oh no, dear cousin, never; but remember the name she bears, which Urica so utterly detests, and which no redeeming qualities have hitherto rescued from its obscurity."

"Do not tempt me to betray Urica's confidence," said Madame van Marseeven, smiling. "Yet I must tell you one thing, to prove that Urica never loses sight of your fate. She has not been all this time to no purpose at the German court, where she enjoyed the especial favour of the emperor. My husband has sent thither all the papers regarding you and your mother, to support Urica's request to the emperor; but silence—what a gossip I am. My only comfort is, that you won't understand what I have let out, and, therefore, I will assure you only that the circumstance to which I allude is a proof of Urica's love for you and your child, and you have nothing to do but to rejoice at her arrival."

"Ah," cried Angela, "that is only the natural impulse of my heart; but you were right in thinking I should not understand you—certainly, I cannot imagine what Urica could do for me and my child with the emperor; however, I will take your word for it, and give myself up to the full enjoyment of the happiness to which I have so long looked forward."

VALDARNO; OR, THE ORDEAL OF ART-WORSHIP.

A BIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER III.

ON the day after the ball we started for the Castle of Aula, but so unwilling was my sister to quit the city, that I was compelled, though not unexpectedly, to invite Pallavicini too. Our cavalcade consisted of the lady Trivulzio, Angela, and myself, attended by Mezzofonte. We loitered on the well-known road, and rested towards mid-day at the mountain inn. As evening approached we were far advanced on our journey. We then entered a valley covered with vines and fig-trees, scenery which began forcibly to awaken within me the memory of early years. We crossed and recrossed the torrent, our horses tripping against the ruins which lay scattered on the olived heights, and passed over another wide and sandy waste. Descending a declivity, we reached a brook overhung with the pale willow, the wild vine, the alder, and the dark-leaved ilex. At times, from the summit of a hill, a farm-house would appear, surrounded by stacks. And often, as we moved on, a little square chapel, with its madonna and child, of rudest art (before which we reverentially bent), decorated with withered branches of olive, would offer its sanctuary to the adorations of the wayfaring traveller. At length the sun began to set behind the distant Apennines, and ever and anon as the path turned we had glimpses of Volterra, with its towers bright and yellow in the evening beams. Behind us lay the dusky waste we had traversed, darkened yet more here and there with a dwarfish tree, as it terminated in the dimness of even. Here moved the stony and briar-entangled course of the Cecina, as its waters meandered into the far wilderness, over its rocky and alabaster bed; there the Strada stretched out, and behind it a line of low hills which mingled with the horizon. Before us extended the black heights, illumined at intervals with a pale expanse of lightning, which showed the low underwood they were covered with, and the ever-rolling volumes of vapour bursting upwards from the hidden ravine. We at length reached the gates of the castle. I felt as all feel in youth, while the mind still retains its colouring of romance, and, dismounting, clung to the earth, the scene of my childhood, my inheritance, my future home. With elated hearts we hastened up the long avenue, and in a short time the dark turrets of the castle were within view.

I will not in this place pause to notify all the proceedings of the few weeks we passed together at Aula. The lapse of a day or two brought Pallavicini among us. I witnessed in the lovers, as far as I had the spirit to observe, a repetition of all I had myself enjoyed, and of little that I had suffered; and I thought—had my fate been happier—our nuptials might have been hallowed on the same day; the same feast, the same excursion, might have completed our felicity. I had not the spirit to warn my sister against a precipitate choice. She seemed to have made her own election, nor did I expect even to be consulted on the joyous event.

Though I failed to interpose advice, I did not feel the less those forebodings of evil which had haunted me on my own account, and nipped

my prospects in life. My sleep left me; I spent the nights at my chamber window, trying to look through the darkness, or in pacing the corridor in the moonlight. Often, instead of retiring to rest, I walked forth into the village, and rambled about the common—my mind at work in construing the language held towards me by Nature in her appeals to my heart in this hour of my distress. It was the joyful time! The hay was upon the fields; the torrent by the light of the moon looked still; but mankind appeared to join the day in absence from the earth; all save myself slept. If I prolonged my stay, Montecatino, who had come to the castle, would be after me, suspicious, perhaps, of my purpose as of my health. But he knew not what I suffered in mind; he conjectured not that circumstances had for him one aspect, for me another.

On the ground were the new roofs of some cottages which were at the time unfinished. I sat on one of these. The night was cloudy, but otherwise most bright, for the white and black masses moved across a sky of moonlit blue, while the orb had an aspect of wildness such as I had never beheld at any other time. There I was, watching every change in the earth, and above. Wonderful are the shifting pictures of Nature, but yet more so her divine disclosures. Her passing thought glides through all, and is gone out; lost, perhaps, eternally, unless seen at the moment of its apparition.

On that night assuredly, and at the moment of fate, I caught an inkling of the mute soliloquy! To have done so I deemed an occasion of glory; the exercise of instinct the highest which had been transmitted down from the priesthood of my race. And I had just read off this wondrous lesson, when Montecatino came in sight. The continuous charm was broken by his presence, but what my disembodied imagination had already deciphered in the aspects of nature remained palpable to me, and still clings to recollection as among the happiest of her rehearsals. Her science has no glowing symbols like these; and is given out in a cold and passionless tone at all times to a far different class of adorers.

"Are you an interpreter of the signs above?" I said. "If so, tell me what the heavens contain to-night. I have seen all! We, the small remnant of Etruria, still attend Nature's discourses, and while she utters them, we hear, if only we approach her cathedral according to the solemn forms prescribed to our first prophets. You know Musonio?"

"I do," replied Montecatino.

"He, too, is Etruscan. With the same facility that I read allegorical symbols, he reads philosophical, and at their very source."

"What is your secret?"

"I cannot tell you all, it consists in so many adaptations of the soul to the phases of the universe. Its essence is this:—to feel, as almost with an equality, and yet humbly, that the august One, the architect of wisdom's playful fountains, presides at Nature's rehearsals over the breathless audience."

"And what have you learned to-night under these auspices?"

"Look above; it is still observable to me, because my soul is in conjunction with the spirit of all now visible. Yours is not; you have not even a glimpse, therefore, of the interpretation. But observe as I describe."

I held by his arm, and trembled violently as thus I spoke:—

"Among many phases so curious to mere mortal eyes, not least notable is that of the moonlight, which at times appears almost to sym-

bolise the weak side of nature. The sickly orb, like a sun stricken with lunacy, escapes hurriedly, without a keeper, into the vacant realm of day. As a human spirit reached by the shadowy hand of the Chastener, she rushes into clouds, not discerning between the light and the sombre, or vanishes into the black outline of the forest, igniting, but not consuming, the foliage. Suddenly she distances a shore of clouds, and sails away, unpiloted, into serene, interminable sky. There, centred for a time as before a mirror, she vibrates divinely, and lords it over earth, which, lost as in a reverie, lies beneath in the untenanted night, where workshops are abandoned to the keeping of stillness, and the hay is tumbled over the dewy meadows, and cottages unfinished are lighted as by torches within, their timber roofs ready on the common, no hands and arms to put them a-top, the torrent the while glistening in its sleep, as naked and motionless it lies on the bland hill-side. The whole like unto a former scene, a place disentranced by the luminous air, and washed by its inundations; once more the empty vestibule of man's eternal tenement, the garniture scattered about as left over-night by the last who departed. And the stars, waxing drowsy, are few and remote in the uppermost night, scarce participating in the news of a divine Lunatic at large, for whose honour and safeguard the universe is, by prescription, metamorphosed into the midnight asylum."

On the following day, at sunrise, being indisposed to stay in my chamber, I sallied out into the air, to watch the silent manœuvrings of dawn. I pushed my way through the forest-path. At the point where the lake loses itself in the woods, I perceived a figure in the mist, at the margin of the water, and, on drawing nearer, I saw it was Orazio Pallavicini. A diversity of passions appeared to divide his breast, for his gestures were now those of vengeance, now of despair. At one moment he gnashed his teeth, and struck at the air, as if to stab that vital element itself; at another he beat his own bosom, or with both hands held by his hair, his jaw set, and his eyes starting. The waters of the lake parted us in the midst of forest trees. While occupied in these horrid gestures, his despairing eyes met mine. He was startled, but his unseemly attitude suddenly dropped into one of repose. I stepped into the boat, and pushed across to the adjacent shore, where he was. His demeanour continued perfectly tranquil, but his eye unquiet—a feature that the will, unaided by the heart, cannot be calm in trouble nor brighten in despair.

"What has befallen you?" said I. "It was but yesterday that I saw you happy."

I then remembered that, on my announcement of Moro's expected visit, which I made to the whole party, he had left the room, and I had not afterwards seen him.

"It is well for you to ask me that," he replied. "You who have not experienced, perhaps may never know disappointment. Hard is my fate; and such has been my blindness, I have unconsciously become attached to one whose hand is the envy of the world, and yet not been aware of my folly until yesterday you revealed it to me."

To this reply I said, "Of what folly have you been thus guilty, and of what blindness the victim? What circumstance has opened your eyes, and what now do you see?"

"The introduction of a rival to my claim has dispelled my blindness, and that which I look on with my new sight is he."

When I heard him thus express himself I grieved, and took the resolution to dismiss Moro should he arrive, and to adopt measures, in the mean time, to avert his coming.

"My dear friend, your affairs are not thus hopeless, believe me," said I.

"Then what is hope?" replied he. "Is not the bright prospect its habitation? Who looks back on the fame of the past merely to help the condition of a falling house?"

Orazio had interested me in his welfare, and I said, "Suspense, I know too well, is agonising to a noble heart. I will seek my sister without loss of time, and will acquire of her the inmost secret of her breast—if, indeed, so sacred a gem has budded within that sweetest casket."

Orazio thanked me ardently, and seemed to anticipate a favourable term to his misgivings.

"I make one condition with you," said I. "If she prefers another, you depart; if you, she is yours from that hour."

He turned pale at the risk he thus incurred, but accepted my terms. We hastened to the castle, and I bethought myself, as we hurried on, is he worthy of that sister?

I found her at her glass, her face changing from the soft dreaminess of recent slumbers into beauty fresh and brilliant. I questioned her at once on her feeling for Pallavicini. From the ruddy smile and languid eyelid she turned to agitated pallor, such was the influence of his name. I then communicated to her the certainty of his love. Before I had done, she passed from her seat to my arms, and expressed herself to me in kisses and tears.

Hastening to Orazio, I told him he would certainly be accepted. He rushed from my presence without a word, I knew not for what purpose at the time, and left me to reflection. I shed tears myself, and by their means gained the quiet within which sleep had so long withheld.

I saw nothing of the lovers, except in the evening, when Angela sang as she had never done before. It was the first inspiration of her heart, now summoned from its solitude to live for another. More than I had seen in nature, on the previous night, I saw then in her: the mystery, both in the universe and in her young world, was moving on, one truth the same in both. How unlike the scenes! In both the pale altar-flame was evolving, the incense ascending. For her, dear soul, the breeze had just sprung up; her foot was on the stream, time welcomed her as the wave increased and extended its magic circles. The voyage was to be one of doubt, like that of the troubled moon; or of peace, like that of the planet in her transit, which is ever in the vicinity of home.

CHAPTER IV.

THE season was sultry, the night more overcast than that of the previous day, and fraught with forebodings of a tempest. My homage in the sight of nature, the evening before so pure, was to become once more impure and degraded; to sink from divine to diabolical, from true, though eccentric, into the superstitious ritual of the olden era.

But at no other time than when I stood at the brink which rims a deep despair—and who can draw nigh to it without feeling the madman's

shudder, and almost executing the madman's purpose?—at no other time did I sink to the heathen's level; and then how alluring the temptation to embrace a faith mysterious and exciting as that of the priestly Lucumo, the responses of which were already engraved on my heart. That faith had been the forbidden study of my younger days, when left by my father, surrounded by a remnant of his own people, then fast dwindling away, who, to the last, secretly cherished the usages of their strong and peaceful fathers.

The feverish state of my thoughts made me ripe for this blasphemy; for what else could it be named in one who had traversed the balmy atmosphere of Christianity with the wings of Plato? I hailed the first flash of the lightning as holy, the track of the God of gods, all-ancient Tina. He was to me at that moment, through his servant Lummanus, the hurler of thunderbolts, the mutterer of wrath against an apostate world, and in a voice which prolonged its boomings through each crackling peal of the thunder. I sank down in knee-worship before him, as the storm on every side exploded; but had Vejovis himself then spoken, whose crashing voice leaves deafness on the ear, I could scarce have heard less than I did. I turned neither to the storm, nor took refuge from the falling gutters, as from above they chased the sloping torrent, but with imploring cry called loudly upon the council of twelve, the household gods of the Thunderer. I entreated them to quickly hurl their staff (for they were mortal and pitiless), and depart into the innermost recesses of heaven, that, unimpeded by their malice, the curse then uttered by their forefather Tina might be rolled up and swept away with the tempest, and eventually be revoked. That curse hung over my house like another storm. I knew it well, and in humble prayer I rose over the heads of all the host of heaven, and addressed the shrouded divinities. They, taciturn and veiled, sat afar off back to back, and held gods and men in awe of them, from their undiscovered sanctuary. Them I besought to banish the penates of Tina to remote caverns, and, leaving him in unbiassed solitude, to appease, for my sake, the angry mind of the Thunderer.

The reply was not propitious, or what meant the new signs above? For at that juncture appeared the winged Mantus, wearing his crown, and with torch; the old, the inevitable, who loves the charge of the dead, and anticipates his unhallowed joys. With him was his fearful associate the high-born Mania, most hideous in soul of child-bearing things, ever present at scenes which finish in death and slaughter. I gazed at these omens aghast. Was a human sacrifice required of me at the coming marriage to propitiate the mother of the household gods? Or worse, was murder, cold-blooded murder out of doors that day to proclaim the wedding feast at hand?

"Ye shrouded divinities, who fertile in phenomena, thus express yourselves to me, the last of a line of worshippers, what hath aroused you: is it the decay of your altars? What sacrifice is now necessary, I ask, to appease the permitted displeasure of yon female demon—Tina's daughter, wife of Mantus, queen of Hell? If human, am not I Adonai, of whom Atresthe spake in prophecy? and have not I been, am not I to be again, offered up on the altar of my parents—my race? Still I see the two desolating signs! Mantus and Mania are in the ascendant; the present is at the disposal of their will, and lo! vultures scour the denser clouds;

the faint odour of blood strengthens apace as they proceed in their destined course.

"Then let me fulfil my purpose now, and make offering of what to me seems meet. Let the serpent that I have driven before me to your altars, and that I now hold forth, represent with more than wonted meaning the conjugal ring, fatal emblem of eternity."

Goaded by maddening fancies I strangled the reptile, with my sister's name in my prayers. I quitted not the writhing folds until every fibre was rigid. Urged by a blind frenzy I involuntarily uttered curses in my heart, and yet felt that there they would be heard, not even by the shrouded listeners, but by God alone. In the agony of this sacrifice, I vowed never henceforth to intermeddle on the subject of marriage-bonds; and I called upon Atresthe, the good genius of Aula, never more to desert me.

"And now that this ceremony is done," I said, "let my soul be free—the task of self-restraint be at an end! But where, alas! is there hope for me—where rest? Have I not striven, though vainly, to rescue my sister from the common lot: who is there left for me to serve? Farewell, then, all human considerations; farewell respect for the opinions of mankind! Hail, glorious fancy, with its objects of terror and its scenes of distress and death! These will I seek and cultivate in future; wherever suffering is to be found will I be also! With its ideal will I complete the framework of my great design, and realise my cherished dream. My arm is vigorous, and it shall now sway the monsters reined beneath it, those gryphons which ever restlessly snuff the ether as it blows by the ear of the inspired; and which soon shall bleed under the lash, and dart with me into the empyreum."

With these words I looked up, and, as the sky cleared, saw stretched upon the archway an antique word: it was tragedy: and it seemed writ as upon a lunar bow in the heavens.

Thus genius and insanity are twin-brothers; the one is a dweller above, the other of the deep: not only neighbours, but relations they yet visit not, know not each other, until of a sudden they become companions under one roof; and then they shake hands with a lavish eagerness, and laugh through gnashing teeth in keeping with the tears of good angels. At best a plank only parts them, a plank thin and narrow—an overhanging path which slopes under the weight of footsteps towards the chasm, ready with suppressed crash to let the pursued of fortune through into his brother's unsunned inheritance. On such a bridge I walked with characteristic fearlessness, its centre oscillating under the unnatural vigour of my limbs, which I delighted to bend and unbend beneath me, as, obedient to the impulse, the plank descended and rose. But the sky, soon calm and lovely again, was still mine;—a straggler only from the fold of Providence, I still knew my brother but by name!

In this perilous position, however, my eye penetrated towards his home—to where the sunshine of life lagged behind—the abyss whose night is the dayshade; whose day is the night-light which besprinkles like dew the rank hemlock, and frosts the torrent-lashed waste with its pernicious rays.

Such allegory expresses my condition as it then was, leaving nothing untold. The act of writing it down seems to have recovered from my recollection the full sense of horror attached to that ill-omened time, and

would leave little else to be said, but that details are called for to illustrate my malady in all its bearings. Of these how many must I refer to thy promptings, O Fancy! Thy impulse tends ever to the pathless, a far outstretching waste of fever, used as a penal settlement for convict souls like mine! Such exiles are worse than damned, although human; as on a voyage to hell over a silent ocean, they reach not the goal; as if cast adrift without chart or compass the night after the judgment-day!

CHAPTER V.

THE paroxysm of madness subsided, but not its influence, and grief returned once more to its home. All in nature obeys the like law of periodicity. Joy reverts to the happy after the visit of affliction; sadness to the deeply grieved. The steadfast thought of my own love came back to me, came mourning to my heart. It had once exalted me, had given me a nobler conception of existence; and partaking still of this elevation of sentiment, I embraced despair as worthy of my lost affection. But that despair was not eternal. There is something in love betrayed which reaches beyond life; which, laying waste the future of this earth, perceives a calm in that which comes after, and is the dread of happier beings—the slumber of death. From the idea of such sleep there grew comfort, not as understood in the true sense, but such as was experienced by the heroes and philosophers of old who fell upon their swords. At the point of a dagger which I wore was the beloved one's name; Melissa was engraved there; and I thought with unspeakable satisfaction that at any hour I might thrust the word into my heart, feel its cold touch, lift my eyes to heaven, and die!

I wandered to Florence; the only consolation left me was to visit the chamber of the Venus. There she stood; her face was ever averted; beautiful and modest like the soul of woman, admired by chastened eyes, by myself loved. When others slept I passed the night in that cold chamber, for no one resisted my wishes, and by a rosy light beheld the goddess in her midnight solitude; my fancy charmed by sudden sounds which accorded with the lover's vow, and made my bleeding heart painfully conscious of its lot. Thus have I pursued her image, until piety has merged softly into slumber, and, sinking against the pedestal, my dreams have sustained the theme in their fascination, the object of my love standing near, as over the Adonis of old.

But farewell those visions, those perishable raptures; burning flames which hovered about the sensibility of a sick man's heart! Vain they were as was the vanity of the forgotten; as is the memory of hope. I tore myself from the indulgence for ever, and rushed into despair again; for such was life to the abandoned; to one whose guardian angel had fled!

CHAPTER VI.

AND then it was that I began in earnest to take my journey through the vastnesses and towering peaks of emotion; a journey, perhaps, standing alone in moral history, an episode not to be enacted a second time. There is nothing in events themselves at any period which may not happen to all men alike; to gratify ambition and love runs in the plot of every drama; not so to discipline passion. And yet I feel that this my

play, not yet quite developed, is destined, while its scenes describe human views, to yield up its catastrophe in the divine presence. It would once have appeared to me a strange supposition that I should one day discover, as I steadfastly do, a glory more elevated and serene in penitent submission, than in the triumphs of intellectual pride. While the irradiations of genius, which shone formerly over the crimes of my life, continue at this hour to emit a lustre, they are associated with the fine fervour of religious trust, and have found their way to my heart. Compared with the hope I now experience, my former sentiments are as nothing; they resemble the shadow which walks with us through life, and in death is motionless at our side.

The errors of my youth had on the whole given my conscience but little uneasiness; they were debited to my parents not to me—the fruits of education. The light of knowledge—which is, to know better—had not burst forth in its splendour, it had only risen. But when my father died he left me a legacy, a richer one than his confession, one which I had been slow to claim. This was Ippolito. I had not yet taken steps to seek the boy of Musonio (to whose care he had been committed for instruction); but I had a letter in my possession, found among my father's papers, requiring me to take the orphan under my charge, and subject him to the teaching of Pulci, that he might be brought up a sincere Christian. It was time to perform what my father had enjoined, and having intelligence that Marco Musonio was still in Florence with his pupil, I went to his house in the Via di Bisogno, and found him at home. I was led into his presence by Ippolito himself, and I formally presented my letter, on perusal of which Musonio tendered me his charge. The boy cried at parting from his instructor, but soon attached himself to me, and that with the affection of a brother. He was by far the most beautiful child I had ever seen, surpassing in loveliness the face of woman. Hitherto my life had been cheerless, but I saw that in Ippolito's nature there existed a sunshine to recompense me for all my trials. I felt this, though I knew not yet in what manner it was to influence my future happiness. For one thing, he proved to me as the gift of that real wisdom, the power to know better, which he embodied within him, as in the most perfect of human forms, for he was the very incarnation of virtue. No man, however unenlightened, could bring a spurious motive into his presence, and looking at his face remain in the same stupid ignorance of sin.

I passed some hours with Musonio at his own request. He had been my father's friend, and desired to be mine; and youth, when able to appreciate, is slow to repel the advances of friendship made by the great of soul. At this meeting I began truly to learn the grandeur of the philosopher's powers, and to acquire a thirst for the science of my race, which he had diligently collected and enlarged. My father had referred me to him for some obsolete knowledge concerning my family. When I questioned him on the subject, he appeared unwilling to enter upon it, but again invited me to meet him at the Rucellai Gardens, the last seat of the Platonic Academy.

Although I thus long had failed to make good my prize, in ignorance of Ippolito's value, I yet seemed to acquire him at the only moment when his influence could fit in with my career, and become what it proved to be—the moral light of my second journey. My path now lay across

holy earth, a wilderness still, but one which constituted the precincts of the living temple. It was the journey of my second ordeal, in which wrong was to be perpetrated with a knowledge of right, while from the crook was to stream the flagellum.

It was curious that a boy should be thus set to influence my nature, as if, my own early life having been found unworthy, it were good for me to live a few years over again in another's childhood. Ippolito had been taught to soar above the world while yet he had an angel's face, and to hold thoughtful communion with only what was good. The purity of his heart was to be seen in his countenance, the exquisite features of which were seemingly moulded to exhibit it, while looks of candour crowned the union of moral and human beauty. When I have been ruminating on ill-starred schemes, he has observed me affectionately, as if he saw only sadness, but with an earnestness which has utterly dissipated evil counsels from my breast. Wickedness, whereof he had heard tell, still seemed to him the guileless error of virtue; his age that happy one at which evil appears to express the sufferings of good, and to be but another name for misfortune.

I loved Ippolito with a brotherly regard, as once I had vainly hoped to love Melissa. How inexplicable was it to see him so like her! And, there being no bounds to the Creator's skill, he was certainly the most beautiful of the two. Not he only, but she as well, has saved me often from sin. When sometimes tempted to go astray, I have been arrested by the remembrance of her face. Her eyes, so dreamily unconscious of self-indulgence in wicked things, would penetrate me from afar, and, instead of debasing myself by forbidden pleasure, my soul would mount aloft, and pray secretly that love might ever enable such a soul to govern my actions to a good end. As if to have once been near her were to be ever so, I have listened to the tingling silence which her voice seemed to cleave with saintly utterance, and been saved by the imaginary delight. Then did I first feel how good was example, how easy to follow when the beckonings of love led the way. Was it to prepare me for my final destiny that truth was now set before me in the form of a boy, the most beautiful resemblance of her?—of her through whom I had looked upon virtue with such passionate longings? God be praised, I saw her still through him—not as before, but with a species of intellectual fascination. It was to purify and prepare me for that better which I began to know; and, as time waxed on, the idea of her whom I had once desired to be ever near, and which had hitherto pursued me as I went along, remained all of a sudden stationary in the past.

CHAPTER VII.

ON my way to Florence, I had chanced to meet Thanatos on the road. Myself, I did not heed him further than to exchange a distant salutation; but Mezzofonte remarked, and he observed it to me at the time, that he looked worn, and of a deadly hue. He had a habit, as on this occasion, of absenting himself for short periods, without seeking my concurrence; but since I did not inquire for him sometimes during a lapse of weeks, his absence probably was often unknown to me.

I had been a week in the city, leaving the party at the castle, when one morning Ficombino rushed into my apartment, and with hurried

sentence announced the assassination of Moro. The two friends, it appeared, had left Florence together nine days before the date of my distress of mind, and, travelling on foot, Piombino had lagged behind, and for a few minutes had lost sight of Moro. In that brief space the peasant had been stabbed, and was only spared a final blow by the arrival of a second horseman, who drew the murderer aside, for a few moments parleyed, and then fled with him across the country. Piombino shortly overtook his friend's steps, and with consternation halted by the bleeding body. He bore Moro to the mountain inn, which was not very near, and while there, meditating on further proceedings, Montecatino happily passed on his way home from the Castle of Aula (for when I really wanted his aid I had dismissed him); but by his timely assistance to Moro the poor youth's life was spared.

Such was Piombino's statement. He had sought me out immediately on hearing of my return to Florence.

"I have a clue to the assassin's haunt," said Piombino, with the animation of a friend faithful in the hour of trouble. "When secure of Moro's safety, I ventured to intrust him to the landlady of the inn (for she was not a stranger to me), and retraced my way to the dreaded spot to inspect the ground. While contemplating with a shudder the gory turf by the roadway, I detected the rough mark of horses' feet on the sand. There was a double track, which I pursued for some distance, when one chain of footprints suddenly turned and swept round to the road from which it had taken its start, while the other penetrated across the waste. I followed in the latter track as far as the mountain range, towards the rise of which it was lost. I roved for hours from one hill to another, eager to discern a habitation, but the country was apparently without human dwellings. For awhile, sick with fatigue and horror, I stood still, doubtful how to proceed, fearful to go further on in such a lonely country, unwilling to retreat; ere long, however, I turned back thoroughly disheartened, and feeling the necessity that there was to abandon the useless search, I quickened my pace in the direction of the road; when, in crossing the base of a rocky eminence in order to shorten my path, I saw men emerge from a gap in the mountain side. By receding a step I lost sight of them, and to avoid discovery retired among the recesses of the rocks. For a length of time I remained concealed there, but at last ventured to issue forth, and, finding no one in sight, to explore the bearings of the cavern."

"You entered?" said I.

"I did not; but, content with my discovery, thought it most prudent to hasten back to the service of my comrade."

"Could you conduct another to the spot?"

"Yes, without doubt."

"It is enough. Where is Moro now?"

"At my house; it was only yesterday that we deemed it safe to move him."

"With Montecatino's permission, I shall visit him."

"It is the physician's wish to meet you at my house within the hour."

"Tell him I will be there."

I was there—to look upon a ghastly face, every feature of which was suggestive of evil suspicions. It is only at this distance of time at which I write that I can trace my early divinations of heavenly signs to natural

causes; but certainly I now clearly see the process through which I dreamed of murder abroad with almost prophetic truth on that recent night, and shall therefore revert to it hereafter. Be it sufficient now to avow that I repented having dragged the unfortunate Moro out of his obscurity. Owing to that unreflecting act of mine, his mind had been inoculated with princely notions, of which his nature, unfortunately, was only too susceptible. He had been induced to aspire to the possession of Angela, but only to learn, by dearly-bought experience, the danger and folly of his presumption, as well as the fearless and decisive policy of the strong, when they have an object in putting aside the weak. And while I thought all this, I still looked upon his face, no longer the healthy man's, the features no longer playful, but become rigid under suffering; like the pallid look and open mouth of a mask used on the tragic stage.

Montecatino took me into an adjoining room, and communicated to me that Thanatos, almost beyond doubt, was the man who had arrested the assassin's arm; for that after leaving Moro he had overtaken the secretary on a by-road, known only to travellers as a short route to the city. I had reasons for agreeing in the physician's suspicion. On receiving his evidence, however, I begged Montecatino to keep his secret until steps could be effectually taken to learn more on the mysterious proceeding; meantime he was to devote himself to the welfare of his patient for my sake.

My suspicions were yet deeper, and not of a charitable kind. Did Thanatos know the murderer? How came he then on the spot, appearing as he had done only just in time, and then, as if on second thoughts, to countermand the completion of a plot? If not a party concerned, what led him to hold parance with the assassin, and depart in his company? And when he met me on the road, from what motive did he proceed in silence, and not draw up to make his dark adventure known, after having already culpably failed to hasten back to the castle immediately, and communicate the circumstances of his encounter at the time it happened? And lastly—who had employed him? And this query brings me to the most painful of all suspicions, for on the very morning of this affair, not long after Orazio had left me with such abruptness, I sent a message for Thanatos to attend, that I might despatch him with a message to Florence, its purport to postpone the visit of Moro. But he was off already to that very place, mounted by Orazio, and the bearer of his letters!

After all that had happened in various ways, and so much still pending, I desired to have this matter left stationary for a time at the point at which I found it; and still more, I wished not to reflect upon it for the present. To think and not to act in such a crisis was maddening; and to take measures was only to divert my sister's fearful destiny into a new channel, not to arrest it; for it had outstripped the occasion. To gratify my desire of remaining passive on a subject thus momentous had been impossible, perhaps, at any other time, but, at this, painful reflections on a far different theme came in aid. In a psychology pretending to describe how an individual soul in its rapid though protracted flight across the earth dealt with all influences and all materials, it is necessary to reveal every occurrence within itself, as well as along its path. Here, then, I must commit to the ever curious ears of literate man the first dawnings of dreadful thoughts which began to haunt me soon after Ippolito entered my

doors. When first I observed a likeness between him and Melissa, during my short stay at Bolsena, it struck me so very slightly as to leave no stamp of itself on my memory. But on seeing him again after a lapse of years, I was more than astonished at the increased resemblance which had all this time been growing up with him. Still it appeared but a marvellous coincidence—one of those phenomena which exist, which speak, and argue, carrying apparent conviction with them, but which, on inquiry, prove to mean nothing. Soon, however, followed a new train of thought, like the clearing away of false objects, and the imposition of true; or like the induction of a pencil of light into the blind eye, which by its means is rendered a seat of vision. No less suddenly than this I saw! And the change, a painful one, was due to that bust of Dione, the youthful and betrothed! If Ippolito resembled Melissa he might do so without wonder any longer, for he was as much like Dione's bust as a child to a parent. Was this the reason unrevealed, said I,—and how can such disclosures be ever made?—was this the reason that Melissa was to be to me as a sister? I thought of my father's love—of Dione's tears—of their united sorrow—and was humbled by the recollection of all. Yet, I thought a second time, it is not so; there can have been no vice undisclosed in that long-suppressed narrative, the unvarnished tale of souls striving for salvation. Yet the best, the most perfect, are those who have quite fallen and been raised by the hand of power. It is not so!—my father's death-bed, conducted by divine counsels, his earnest faith and most singular conversion, prophetically foretold him in his early life, give proofs of a vital conscience. There is some one hour in every man's life when he would not lie, that hour in my father's, if such a one he ever knew, I passed with him at his last; that hour, too, had I often spent in witness of Dione's innocency and heavenly grace.

Besides, I had Ippolito's history in my father's hand-writing, a work deliberately performed, and to be delivered after death; no falsehood would he have thus sealed during his apotheosis! Was not that worthy of the fullest credit? This train of thought, vanishing in one form, starting up in another, disturbed my peace of mind. When my suspicions were crushed, the very idea of them dismissed, Ippolito would stand in front and stare me in the face, as a fact that no contradiction could deal with; and when he unconsciously claimed a brother's place in my heart with looks of affinity, I felt painfully impelled to treat him with coolness, not because he had no such claim upon me, but for the reason that, with a living evidence, he persisted in silently keeping alive within me a suspicion of his birth after all doubt had else vanished.

END OF VOL. XVII.





